

Bay 12 Games Forum

Dwarf Fortress => DF Community Games & Stories => Topic started by: Aequor on April 05, 2010, 07:40:51 pm

Title: **[Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 05, 2010, 07:40:51 pm**

Sweat was pouring down Urist Tangakonul's forehead as he and his squad prepared for the inevitable attack. They had been forced to retreat to the magma forges as the enemy continued to pour in, a never-ending wave. Their iron armour was beginning to heat up uncomfortable due to their proximity to magma, but there were only two ways out, one led to the enemy, the other to where the civilians were evacuating.

They had to hold the line if the citizens were to survive.

The hammering on the door quickened, and soon the Dwarves knew it would collapse under the weight of the invaders' attacks. The rhythm got faster and faster.

thunk...thunkthunk...thunkthunkthunkthunkthunk!

And then, a crash as they poured in. Their hideous black bodies pulsating and their tentacles waving, the enemy swarmed in. Wave after wave.

Urist gave the order immediately and the Tin Crystals of Fury brought their shields and axes to bear. The monsters crashed into them like a wave onto a cliff; and battle was joined. The ten stout Dwarves fought fiercely slicing tentacles here and there, but it was to no avail. Weak though they were; pain and fear were alien to these creatures; the only thing they seemed to be able to do was single-mindedly claw at the Dwarves, ripping their armour off piece by piece and then shredding the flesh beneath.

Soon the forges were filled with the stench of melting flesh which would soon dissolve into nothingness, as the beasts' flesh did. The Tin Crystals of Fury had already lost four; cheerful Bomrek, somber Nish, mother-of-five Ast, and Urist himself. But still the endless sea of tentacled monsters poured in, nothing seemed to stop them, nothing seem to interest them but death, nothing.

Nothing.

"Don't you see!? This is a sign from the gods! They have sent down their fiercest servants; the great Nothing monsters of the sacred tomes to punish the monarchy!" self-proclaimed Prophet Ibruk ranted at the crowd. The Dwarf had never been a very stable one, and now he was worse still. The recent destruction of three mountain halls and the ravaging of several Human towns; coupled with the sighting of strange tentacled creatures seemed to have sent him over the edge. The crowd watched on as he preached; some with pity, some with scorn, some with laughter - few with respect. Ibruk didn't care, he had a mission.

"Only by leaving these cursed halls can you be saved from the coming destruction! Take your belongings and follow me to the chosen place where we shall build! Follow me to salvation or stay here and perish!"

So here's the story; a horde of creatures; known as 'Nothing' have overrun several mountain halls, Human towns and Elven retreats and destroyed them. Seeing this as a sign from the gods that the current civilizations are doomed and damned, the self-proclaimed 'Prophet' Ibruk has denounced the monarchy and called for Dwarves to follow him to found a mountain hall for the righteous or something along those lines. Obviously he's wrong and the Nothing will attack them too, and the fact that there will always be at least 30 and up to 100 on the map at any time; add to that the fact that they don't breathe, don't feel pain, won't stun and have buildingdestroyer:2 and you can be sure they'll be pain for the dorfs. And of course, if it gets too easy, I'm sure I can find a way to make it harder for them.

The embark site (which is not flat, it's actually in a valley, despite the map.) has over 100 underground levels and 20 aboveground levels, making for plenty of growing space.



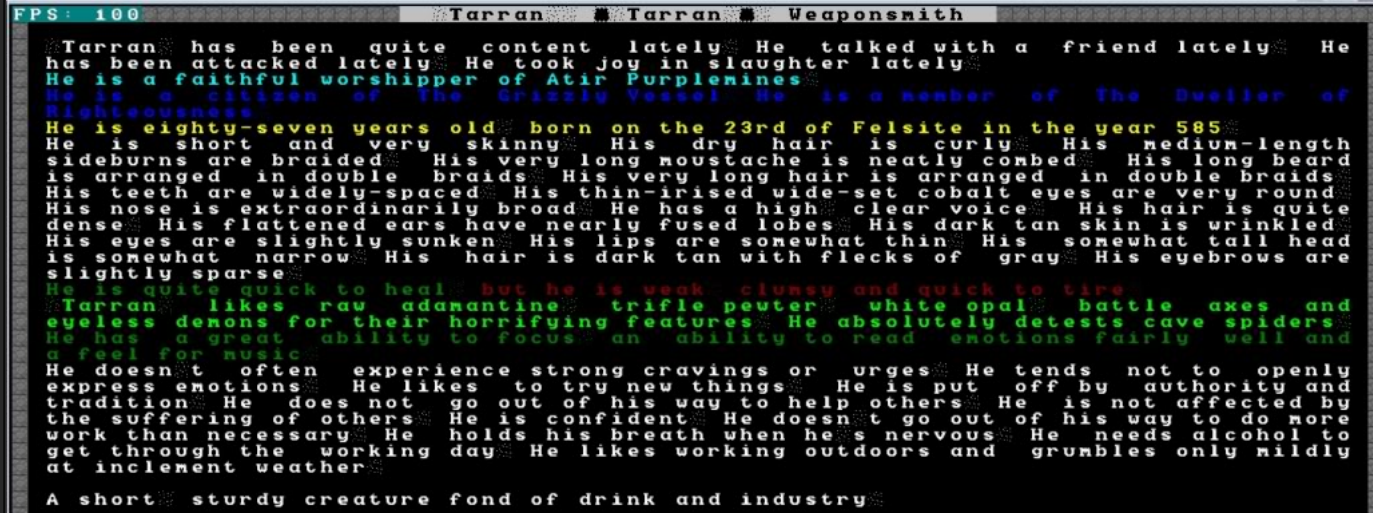
If you want to claim a Dwarf on this holy expedition, then simply give me your **Name**; your **Gender**; your **Profession**; your **Personality** and **Any Extra Info** you feel is necessary, such as history or suchlike. The more information you can give on your Dwarf the more I'll be able to work them into the fort's life. Despite this being led by a holyman, don't feel pressured to have a pious dorf (though you can if you want to), you could just be escaping a crime, or looking for a better life.

Now let's get this doomed ambitious and sure-to-succeed expedition on!

Current Inhabitants:

Quote

Tarran (Tarran):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Spartan (Spartan 117):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Rovod Melbilcudist (Dervin):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Reg Archist (ISGC):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



FPS: 100 Reg Architect Reg Architect Surgeon

Reg Architect has been quite content lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He talked with a friend lately.

He is a worshipper of Os the Hardy Gleans.

He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.

He is eighty years old, born on the 19th of Limestone in the year 592.

He is short and obese. His very short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His extremely long beard is braided. His very long hair is braided. His somewhat tall ears are very splayed out. His close-set narrow amethyst eyes are deeply sunken. He has low cheekbones and he has a broad square chin. He has a very high-pitched voice. His slightly dense eyebrows are extremely low. His head is somewhat tall. His nose is narrow. His nose bridge is convex. His burnt umber skin is slightly wrinkled. His hair is light brown with a touch of gray.

He is incredibly tough and strong, but he is very slow to heal.

Reg Architect likes slade, silver, red grossular, green glass, high boots, tables, horses for their strength and salt banshees for their rhythmic undulations. When possible, he prefers to consume cave fish.

He has a good memory and a feel for music, but he has a questionable spatial sense and a very bad sense of empathy.

He can handle stress. He is not a risk-taker. He is often cheerful. He tends not to openly express emotions. He prefers familiar routines. He scratches his ear when he's thinking. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Shin (Shintaro Fago):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PS: 99 Shin Shin Architect

Shin has been happy lately.

She is a worshipper of Atir Purplemines.

She is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. She is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.

She is sixty-five years old, born on the 8th of Sandstone in the year 607.

She is tall and very muscular. Her greasy hair is curly. Her short hair is neatly combed. Her nose bridge is incredibly concave. Her sunken cobalt eyes have very thin irises. Her lips are very thick. Her nearly fuse-lobed flattened ears are somewhat narrow. She has a deeply recessed chin. Her slightly dense eyebrows are quite long. She has a low voice. Her teeth are crowded. Her head is somewhat broad. Her hair is quite sparse. Her ears are somewhat tall. Her hair is amber. Her skin is brown.

She is very strong, but she is very flimsy.

Shin likes gypsum, silver, lace, agate, giant cave spider silk, the color taupe, gray, cages, cats for their aloofness and phantoms of shadow for their bloated appearance.

She has a great kinesthetic sense, a great musical sense, a great deal of patience and a good memory, but she has very bad analytical abilities, poor creativity and a lack of understanding of social relationships.

She can handle stress. She does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. She tends not to openly express emotions. She dislikes intellectual discussions. She is compassionate. She is confident. She is organized. She finds rules confining. She doesn't go out of her way to do more work than necessary. She is occasionally given to procrastination. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time. She is getting used to tragedy.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Doc, Steve (Mangled):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 Doc, Steve Doc, Steve Medic

Doc, Steve has been quite content lately.

He is a worshipper of Ikeng.

He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.

He is fifty-nine years old, born on the 10th of Galena in the year 613.

He is very fat. His long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is braided. His somewhat broad flattened ears have great swinging lobes. He has a very clear voice. His broad upturned nose is extremely long. His head is somewhat broad. His eyebrows are short. His teeth are gapped. His protruding copper eyes are wide-set. He has a round chin. His hair is buff. His skin is dark tan. His nose bridge is somewhat concave.

He is slow to tire, but he is flimsy, clumsy and very slow to heal.

Doc, Steve likes pitchblende, fine pewter, goshenite, crystal glass, picks and crowns. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven syrup.

He has a great kinesthetic sense and a great affinity for language.

He doesn't handle stress well. He is somewhat reserved. He is interested only in facts and the real world. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He prefers familiar routines. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He finds helping others very rewarding. He is willing to compromise with others. He is modest. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. Whenever there's a pause in a conversation, he starts to mutter under his breath. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. He is getting used to tragedy.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Urist Imiknorris (Urist Imiknorris):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 Urist Imiknorris Urist Imiknorris Mechanic

Urist Imiknorris has been quite content lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He has complained about the draft lately.

He is a worshipper of Id.

He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.

He is sixty-nine years old, born on the 10th of Galena in the year 604.

He has a broad body made broader still by no shortage of surrounding lard. His hair is greasy. His very long sideburns are neatly combed. His long moustache is arranged in double braids. His long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is arranged in double braids. His somewhat tall ears are very flattened. His thin-irised rust eyes are deeply sunken. He has very high cheekbones. His short nose is sharply hooked. His eyebrows are incredibly high. His nose bridge is very convex. His somewhat broad head is somewhat short. His teeth are tangled. His lips are thick. He has a low voice. His hair is dark tan. His skin is peach.

He is agile, strong and slow to tire, but he is really slow to heal.

Urist Imiknorris likes cobaltite, copper, golden, beryl, weapon racks and dogs for their loyalty. He absolutely detests flies.

He has a great sense of empathy and a good memory, but he has poor analytical abilities and little patience.

He occasionally overindulges. He can handle stress. He is somewhat reserved. He is put off by authority and tradition. He is very trusting. He is very straightforward with others. He is willing to compromise with others. He is inmodest. He is compassionate. He lacks confidence. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Fori (Fortis):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 Fori Fori Elf

Fori has been quite content lately. She has complained of thirst lately. She has complained of the lack of a well lately.

She is a worshipper of Atir Purplemines.

She is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. She is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.

She is fifty-seven years old, born on the 25th of Granite in the year 615.

She is short and fat. Her curly hair is crinkly. Her very long hair is neatly combed. Her somewhat short eyebrows are incredibly high. She has very low cheekbones and she has a jutting chin. Her narrow hooked nose is extremely short. Her somewhat tall head is somewhat broad. Her somewhat broad ears are flattened. Her cobalt eyes are round. Her hair is black. Her skin is burnt umber.

She is almost never sick, but she is quick to tire, slow to heal and very flimsy.

Fori likes malachite, nickel, silver, red grossular, giant cave spider silk, pig tail, fiber fabric, the color, cobalt, war hammers, rings and horned monsters for their rhythmic undulations. When possible, she prefers to consume cave lobster and dwarven beer. She absolutely detests rats.

She has a good feel for social relationships, a good kinesthetic sense and a good memory, but she has a shortage of patience and little linguistic ability.

She enjoys the company of others. She is often cheerful. She tends not to openly express emotions. She finds helping others rewarding. She thinks through every alternative and its consequences before acting. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

~~A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.~~

A medium-sized creature dedicated to the ruthless protection of nature.

Stas (Stas):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 Stas Stas Suspicious Individual

Stas has been quite content lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He has complained of the lack of a well lately.

He is a faithful worshipper of Hosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame.

He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.

He is sixty-eight years old, born on the 26th of Slate in the year 606.

His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His medium-length hair is neatly combed. He is thin. He has a narrow recessed round chin. His nose bridge is incredibly concave. His close-set emerald eyes are very round. His hanging-lobed splayed out ears are somewhat short. His skin is tan.

He is quite durable and agile.

Stas likes chalk, slade, green diamond, buckets and bull monsters for their horrifying features.

He has a very good feel for social relationships and a good intellect, but he has a shortage of patience, meager creativity and a poor memory.

He is very quick to anger. He is self-conscious. He can handle stress. He loves to defy convention. He is very trusting. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He strives for excellence. He is self-disciplined. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Delta (Areku):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



FPS: 100 Delta Miner

Delta has been quite content lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He had a pretty decent drink lately. He is a faithful worshipper of Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hane. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty years old, born on the 13th of Timber in the year 593. He is tall and skinny. His short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His lips are very thick. His somewhat narrow ears are fuse-lobed. His extraordinarily broad nose is extremely long. His very thin-irised wide-set raw umber eyes are very round. He has a broad prominent round chin. His pale brown skin is slightly wrinkled. He is quick to heal. Delta likes andesite, bismuth, bronze, yellow spessartine, green glass, cave spider silk, the color gray, greaves, robes, armor, stands, scepters and cats for their aloofness. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven beer and horse's milk. He has a great feel for social relationships, a very good sense of the position of his own body, good creativity and a sun of patience. He can handle stress. He has a good awareness of his own emotions. He finds rules confining. He is self-disciplined. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He is a hardened individual.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Derm (dermonster):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 Derm Derm Peasant

Derm has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is seventy-six years old, born on the 22nd of Slate in the year 598. His long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His long beard is braided. His medium-length hair is braided. He is large. His incredibly upturned nose is extremely long. He has very low cheekbones and he has a jutting round chin. His head is somewhat narrow. He has a very clear voice. His thin-irised brass eyes are very round. His somewhat short flattened ears are somewhat broad. His lips are thin. His hair is chocolate. His skin is cinnamon. He is quick to heal, but he is quick to tire. Derm likes schist, steel, clear garnet, amber, stars, bucklers, coffins, earrings, animal traps and dogs for their loyalty. He has a sharp intellect, a great deal of patience, a good kinesthetic sense, good creativity and a good spatial sense, but he has poor focus. He has a very calm demeanor. He occasionally overindulges. He is very energetic and active. He is uncomfortable with change. He is put off by authority and tradition. He lacks confidence. When he's thinking, his body becomes very still. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Kadzar (Kadzar):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 Kadzar Kadzar Zealot

Kadzar has been ecstatic lately. He slept in a good bedroom recently. He admired a very fine Trap lately. He had a fine drink lately. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He has been tired lately. He has lost a friend to tragedy recently. He was forced to endure the decay of a friend. He has complained of the lack of chairs lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He is a worshipper of Id. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is sixty-three years old, born on the 26th of Slate in the year 611. He is weak. His hair is greasy. His medium-length sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is arranged in double braids. His extraordinarily broad short nose is incredibly upturned. His ears are somewhat short. His slightly close-set brass eyes have very thin irises. His teeth are widely-spaced. His lips are thin. He has a clear voice. His eyebrows are somewhat short. His hair is ecru. His skin is sepia. He is very weak, quite clumsy and really susceptible to disease. Kadzar likes borax, steel, moonstone, the color dark taupe and bolts. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven wine. He has an amazing spatial sense. He is often nervous. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Melagius (Melagius):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 Melagius Melagius Bone Carver

Melagius has been happy lately. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He has complained of thirst lately. He ate a pretty decent meal lately. He admired a fine Seat lately. He slept in a good bedroom recently. He has been tired lately. He has complained of the lack of chairs lately. He has been accosted by terrible vermin. He has been satisfied at work lately. He is a dubious worshipper of Agred. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is fifty-nine years old, born on the 10th of Galena in the year 614. His medium-length sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is braided. He is short. He has very high cheekbones and he has a deeply recessed broad chin. His nose bridge is very convex. His quite long narrow nose is incredibly upturned. His lips are very thick. His great-lobed broad ears are somewhat short. His teeth are crowded. His ears are flattened. His close-set gold eyes are round. His high eyebrows are quite sparse. His head is somewhat broad. His hair is pale brown. His skin is cinnamon. He is quite durable. Melagius likes native silver, nickel, red diamond, rings, ballista parts, cats for their aloofness and tortoise monsters for their rhythmic undulations. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven beer and dwarven wheat flour. He absolutely detests cave spiders. He has good creativity, but he has a meager ability with social relationships, a large deficit of willpower and very bad intuition. He doesn't handle stress well. He can easily become absorbed in art and the beauty of the natural world. He tends not to openly express emotions. He is slow to trust others. He is modest. He is very confident. He is disorganized. He is occasionally given to procrastination. His voice trails off whenever he tries to remember something. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Bounce (BoUnCe):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Bounce Bounce Bookkeeper

Bounce has been ecstatic lately. She talked with a friend lately. She made a friend recently. She slept in a good bedroom recently. She has complained of thirst lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She has complained of the lack of chairs lately. She has been tired of drinking the same old booze lately. She is a worshipper of Nekut Glovedguises. She is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. She is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. She is the bookkeeper of The Dweller of Righteousness. She is the arsenal dwarf of The Dweller of Righteousness. She is eighty-three years old, born on the 10th of Galena in the year 591. She is corpulent. Her nose is extraordinarily broad. Her teeth are tangled. Her close-set brass eyes are slit. Her head is somewhat tall. She has high cheekbones and she has a narrow chin. Her lips are thick. Her small-lobed broad ears are somewhat tall. Her quite sparse hair is straight. Her very short hair is neatly combed. Her ecru skin is slightly wrinkled. Her hair is charcoal with a touch of gray. She is tough and really slow to heal. Bounce likes rhyolite, iron, amethyst and dogs for their loyalty. When possible, she prefers to consume dwarven ale and dwarven sugar. She absolutely detests fire snakes. She has a great affinity for language, but she has a meager ability with social relationships and quite poor focus. She has an incredibly calm demeanor. She often feels discouraged. She is unassertive. She is relaxed. She appreciates art and natural beauty. She finds helping others rewarding. She strives for excellence. She acts impulsively. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Bax (ProZock):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Bax Bax Goblin

Bax has been ecstatic lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He talked with a friend lately. He slept in a good bedroom recently. He has been accosted by terrible vermin. He made a friend recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He has complained of the lack of chairs lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He is a casual worshipper of Id. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is seventy-one years old, born on the 23rd of Limestone in the year 603. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His medium-length beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. He is average in size. His very thin-irised aquamarine eyes are very wide-set. His free-lobed ears are very splayed out. His teeth are widely-spaced. His sharply hooked broad nose is extremely long. His nose bridge is concave. He has a high voice. He has a prominent chin. His lips are slightly thick. His skin is pale brown, green. He is incredibly tough. Bax likes cassiterite, fine pewter, red, beryl, maces, quivers, anulets and blind cave bears for their drooping ears. He absolutely detests rats. He has a good spatial sense and a good kinesthetic sense, but he has meager creativity and analytical abilities and a really bad memory. He can handle stress. He enjoys the company of others. He has a good awareness of his own emotions. He does not go out of his way to help others. He would never let an objective judgement be tempered by mercy or pity. He is confident. He is self-disciplined. When he's thinking, his body becomes very still. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

~~A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.~~  
A medium-sized humanoid driven to cruelty by its evil nature.

Loral Treesinger (Darkwolf):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



**Loral Treesinger** has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of **Agred**. He is a citizen of **The Grizzly Vessel**. He is a member of **The Dweller of Righteousness**. He is sixty years old, born on the 10th of Slate in the year 616. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. He is lanky. His very large-irised sunken gold eyes are very round. He has high cheekbones, and he has a deeply recessed narrow chin. His teeth are tangled. He has a very deep voice. His slightly flattened small-lobed ears are somewhat tall. His somewhat long nose is narrow. His eyes are slightly close-set. His nose bridge is slightly convex. His ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is brown. **Loral Treesinger** likes **brinstone**, **adamantine**, **tsavorite**, **crystal glass**, **cow hoof**, the color **pine green** and **bugbats** for their **freakish insect heads**. When possible, he prefers to consume **dwarven ale** and **mog juice**. He absolutely detests **oysters**. He has a great **kinesthetic sense**, a **deep well of patience**, a **lot of willpower** and a **feel for music**. He occasionally overindulges. He is very friendly. He is willing to compromise with others. He is immodest. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time. He is a hardened individual.

~~A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.~~

A medium-sized creature dedicated to the ruthless protection of nature.

Helf (Helf):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

**Helf** has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of **Iklis**, **Tunnelveil**, the **Perplexing Mirror**. He is a citizen of **The Grizzly Vessel**. He is a member of **The Dweller of Righteousness**. He is eighty-one years old, born on the 26th of Slate in the year 594. He is tall and fat. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is arranged in double braids. He has a high, clear voice. He has high cheekbones, and he has a broad square chin. His somewhat narrow ears are somewhat short. His slightly thin-irised bronze eyes are sunken. He has a prominent chin. His dark brown skin is slightly wrinkled. He is almost never sick and very agile, but he is quick to tire and slow to heal. **Helf** likes **rock salt**, **bronze**, **light yellow diamond**, the color **burnt sienna** and **winged brutes** for their **horrifying features**. When possible, he prefers to consume **red-winged blackbird** and **sewer brew**. He absolutely detests **cave spiders**. He has great creativity, a very good sense of the position of his own body, a great memory and a good spatial sense, but he has a shortage of patience. He is comfortable in social situations. He strives for excellence. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Xenos (Xenos):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

**Xenos** has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of **Id**. He is a citizen of **The Grizzly Vessel**. He is a member of **The Dweller of Righteousness**. He is fifty-four years old, born on the 9th of Malachite in the year 621. He is very muscular. ~~His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is braided.~~ His long hair is braided. His slightly hooked nose is extraordinarily broad. His very wide-set ochre eyes are very round. His somewhat broad, short ears are fuse-lobed. He has a scratchy voice. His teeth are crowded. His nose bridge is slightly convex. His skin is dark tan. He is very strong, agile and tough, but he is slow to heal. **Xenos** likes **chromite**, **richalcum**, **sapphire**, **palm wood**, **cougar leather**, the color **sepia**, **hatch covers** and **dogs** for their **loyalty**. When possible, he prefers to consume **tuber beer** and **quarry bush leaves**. He absolutely detests **fire snakes**. He has a sharp intellect, the ability to focus and a good spatial sense, but he has poor empathy, little willpower, a poor ability to manage or understand social relationships and poor creativity. He is very friendly. He is very energetic and active. He is not a risk-taker. He does not go out of his way to help others. He chews his lips intently when he's thinking. He mutters under his breath when he's angry. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

~~A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.~~

A small, squat humanoid with large pointy ears and yellow glowing eyes.

Arseththeles (magmaholio):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

**Arseththeles** has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of **Iklis**, **Tunnelveil**, the **Perplexing Mirror**. He is a citizen of **The Grizzly Vessel**. He is a member of **The Dweller of Righteousness**. He is sixty-five years old, born on the 26th of Slate in the year 611. His hair is straight. His very long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is neatly combed. He is thin. His nose bridge is very convex. He has very high cheekbones, and he has a deeply recessed square chin. His ears have great swinging lobes. His somewhat narrow head is somewhat short. His somewhat broad nose is upturned. His slightly sparse eyebrows are quite long. He has a narrow chin. His slate gray eyes are slightly wide-set. His hair is russet. His skin is burnt umber. His eyes are gone. He is susceptible to disease, clumsy and very quick to tire. **Arseththeles** likes **shale**, **brass**, **bone**, **opal**, **bolts**, **thrones**, **crowns**, **puzzleboxes** and **snow fiends** for their **disgusting appearance**. When possible, he prefers to consume **horse cheese** and **dwarven beer**. He absolutely detests **bats**. He has a great deal of patience, but he has poor focus, a poor kinesthetic sense, little natural inclination toward music, a very bad sense of empathy and a really bad memory. He is slow to anger. He loves to defy convention. He believes that some deception is necessary in relationships with others. He finds helping others rewarding. He is compassionate. He is confident. He finds rules confining. He begins to talk much more slowly when he's exasperated. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Sandra/Ryva (Rogejun):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

**Sandra/Ryva** has been happy lately. She is a worshipper of **Kol**, **Sellwheel**. She is a citizen of **The Grizzly Vessel**. She is a member of **The Dweller of Righteousness**. She is sixty-eight years old, born on the 23rd of Opal in the year 607. Her somewhat greasy hair is incredibly straight. Her very long hair is neatly combed. She is short. Her thin-irised aquamarine eyes are bulging. She has very high cheekbones, and she has very round chin. Her somewhat broad splayed out ears are somewhat short. She has a very deep voice. Her nose is extremely long. Her nose bridge is convex. Her head is somewhat short. Her eyebrows are quite dense. Her hair is ochre. Her skin is pale pink. Her hair is slightly sparse. She is almost never sick and tough. **Sandra/Ryva** likes **salt peter**, **zinc**, **topaz**, **spiny dogfish leather**, **mussel shell**, **pig tail fiber fabric**, **spears**, **bucklers**, **millstones**, **earrings**, **splints** and **horses** for their **strength**. When possible, she prefers to consume **white-spotted puffer**, **strawberry wine** and **dwarven milk**. She absolutely detests **worms**. She has a great kinesthetic sense, a good spatial sense, willpower, and a way with words, but she has weaker creativity, poor focus, an iffy sense for music and very bad analytical abilities. She is comfortable in social situations. She occasionally overindulges. She doesn't handle stress well. She is somewhat reserved. She enjoys the company of others. She loves to take charge and direct activities. She is often cheerful. She dislikes intellectual discussions. She is put off by authority and tradition. She is willing to compromise with others. She is disorganized. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

~~A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.~~

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Rar (RenderRar):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

**Rar** has been quite content lately. He is an ardent worshipper of **Es**, the **Hardy Gleans**. He is a citizen of **The Grizzly Vessel**. He is a member of **The Dweller of Righteousness**. He is seventy years old, born on the 27th of Limestone in the year 606. He is incredibly skinny. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. He has high cheekbones, and he has a jutting chin. He has a very high-pitched voice. His teeth are tangled. His nose bridge is convex. His narrow gold eyes are wide-set. His slightly flattened ears are somewhat tall. His skin is burnt umber. He is incredibly quick to heal and tough, but he is weak, susceptible to disease and quite clumsy. **Rar** likes **native silver**, **lay pewter**, **smoky quartz**, **mountain goat bone**, the color **burnt umber**, **catapult parts** and **cows** for their **haunting moos**. When possible, he prefers to consume **sunshine**. He absolutely detests **flies**. He has a great feel for social relationships, a great deal of patience and a natural ability with music, but he has weaker creativity, a weaker kinesthetic sense and very bad intuition. He is often nervous. He is self-conscious. He occasionally overindulges. He likes to try new things. He finds rules confining. He is occasionally given to procrastination. He often greets others with a hug. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Bayar (bayar):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Bayar\* \* Bayar\* \* Kobold

Bayar\* has been happy lately. He gave somebody water lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He admired a fine Door lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately.  
He is a worshipper of Id.  
He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.  
He is sixty-six years old\* born on the 24th of Hematite in the year 610.  
He is short and incredibly skinny.  
His teeth are tangled. His extremely short nose is extraordinarily broad. His somewhat broad ears are somewhat short. He has a grating\* raspy voice. He has a narrow\* recessed round chin. His ochre eyes are round. His lips are slightly thick. His skin is dark peach.  
He is incredibly quick to heal and very agile.  
Bayar\* likes chromite\* adamantite\* cinnamon grossular\* blue jay leather\* picks\* gloves\* amulets\* donkeys for their stubbornness and prickly berries for their precise thorns. When possible\* he prefers to consume fox\* donkey cheese and swamp whiskey. He absolutely detests large roaches.  
He has a great feel for social relationships and willpower\* but he has very bad analytical abilities and really poor focus.  
He is self-conscious. He feels strong urges and seeks short-term rewards. He is very active. He prefers familiar routines. He loves new and fresh ideas. He is confident. He is organized. He begins to talk in a monotone when he is bored. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short\* sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Ukrzum (Slain):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Ukrzum\* \* Ukrzum\* \* Jeweler

Ukrzum\* has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He has witnessed death. He admired a fine Door lately.  
He is a faithful worshipper of Atir Purplemines.  
He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.  
He is eighty-three years old\* born on the 11th of Felsite in the year 592.  
He is weak. His extremely narrow short nose is sharply hooked. His nose bridge is concave. His long sideburns are braided. His medium-length moustache is neatly combed. His long beard is braided. His hair is clean-shaven. His slightly thin-irised gold eyes are slightly protruding. His dark tan skin is slightly wrinkled.  
He is very weak.  
Ukrzum\* likes brimstone\* billion\* honey yellow beryl\* crystal glass and circles. When possible\* he prefers to consume dwarven cheese and Longland beer.  
He absolutely detests lizards.  
He has great analytical abilities\* very good creativity and a good kinesthetic sense\* but he has a questionable spatial sense and really poor focus.  
He is unassertive. He doesn't need thrills or risks in life. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He is not interested in art. He prefers familiar routines. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He is not easily moved to pity. He is disorganized. He finds rules confining. He chews his lips when he's angry. He will often touch others when greeting them. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He is getting used to tragedy.

A short\* sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Rashem (Rashemd):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Rashem\* \* Rashem\* \* Fish Dissector

Rashem\* has been happy lately. He has been attacked lately. He made a friend recently. He talked with a friend lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He has been satisfied at work lately. He admired a fine Table lately. He took joy in slaughter lately.  
He is a casual worshipper of Atir Purplemines.  
He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is an enemy of The Roasted Insect.  
He is sixty-two years old\* born on the 17th of Malachite in the year 613.  
He is corpulent. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is neatly combed. His nose bridge is very convex. His hanging-lobed short ears are flattened. His round wide-set bronze eyes have large irises. He has a broad chin. His skin is burnt umber.  
He is weak\* quite susceptible to disease\* quite clumsy and really slow to heal.  
Rashem\* likes malachite\* rose gold\* topazolite\* crosses and steam banshees for their rhythmic undulations. When possible\* he prefers to consume gray squirrel\* fisher berry wine and dwarven sugar. He absolutely detests oysters.  
He has a great ability to focus and a great memory\* but he has poor spatial senses\* very little patience and next to no empathy.  
He is self-conscious. He occasionally overindulges. He is unassertive. He likes to try new things. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He admires tradition. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He dislikes helping others. He is not easily moved to pity. He is occasionally given to procrastination. He becomes very focused during conversations when he's angry. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors\* at least for a time.

A short\* sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Brosso 'the Magnificent' (Ovg):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Brosso the Magnificent\* \* Brosso the Magnificent\* \* Bowyer

Brosso the Magnificent\* has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately.  
He is a faithful worshipper of Gred.  
He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.  
He is eighty-one years old\* born on the 9th of Granite in the year 595.  
He is muscular. His anethyst eyes are incredibly close-set. He has a very narrow chin. His nose bridge is concave. His teeth are crowded. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a high squeaky voice. His somewhat narrow ears are flattened. His lips are thick. His nose is short. His peach skin is slightly wrinkled.  
He is slow to tire and strong.  
Brosso the Magnificent\* likes calcite\* fine pewter\* red flash opal\* cow hoof\* amber\* the color cobalt\* cages and horses for their strength. When possible\* he prefers to consume dwarven beer. He absolutely detests bats.  
He has a sharp intellect\* but he has a questionable spatial sense\* an iffy memory\* meager creativity\* really poor focus and very little linguistic ability.  
She feels strong urges and seeks short-term rewards. She can handle stress. She admires tradition. She is willing to compromise with others. She is disorganized. She gets easily distracted during conversations when she's annoyed. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short\* sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Stronghammer Fireforge (Stronghammer):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Stronghammer Fireforge\* \* Stronghammer Fireforge\* \* Industrialist

Stronghammer Fireforge\* has been happy lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He admired a fine Table lately.  
He is a dubious worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths and a faithful worshipper of Ikeng.  
He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.  
He is seventy-seven years old\* born on the 26th of Slate in the year 600.  
He is thin but has incredible muscles. He has a deeply recessed round chin. He has a very high-pitched voice. His teeth are crowded. His short sideburns are neatly combed. His long moustache is neatly combed. His medium-length beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His narrow nose is hooked. His lips are thick. His ears are splayed out. His slightly thin-irised ochre eyes are somewhat narrow. His skin is dark peach. His upper body bears a very short straight scar. His right upper leg bears a short straight scar.  
He is mighty\* but he is clumsy.  
Stronghammer Fireforge\* likes chromite\* aluminum\* resin opal\* glumprong wood\* the color gray\* waves\* buckets and mouse fiends for their horrifying features. When possible\* he prefers to consume bat ray and river spirits. He absolutely detests mussels.  
He has an amazing memory and a great deal of patience\* but he has poor empathy and very bad analytical ability.  
He rarely feels discouraged. He occasionally overindulges. He is not a risk-taker. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He tends not to openly express emotions. He does not go out of his way to help others. He is modest. He needs alcohol to get through the working day and is starting to work slowly due to its scarcity. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short\* sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Reno Monty (mcclay):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Reno Monty\* \* Reno Monty\* \* Human

Reno Monty\* has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He admired a splendid Well lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He was disgusted by a miasma lately.  
He is a casual worshipper of Atir Purplemines and a faithful worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises.  
He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.  
He is eighty-seven years old\* born on the 4th of Hematite in the year 590.  
He is broad with little muscle. He has a broad square chin. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is arranged in double braids. His hanging-lobed ears are splayed out. His somewhat narrow emerald eyes are protruding. His somewhat narrow nose is short. His dark tan skin is wrinkled. His lips are thin. His nose bridge is somewhat concave.  
He is indefatigable\* very rarely sick and agile\* but he is weak.  
Reno Monty\* likes marble\* bismuth bronze\* pinfire opal\* giant bat tooth\* turtle shell\* boxes and bags\* crowns\* dogs for their loyalty and tanager devils for their horrifying features. When possible\* he prefers to consume sewer brew.  
He absolutely detests fire snakes.  
He has very good intuition\* a great feel for the surrounding space\* the ability to focus and willpower\* but he has a poor kinesthetic sense.  
He occasionally overindulges. He tends to avoid crowds. He is unassertive. He lives life at a leisurely pace. He is entirely averse to risk and excitement. He has a good awareness of his own emotions. He is easily moved to pity. He has a sense of duty. He takes time when making decisions. He drums his fingers when he's trying to remember something. He needs alcohol to get through the working day and is starting to work slowly due to its scarcity.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Ugo Sosleng (RogueArchivist):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Ugo Sosleng • Goblin scientist

Ugo Sosleng has been ecstatic lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He is a worshipper of Os the Hardy Gleams and a worshipper of Os the Hardy Gleams. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is sixty years old, born on the 24th of Hematite in the year 617. He is thin and scrawny. His teeth are widely-spaced. His short ears are fuse-lobed. His long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is braided. His very long hair is arranged in double braids. His extremely long eyebrows are low. His head is short. His nose is short. His lips are thin. His emerald eyes are slightly wide-set. His hair is ochre. His skin is burnt umber. He is weak. Ugo Sosleng likes dacite, steel, carnelian, cougar leather, vulture tooth, suns, short swords and mules for their stubbornness. When possible, he prefers to consume fisher berry wine and pig tail seeds. He absolutely detests rats. He has a deep well of patience, a great kinesthetic sense and a great memory, but he has little linguistic ability, very bad intuition, quite poor focus and a large deficit of willpower. He doesn't handle stress well. He is very friendly. He tends to avoid crowds. He loves new and fresh ideas. He is disorganized. He is occasionally given to procrastination. He needs alcohol to get through the working day and really wants a drink.

A medium-sized humanoid driven to cruelty by its evil.

Juggernaut (SneakyWalrus):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Juggernaut • Juggernaut • Human

Juggernaut has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He is a faithful worshipper of Id and a worshipper of Ikeng. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-four years old, born on the 13th of Timber in the year 593. He is skinny. His jade eyes are sunken. His very short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His medium-length beard is braided. His hair is clean-shaven. His nose bridge is concave. His ears are tall. His burnt umber skin is wrinkled. His upper body bears a tiny curving scar. He is very slow to tire, quick to heal and rarely sick. Juggernaut likes serpentine, platinum, plume, agate, crystal glass, shields and cows for their haunting moos. When possible, he prefers to consume white-browed gibbon, anchovy, sunshine and mog juice. He absolutely detests large roaches. He has a great kinesthetic sense, but he has little linguistic ability. He is always tense and jittery. He is very quick to anger. He can handle stress. He is very distant and reserved. He tends to avoid crowds. He doesn't need thrills or risks in life. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He isn't given to flights of fancy. He has a sense of duty. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He talks to inanimate objects when he's thinking. He needs alcohol to get through the working day and is starting to work slowly due to its scarcity.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Ahra (Ahra):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Ahra • Ahra • Human

Ahra has been ecstatic lately. He slept without a proper room recently. He made a friend recently. He admired a fine Bridge lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He talked with a friend lately. He had a pretty decent drink lately. He had a wonderful drink lately. He is a worshipper of Ogres and a worshipper of Ogred. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-two years old, born on the 25th of Malachite in the year 595. He has a thin body with very little fat. He has a very high-pitched voice. He has high cheekbones, and he has a deeply recessed chin. His short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His medium-length beard is arranged in double braids. His short hair is neatly combed. His broad head is very short. His nose is quite long. His lips are slightly thick. His brown skin is slightly wrinkled. His hair is cinnamon with a touch of gray. His eyes are aquamarine. He is almost never sick, quite quick to heal, strong and tough. Ahra likes phyllite, lay, pewter, red beryl, the color azure, bolts, catapult parts and cows for their haunting moos. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven ale and whip vine flour. He absolutely detests purring maggots. He has a great ability to focus, a way with words and good intuition, but he has an iffy memory, a shortage of patience, a large deficit of willpower and a lousy intellect. He is always tense and jittery. He is very friendly. He is very active. He can be very happy and optimistic. He has a great awareness of his own emotions. He is open-minded to new ideas. He is put off by authority and tradition. He has a strong sense of duty. When he's bored, he often scratches his nose. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized creature prone to areat ambition.

Felix (Deamonpies):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Felix • Felix • Brewer

Felix has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He slept without a proper room recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He made a friend recently. He has been satisfied at work lately. He is an ardent worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths and a dubious worshipper of Kerlig Wardfenced. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is fifty-three years old, born on the 4th of Sandstone in the year 624. His bronze eyes are narrow. He is short and fat. His hair is wavy. His extremely long hair is neatly combed. His eyes are sunken. He has very low cheekbones. His somewhat narrow ears are tall. His eyebrows are quite sparse. His hair is flax. His skin is tan. He is quite susceptible to disease and quite clumsy. Felix likes stibnite, billon, star sapphire, blood thorn wood, white-spotted puffer leather, crundle horn, mussel shell, the color sky blue, shoes and weapon racks. When possible, he prefers to consume hagfish, whip wine, mog juice and prickly berry seeds. He absolutely detests rats. He has great intuition and a good feel for social relationships, but he has a questionable spatial sense, an iffy memory, a poor kinesthetic sense, a very bad sense of empathy and poor creativity. She is often nervous. She is slow to anger. She is self-conscious. She occasionally overindulges. She is somewhat reserved. She loves to take charge and direct activities. She isn't given to flights of fancy. She is very confident. She has a sense of duty. She strives for excellence. She often does the first thing that comes to mind. She speaks very deliberately when she's angry. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Katana (katana):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Katana • Katana • Human

Katana has been ecstatic lately. He slept without a proper room recently. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He admired a fine Bridge lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He is a casual worshipper of Id and a casual worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is sixty-four years old, born on the 2nd of Galena in the year 614. He is average in size. He has a grating, raspy voice. His very short ears have nearly fused lobes. His hair is clean-shaven. His nose bridge is convex. His teeth are gapped. His slightly protruding round brass eyes are slightly wide-set. His ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is pale brown. His nose is somewhat narrow. He is tough, but he is quite clumsy. Katana likes gypsum plaster, iron, cat's eye, glasseye tooth, pig tail fiber fabric, the color green, battle axes, gauntlets, backpacks and cages. When possible, he prefers to consume sun berries and whip wine. He absolutely detests rats. He has a good feel for social relationships and a feel for music, but he has a little difficulty with words, a meager kinesthetic sense and an atrocious spatial sense. She is slow to anger. She is relaxed. She is trusting. She is very straightforward with others. She is compassionate. She is confident. She chews her nails when she's thinking. When she's nervous, she sometimes cracks her knuckles. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Koniith (Lord Allagon):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



KonithKonithKobold

Konith has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He admired a fine Table lately. He slept without a proper room recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He is a worshipper of Ikeng and a dubious worshipper of Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is an enemy of The Roasted Torment. He is an enemy of The Oaken Barbarity of Hearts. He is an enemy of The Creed of Roses. He is seventy-seven years old, born on the 22nd of Slate in the year 600. He is average in size. His hair is straight. His very long hair is neatly combed. His head is extremely narrow. His nose is upturned. His ears are tall. His cobalt eyes have slightly thin irises. His hair is golden yellow. His skin is dark peach. He is quite durable and slow to tire. Konith likes rutile, sterling silver, black zircon, the color raw umber, war hammers, barrels, scepters, chains and reptile men for their terrifying features. When possible, he prefers to consume deer, brook lamprey and longland beer. He absolutely detests purring maggots. He has a great feel for social relationships, a great ability to focus and a great kinesthetic sense, but he has a little difficulty with words and very bad analytical abilities. She is always tense and jittery. She is self-conscious. She occasionally overindulges. She is somewhat reserved. She tends to avoid crowds. She is often cheerful. She dislikes intellectual discussions. She runs her fingers through her hair when she's thinking. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A small, squat humanoid with large pointy ears and yellow glowing eyes.

Kuro (Kurotabo):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

KuroKonithGoblin swordgoblin

Kuro has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He made a friend recently. He has been haunted by the dead lately. He is a faithful worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths and a worshipper of Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-four years old, born on the 16th of Sandstone in the year 593. He is average in size. His hair is somewhat greasy. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is tied in a pony tail. His slightly flattened tall ears have great swinging lobes. He has a recessed chin. He has a low voice. His teeth are gapped. His nose is upturned. His head is short. His ears are broad. His bronze eyes are slightly wide-set. His cinnamon skin is wrinkled. His eyebrows are quite sparse. His hair is charcoal with a touch of gray. He is clumsy and quick to tire. Kuro likes graphite, fine pewter, clear garnet, oak wood and the color pink. When possible, he prefers to consume seahorse and gutter cruor. He absolutely detests flies. He has a very good sense of empathy, the ability to focus, a sum of patience and good creativity, but he has a poor memory. He has a calm demeanor. He is slow to anger. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He is easily moved to pity. He lacks confidence. He takes time when making decisions. He interrupts others during conversations when he is exasperated. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized humanoid driven to cruelty by its evil nature.

John Lock (lockman766):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

John LockKonithJohn LockHuman swordman

John Lock has been quite content lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He is a casual worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises and a faithful worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is seventy years old, born on the 14th of Moonstone in the year 607. He is tall. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is braided. His slightly wide-set aquamarine eyes are deeply sunken. He has a high voice. He has very low cheekbones. His slightly hooked nose is broad. His skin is ecru. His nose bridge is slightly convex. He is very slow to tire and tough, but he is quite susceptible to disease. John Lock likes limestone, gold, light yellow diamond, pig tail fiber fabric, the color russet, tables, large gems, giant axe blades and horses for their strength. When possible, he prefers to consume sunshine. He absolutely detests rats. He has a great memory and very good intuition, but he has a meager kinesthetic sense, poor creativity and quite poor focus. He is self-conscious. He finds helping others rewarding. He dislikes confrontations. He speaks very deliberately when he's annoyed. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Kingfisher (kingfisher1112):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

KingfisherKonithKingfisherDoctor

Kingfisher has been ecstatic lately. He made a friend recently. He talked with a friend lately. He admired a fine Bridge lately. He ate a pretty decent meal lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He is a worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths and a worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is fifty-nine years old, born on the 27th of Limestone in the year 618. He is incredibly skinny. His hair is greasy. His medium-length sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is neatly combed. His bronze eyes are very round. He has a clear voice. His nose is extremely narrow. He has a prominent square chin. His eyebrows are low. His ears are somewhat tall. His nose bridge is slightly convex. His hair is cinnamon. His skin is ecru. He is incredibly quick to heal and rarely sick, but he is clumsy. Kingfisher likes rhyolite, rose gold, blue diamond, giant cave spider silk, the color burnt umber, bolts, shields, grates, cats for their aloofness and swallow monsters for their bloated appearance. When possible, he prefers to consume hedgehog, plump helmets, prickly berry wine and dwarven sugar. He absolutely detests fire snakes. He has very good intuition and the ability to focus, but he has poor empathy and a poor memory. He has a calm demeanor. He loves a good thrill. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He is incredibly creative. He has a great awareness of his own emotions. He is willing to compromise with others. He stammers when he's excited. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He is getting used to tragedy.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Grau (MrGrau):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Grau has been quite content lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He is a casual worshipper of Kol Sellwheel and a dubious worshipper of Kol Sellwheel. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-seven years old, born on the 21st of Granite in the year 590. His somewhat narrow raw umber eyes have slightly thin irises. He is tall, thin and very muscular. His very long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is braided. His teeth are tangled. He has a clear voice. His ears are very short. His head is very short. His eyebrows are somewhat high. His lips are very thin. His cinnamon skin is wrinkled. His nose is slightly upturned. His hair is pale brown with flecks of gray. He is very strong, but he is flimsy and quite clumsy. Grau likes pitchblende, rose gold, amber opal, bilou leather, the color pearl, weapon racks and figurines. When possible, he prefers to consume longland beer. He absolutely detests fire snakes. He has a great musical sense, a very good sense of the position of his own body, an ability to read emotions fairly well, a way with words and a good intellect, but he has poor focus, bad intuition, poor creativity and little patience. He is often nervous. He is quick to anger. He is self-conscious. He is assertive. He prefers familiar routines. He is put off by authority and tradition. He is immodest. He is not easily moved to pity. He is confident. He is occasionally given to procrastination. He scratches his ear when he's nervous. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Neo (neo1096):  
 Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Neo has been ecstatic lately. He is quite pleased with making an artifact. He is a worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises and a worshipper of Kol Sellwheel. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is fifty-one years old, born on the 22nd of Slate in the year 627. His fourth finger, right hand is broken. His fourth finger, right hand is smashed open. He is average in size. His very long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His thin-irised close-set jade eyes are round. His teeth are crowded. He has high cheekbones. His slightly upturned nose is short. His lips are slightly thick. His skin is dark tan. He is very rarely sick and slow to tire. Neo likes mudstone, tin, red pyrope, the color dark pink, picks, coats, querns and bracelets. When possible, he prefers to consume steelhead trout, sewer brew and one-humped camel's milk. He absolutely detests lizards. He has a deep well of patience, great intuition, a good feel for social relationships and a good spatial sense, but he has poor empathy, a poor memory and very bad analytical abilities. He can handle stress. He is a pessimist. He has a fertile imagination. He is open-minded to new ideas. He is put off by authority and tradition. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He finds helping others very rewarding. He is not easily moved to pity. He lacks confidence. He chews his cheek when he's bored. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry, possessed by a racially-unknown spirit.

Weiss Ironscroll (empfan):  
 Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Weiss Ironscroll has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of Id and a worshipper of Id. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is fifty-seven years old, born on the 12th of Hematite in the year 621. He is tall. His straight hair is quite dense. His very long sideburns are braided. His medium-length moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is arranged in double braids. His teeth are crowded. His eyebrows are slightly low. His hair is charcoal. His skin is ecru. His eyes are brass. He is quite clumsy. Weiss Ironscroll likes cobaltite, zinc, red grossular, raccoon leather, unicorn tooth, gauntlets, coffins and donkeys for their stubbornness. When possible, he prefers to consume whip wine. He absolutely detests worms. He has a great ability to focus, very good intuition, a good feel for social relationships and willpower. He feels strong urges and seeks short-term rewards. He considers spending time alone much more important than associating with others. He loves a good thrill. He isn't given to flights of fancy. He is trusting. He is disorganized. He thinks it is incredibly important to strive for excellence. He takes time when making decisions. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

William de Mont-Saevo (Walton Simons):  
 Spoiler (click to show/hide)

William de Mont-Saevo has been quite content lately. He is a faithful worshipper of Ogred and a worshipper of Ogred. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-three years old, born on the 27th of Felsite in the year 595. He is stout. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His slightly sunken bronze eyes are very wide-set. His teeth are crowded. He has a deeply recessed chin. His extremely tall ears are extraordinarily broad. His peach skin is slightly wrinkled. He is indefatigable and tough. William de Mont-Saevo likes alabaster, fine pewter, light yellow diamond, kapok wood, barrels and chains. When possible, he prefers to consume clown loach and swamp whiskey. He absolutely detests oysters. He is quick to anger. He is somewhat reserved. He enjoys the company of others. He is relaxed. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He is guarded in relationships with others. He is willing to compromise with others. He takes time when making decisions. He scratches his ear whenever he's bored. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Justice (Justice):  
 Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Justice has been ecstatic lately. He is an ardent worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises and a dubious worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is seventy-five years old, born on the 11th of Limestone in the year 602. He is tall and incredibly skinny. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His hair is clean-shaven. His ears have great swinging lobes. He has very low cheekbones, and he has a narrow chin. His nose is broad. His slightly close-set cobalt eyes are somewhat narrow. His lips are slightly thick. His skin is burnt umber. He is incredibly quick to heal. Justice likes kimberlite, trifle pewter, yellow grossular, oak wood, fire imp bone, spears, mittens, armor stands, earrings, enormous corkscrews and horses for their strength. When possible, he prefers to consume chipmunk and longland beer. He absolutely detests rats. He has an amazing memory, very good intuition, a sharp intellect, a sum of patience, the ability to focus and a way with words. He is quick to anger. He is very friendly. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He is not straightforward when dealing with others. He finds helping others rewarding. He chews his lips when he gets excited. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Nathaniel Stormwind (Zorrin\_Drake):  
 Spoiler (click to show/hide)



■Nathaniel Stormwind■ has been happy lately. He is a faithful worshipper of Id and a dubious worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-four years old, born on the 4th of Sandstone in the year 594. His slightly protruding bronze eyes have slightly thin irises. He is very fat. He has high cheekbones, and he has a broad square chin. His hair is wavy. His short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His long beard is arranged in double braids. His very short hair is neatly combed. His head is very short. His burnt umber skin is wrinkled. His hair is brown with a touch of gray. His nose is somewhat long. He is very agile, but he is slow to heal. ■Nathaniel Stormwind■ likes dolomite, lead, jasper, opal, moons, battle axes, barrels, crowns and buckets. When possible, he prefers to consume cap hopper, sewer brew and longland flour. He absolutely detests purring maggots. He has a deep well of patience and good intuition, but he has a questionable spatial sense and meager creativity. He only rarely feels strong cravings or urges. He is very friendly. He is unassertive. He is not a risk-taker. He is open-minded to new ideas. He is very straightforward with others. He is willing to compromise with others. He is immodest. He is confident. When he's nervous, he rarely talks. He always takes a deep breath whenever he is surprised. He needs alcohol to get through the working day and is starting to work slowly due to its scarcity. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Thud (TheFlame52):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Thud • Thud • Troll

■Thud■ has been ecstatic lately. He is a worshipper of Ogred and a casual worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is sixty-four years old, born on the 16th of Sandstone in the year 614. His hair is straight. His long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is braided. He is average in size. His slightly sunken heliotrope eyes are wide-set. His nose is extremely narrow. His lips are thick. His broad ears are very short. He has a narrow chin. His somewhat narrow head is short. His nose bridge is slightly convex. His hair is amber. His skin is brown. ■Thud■ likes sphalerite, nickel, chrysoberyl, frill, shark leather, turtle shell, slabs, large gems, horses for their strength and pterosaur demons for their horrifying features. When possible, he prefers to consume river spirits, dwarven milk and cave wheat flour. He absolutely detests purring maggots. He has a great deal of patience and a good spatial sense, but he has very bad analytical abilities and poor creativity. He is self-conscious. He is very friendly. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. He prefers familiar routines. He is immodest. He is disorganized. He is occasionally given to procrastination. He takes time when making decisions. He begins to talk more slowly when he's angry. He shakes his finger up and down when he's trying to remember something. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A huge humanoid monster with coarse fur, large tusks and horns.

Neotemplar (neotemplar):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Neotemplar • Neotemplar • Goblin beekeeper

■Neotemplar■ has been happy lately. She slept without a proper room recently. She dined in a legendary dining room recently. She admired a fine Table lately. She talked with a friend lately. She made a friend recently. She was disgusted by a miasma lately. She is an ardent worshipper of Ikeng and a worshipper of Kerlig Wardfenced. She is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. She is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. She is seventy-five years old, born on the 2nd of Slate in the year 603. Her aquamarine eyes are somewhat narrow. She is short with well-defined muscles. Her very long hair is arranged in double braids. Her tall ears have large hanging lobes. Her nose bridge is concave. Her nose is short. Her hair is burnt sienna. Her skin is ecru. She is almost never sick, very strong and tough, but she is clumsy and very slow to heal. ■Neotemplar■ likes shale, trifle, pewter, lace, agate, black-cap, wood, orangutan tooth, spears, coats and horses for their strength. When possible, she prefers to consume salmon, swamp whiskey and longland flour. She absolutely detests worms. She has a great sense of empathy and a sum of patience. She is confident under pressure. She tends to avoid crowds. She is unassertive. She likes to try new things. She is guarded in relationships with others. She is willing to compromise with others. She is compassionate. She strives for excellence. She exhales slowly and deliberately when she starts getting bored. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A medium-sized humanoid driven to cruelty by its evil nature.

Xenir (Xenir):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Died killed by Nothing - 10th Moonstone 678 - resurrected

Xenir • Xenir • Human swordsmen

■Xenir■ has been quite content lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He is an ardent worshipper of Id and a worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-six years old, born on the 13th of Timber in the year 592. His ochre eyes are somewhat narrow. He is weak and short. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His medium-length moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is tied in a pony tail. He has very low cheekbones. He has a scratchy voice. His somewhat tall ears are broad. His dark brown skin is wrinkled. He is very flimsy, quite clumsy and very weak. ■Xenir■ likes sandstone, iron, moss, opal, crystal glass, gray squirrel tooth, turtle shell, the color indigo, bucklers, windows and dogs for their loyalty. When possible, he prefers to consume mackerel, glasseye and strawberry wine. He absolutely detests large roaches. He has great creativity, a great affinity for language and a feel for music, but he has a questionable spatial sense, poor analytical abilities and very little patience. He is concerned about rejection and ridicule. He is incredibly creative. He is slow to trust others. He is immodest. He chews his nails when he's thinking. He scratches his head when he's thinking. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Mifava Nitharanemo (HailFire):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



■Mifava Nitharanemo■ has been ecstatic lately■ She has lost a friend to tragedy recently■ She talked with a friend lately■ She made a friend recently■ She dined in a legendary dining room recently■ She slept without a proper room recently■ She admired a fine Furnace lately■ She had a nice bath recently■ She was disgusted by a miasma lately■ She is a casual worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths and an ardent worshipper of Kol Sellwheel■ She is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel■ She is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness■ She is an enemy of The Roasted Torment■ She is eighty-three years old■ born on the 2nd of Slate in the year 595■ Her third finger■ left hand is broken■ Her third finger■ left hand is cut open■ She is muscular and fat■ Her hair is somewhat greasy■ Her very long hair is braided■ She has very low cheekbones■ and she has a very broad chin■ Her somewhat short ears are flattened■ Her eyebrows are high■ She has a low voice■ Her nose bridge is concave■ Her somewhat short head is extraordinarily broad■ Her nose is somewhat broad■ Her slightly sunken brass eyes are slightly close-set■ Her brown skin is slightly wrinkled■ Her upper body bears a tiny curving scar■ Her lower body bears a tiny straight scar■ Her right lower leg bears a tiny curving scar■ Her hair is dark chestnut with a touch of gray■ She is indefatigable■ agile■ strong and rarely sick■ but she is slow to heal■ ■Mifava Nitharanemo■ likes marble■ zinc■ star sapphire■ green glass■ circles■ backpacks and cave floaters for their graceful drifting■ When possible■ she prefers to consume sailfin molly■ whip wine and rock nut oil■ She absolutely detests bats■ She has an ability to read emotions fairly well■ but she has a shortage of patience■ poor focus and a lousy intellect■ She is comfortable in social situations■ She tends to avoid crowds■ She prefers familiar routines■ She doesn't like to compromise with others■ She thinks it is incredibly important to strive for excellence■ She rolls her eyes when she's annoyed■ She needs alcohol to get through the working day■

A medium-sized creature dedicated to the ruthless protection of nature.

Jules (Julien Brightside):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Jules ••• Jules ••• Engraver

■Jules■ has been quite content lately■ He is a worshipper of Kol Sellwheel and a worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises■ He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel■ He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness■ He is sixty-four years old■ born on the 23rd of Opal in the year 614■ He has loaded a tall body with incredible muscles■ His quite dense hair is dry■ His very long sideburns are braided■ His long moustache is arranged in double braids■ His medium-length beard is neatly combed■ His very long hair is neatly combed■ His very wide-set jade eyes are slit■ His eyes are sunken■ His lips are thick■ He has a low voice■ His short ears are splayed out■ His nose is slightly upturned■ His slightly low eyebrows are extremely dense■ His hair is chestnut■ His skin is dark peach■ He is mighty■ quite quick to heal■ agile and slow to tire■ but he is very flimsy■ ■Jules■ likes obsidian■ lead■ tsavorite■ clear glass■ voracious cave crawler leather■ warthog hoof■ windows■ giant axe blades and cat fiends for their rhythmic undulations■ When possible■ he prefers to consume siamang■ brook lamprey■ strawberry wine and horse's milk■ He absolutely detests oysters■ He has a great ability to focus■ very good creativity and good intuition■ but he has a shortage of patience■ a meager kinesthetic sense and poor spatial senses■ He rarely feels discouraged■ He doesn't handle stress well■ He is somewhat reserved■ He is assertive■ He likes to try new things■ He is open-minded to new ideas■ He is slow to trust others■ He is confident■ He is organized■ He has a strong sense of duty■ He needs alcohol to get through the working day■

A short■ sturdy creature fond of drink and industry■

Thanatos (jrrocks05):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Thanatos ••• Thanatos ••• Human swordsman

■Thanatos■ has been quite content lately■ He had a wonderful drink lately■ He has been satisfied at work lately■ He is a casual worshipper of Ogred and a casual worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths■ He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel■ He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness■ He is eighty years old■ born on the 15th of Limestone in the year 598■ His very long sideburns are neatly combed■ His very long moustache is arranged in double braids■ His very long beard is arranged in double braids■ His hair is clean-shaven■ His nose is sharply hooked■ His slightly close-set bronze eyes are bulging■ His nose bridge is convex■ He has a narrow chin■ He is average in size■ His ears are somewhat tall■ His dark brown skin is slightly wrinkled■ He is incredibly tough■ but he is quite clumsy and very quick to tire■ ■Thanatos■ likes orpiment■ sterling silver■ milk opal■ glumprong wood and floodgates■ When possible■ he prefers to consume hippo■ river spirits and whip vine flour■ He absolutely detests oysters■ He has a great sense of empathy■ but he has poor analytical abilities■ an iffy memory■ a poor ability to manage or understand social relationships■ quite poor focus and little patience■ He is comfortable in social situations■ He can handle stress■ He is very active■ He is not interested in art■ He is candid and sincere in dealings with others■ He doesn't like to compromise with others■ He lacks confidence■ He stammers when he's excited■ He needs alcohol to get through the working day■

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Grawp (Again\_Dejavu):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Grawp ••• Grawp ••• Gorlak

■Grawp■ has been quite content lately■ He is a worshipper of Kerlig Wardfenced and a worshipper of Ikeng■ He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel■ He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness■ He is fifty-one years old■ born on the 10th of Slate in the year 628■ He is very fat■ His hair is straight■ His medium-length sideburns are braided■ His very long moustache is arranged in double braids■ His medium-length beard is neatly combed■ His short hair is neatly combed■ His nose is extraordinarily broad■ He has a high voice■ His slightly rounded heliotrope eyes are sunken■ His somewhat splayed out ears are broad■ His eyebrows are extremely short■ His lips are thin■ His hair is quite sparse■ His hair is chocolate■ His skin is dark tan■ He is quick to tire■ susceptible to disease and very slow to heal■ ■Grawp■ likes slate■ aluminum■ moss opal■ diamonds■ battle axes■ trousers■ cages and bracelets■ When possible■ he prefers to consume molemarian■ salmon and swamp whiskey■ He absolutely detests blood gnats■ He has great intuition■ a great deal of patience■ a good kinesthetic sense and the ability to focus■ but he has poor analytical abilities■ poor empathy and a poor memory■ He occasionally overindulges■ He can handle stress■ He enjoys being in crowds■ He appreciates art and natural beauty■ He needs alcohol to get through the working day■

A small, round humanoid found wandering the caves deep underground. Most of its body is taken up by a huge tusked

Aarde/Aeras Alum (Wofi):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



A/A Alum

•••••A/A Alum•••••Human Geologist/Sailor

■A/A Alum■ has been quite content lately. He is a faithful worshipper of Id and an ardent worshipper of Ikeng. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is sixty-four years old, born on the 1st of Timber in the year 614. His straight hair is quite sparse. His short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is braided. His very long hair is braided. He is average in size. His thin-irised narrow bronze eyes are protruding. His nose is hooked. His lips are thick. He has a low voice. His somewhat broad head is very short. His nose bridge is concave. His somewhat broad tall ears are slightly flattened. His eyes are slightly close-set. His eyebrows are somewhat high. His hair is buff. His skin is cinnamon. He is slow to tire and rarely sick. ■A/A Alum■ likes pitchblende, platinum, brown zircon, figurines and chains. When possible, he prefers to consume cave fish and swamp whiskey. He absolutely detests worms. He has a very good sense of empathy, very good focus and willpower, but he has a meager kinesthetic sense, poor spatial senses and little linguistic ability. He is slow to anger. He tends to avoid crowds. He is a risk-taker and a thrill-seeker. He has a good awareness of his own emotions. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He runs his fingers through his hair when he becomes exasperated. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Tragarus Helmbolt (Oshha):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Tragarus Helmbolt•••••Tragarus Helmbolt•••••Human swordsman

■Tragarus Helmbolt■ has been quite content lately. He has complained about the draft lately. He is a worshipper of Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror and a casual worshipper of Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is seventy years old, born on the 18th of Galena in the year 608. He is very short and fat. He has a broad square chin. His hair is clean-shaven. His ears have nearly fused lobes. His slightly thin-irised cobalt eyes are narrow. His nose is slightly hooked. His skin is pale chestnut. He is slow to tire, but he is very slow to heal. ■Tragarus Helmbolt■ likes hematite, bronze, fire opal, cardinal leather, red-winged blackbird tooth, the color white, crossbows and bracelets. When possible, he prefers to consume black-handed gibbon, two-humped camel cheese and strawberry wine. He absolutely detests toads. He has a great ability to focus, a deep well of patience and very good intuition, but he has little linguistic ability. He is very quick to anger. He occasionally overindulges. He prefers to be alone. He is incredibly creative. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He becomes very rigid when he's angry. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Norkas the Lonely (99Hedgehog):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Norkas the Lonely•••••Norkas the Lonely•••••Konold warrior/bonecarver

■Norkas the Lonely■ has been quite content lately. He has complained about the draft lately. He is an ardent worshipper of Kol Sellwheel and a dubious worshipper of Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-one years old, born on the 5th of Granite in the year 597. He is somewhat scrawny and very thin. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His medium-length moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. He has low cheekbones, and he has a prominent round chin. His large-irised amethyst eyes are wide-set. His ears are flattened. His nose is hooked. His copper skin is slightly wrinkled. He is very agile, but he is weak and very flimsy. ■Norkas the Lonely■ likes galena, bronze, brown jasper, the color olive, rings and catapult parts. When possible, he prefers to consume giant cave swallow, char, dwarven ale, dwarven milk and hide root seeds. He absolutely detests fire snakes. He has a great feel for social relationships, great intuition and a good kinesthetic sense, but he has poor focus, very bad analytical abilities and poor creativity. He is comfortable in social situations. He occasionally overindulges. He can handle stress. He isn't given to flights of fancy. He is trusting. He is disorganized. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A small, squat humanoid with large pointy ears and yellow glowing eyes.

Shadowhammer (Shadowhammer):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Shadowhammer•••••Shadowhammer•••••Hammerdwarf/animal trainer

■Shadowhammer■ has been quite content lately. He has complained about the draft lately. He is a worshipper of Ogred and a worshipper of Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is seventy-two years old, born on the 10th of Galena in the year 606. He is broad with little muscle. He has a very clear voice. His head is tall. His eyebrows are incredibly high. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His long hair is arranged in double braids. He has a round chin. His teeth are gapped. His gold eyes are slightly close-set. His lips are thin. His ears are free-lobed. His hair is buff. His skin is pale brown. He is weak and clumsy. ■Shadowhammer■ likes hematite, aluminum, white chalcedony, the color dark violet, suns, mail shirts, traction benches, dogs for their loyalty and winged devils for their horrifying features. When possible, he prefers to consume bloated tubers, strawberry wine and quarry bush leaves. He absolutely detests mussels. He has a deep well of patience, a great musical sense and very good creativity, but he has quite poor focus and lousy intuition. He is grounded in reality. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He does not feel effective in life. He often greets others with a hug. He exhales slowly and deliberately when he starts getting bored. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Karkov (Karkov):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Karkov•••••Karkov•••••Brewer

■Karkov■ has been quite content lately. He has complained about the draft lately. He is a worshipper of Ikeng and a casual worshipper of Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is seventy-one years old, born on the 26th of Slate in the year 607. He is very muscular. His splayed out narrow ears are fuse-lobed. His very thin-irised amethyst eyes are wide-set. His extremely dense hair is dry. His long hair is tied in a pony tail. His head is extremely narrow. His somewhat long eyebrows are somewhat high. His hair is ecru. His skin is dark tan. He is very strong and quick to heal, but he is susceptible to disease, quick to tire, clumsy and flimsy. ■Karkov■ likes bituminous coal, pig iron, red diamond, mango wood wood, the color purple, statues, slugman for their slime and cave wheat for their stalks. When possible, he prefers to consume giant desert scorpion and fisher berry wine. He absolutely detests blood gnats. He has a good feel for social relationships and a good spatial sense, but he has bad intuition and poor focus. He has a very calm demeanor. He doesn't handle stress well. He genuinely likes others and openly expresses positive feelings toward them. He is not a risk-taker. He is often cheerful. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. He has a great awareness of his own emotions. He is put off by authority and tradition. He is willing to compromise with others. He is not easily moved to pity. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Mephiles (Wade Wilson):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



■Mephiles■ has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of Atir Purplemines and a faithful worshipper of Id. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is fifty-four years old, born on the 25th of Granite in the year 625. His bronze eyes have slightly large irises. He is corpulent. His very long hair is neatly combed. His nose is quite long. His nose bridge is convex. His somewhat short ears have small lobes. He has very low cheekbones. His lips are thick. His head is somewhat short. His hair is ecru. His skin is brown. He is really slow to heal. ■Mephiles■ likes orpiment, nickel, moss opal, siamang leather, cardinal tooth, barrels and horses for their strength. When possible, he prefers to consume longland beer. He absolutely detests blood gnats. He has a great musical sense, great analytical abilities, a good spatial sense and a good feel for social relationships, but he has meager creativity, a very bad sense of empathy, little patience and really poor focus. He occasionally overindulges. He is very friendly. He is very active. He is not a risk-taker. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He is put off by authority and tradition. He finds helping others rewarding. He is not easily moved to pity. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized humanoid driven to cruelty by its evil nature.

Litlbear (CaptainLambcake):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Litlbear • Litlbear • Armourer

■Litlbear■ has been quite content lately. He is a casual worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises and a worshipper of Id. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is sixty-two years old, born on the 17th of Timber in the year 617. He has a thin body with little fat. His very long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is tied in a pony tail. His thin-irised narrow cobalt eyes are incredibly close-set. His nose bridge is convex. His tall ears are narrow. His eyebrows are low. His somewhat short head is broad. His ears have small lobes. His hair is goldenrod. His skin is brown. He is quick to heal. ■Litlbear■ likes gypsum plaster, platinum, chrysoprase, highwood wood, picks, grates, scepters and perch for their coloration. When possible, he prefers to consume muck roots and dwarven ale. He absolutely detests oysters. He has the ability to focus, a sum of patience and a good spatial sense, but he has meager creativity, poor analytical abilities, a large deficit of willpower and a poor ability to manage or understand social relationships. He rarely feels discouraged. He tends to avoid crowds. He likes to try new things. He scratches his nose when he's trying to remember something. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Arcvasti (Arcvasti):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Arcvasti • Arcvasti • Kobold mechanic

■Arcvasti■ has been quite content lately. He has complained about the draft lately. He is a worshipper of Kol Sellwheel and a worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is fifty-four years old, born on the 2nd of Moonstone in the year 624. He is fat. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His medium-length hair is neatly combed. He has very high cheekbones. His copper eyes are close-set. He has a clear voice. His somewhat broad ears are tall. His skin is dark tan. He is slow to tire, but he is slow to heal and very flimsy. ■Arcvasti■ likes periclage, black bronze, black opal, bolts, low boots and goblets. When possible, he prefers to consume gutter cruor and longland flour. He absolutely detests blood gnats. He has a very good sense of empathy, a good spatial sense and a sum of patience. He is often sad and dejected. He is not a risk-taker. He is open-minded to new ideas. He does not go out of his way to help others. He always takes a deep breath whenever he is surprised. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A small, squat humanoid with large pointy ears and yellow glowing eyes.

PD (!!pyrodwarf!!):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

PD • PD • Elf hunter

■PD■ has been ecstatic lately. He admired a fine Seat lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He is a worshipper of Iklist Tunnelveil, the Perplexing Mirror and a casual worshipper of Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is fifty-three years old, born on the 25th of Malachite in the year 625. He is average in size. His rust eyes are round. He has an angular chin. His hair is clean-shaven. His nose is slightly upturned. His small-lobed ears are somewhat short. His skin is dark brown. He is susceptible to disease. ■PD■ likes bismuthinite, zinc, lapis lazuli, pig tail fiber fabric, the color taupe gray, clouds, gauntlets and cats for their aloofness. When possible, he prefers to consume cardinal, horse cheese and longland beer. He absolutely detests lizards. He has a sharp intellect and a sum of patience, but he has poor creativity and poor spatial senses. He occasionally overindulges. He doesn't handle stress well. He is somewhat reserved. He is very assertive. He is very active. He doesn't need thrills or risks in life. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He is willing to compromise with others. He lacks confidence. He quite often tells pointless stories when he's bored. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A medium-sized creature dedicated to the ruthless protection of nature.

Danman (danmanthedog):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Danman • Danman • Deep Dwarf hunter

■Danman■ has been happy lately. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He admired a fine Table lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He is a worshipper of Ikeng and a worshipper of Kol Sellwheel. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is sixty-five years old, born on the 3rd of Limestone in the year 614. He is small yet muscular. His nose bridge is very convex. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a low voice. He has an angular chin. His somewhat short ears are free-lobed. His heliotrope eyes are slightly sunken. His skin is dark brown. He is strong, but he is quite clumsy. ■Danman■ likes saltpeter, electrum, sard, thornback ray leather, turtle shell, pig tail fiber fabric, mittens and cages. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven rum. He absolutely detests rats. He has a great sense of empathy, an amazing spatial sense, a very good sense of the position of his own body and a great memory, but he has poor focus, little willpower, bad intuition and a poor ability to manage or understand social relationships. He is often sad and dejected. He is very distant and reserved. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He admires tradition. He is guarded in relationships with others. He is willing to compromise with others. He is organized. He has a sense of duty. He is self-disciplined. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature from the depths of the earth, fond of drink.

Sheodir Redsage (Sheo):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Sheodir Red Sage has been ecstatic lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He brought somebody to bed lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He is a faithful worshipper of Os the Hardy Gleams and a dubious worshipper of Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is fifty-four years old, born on the 15th of Limestone in the year 625. He is average in size. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His nose bridge is concave. He has high cheekbones, and he has an angular chin. His somewhat splayed out short ears are broad. His slightly hooked nose is broad. His skin is pale brown. His eyes are ochre. He is very flimsy. Sheodir Red Sage likes hornblende, adamantine, moss opal, rope reed fiber fabric, the color orange, gauntlets and bracelets. When possible, he prefers to consume herring, sun berries and whip wine. He absolutely detests fire snakes. He has an iron will, an ability to read emotions fairly well and a good spatial sense, but he has meager creativity and a poor ability to manage or understand social relationships. He can handle stress. He can be very happy and optimistic. He has a fertile imagination. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He is very willing to compare himself favorably with others. He has a sense of duty. He is self-disciplined. He inhales sharply when he is angry. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Baffler (Baffler):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Baffler ••• Baffler ••• Jeweler

Baffler has been quite content lately. He has complained about the draft lately. He is a casual worshipper of Kol Sellwheel and a worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is fifty-five years old, born on the 27th of Limestone in the year 623. He is tall and fat. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His narrow ears have great swinging lobes. He has a fairly deep and raspy voice. He has high cheekbones, and he has a broad chin. His nose is hooked. His teeth are crowded. His amethyst eyes are slightly wide-set. His skin is copper. He is almost never sick, but he is slow to heal. Baffler likes rock salt, iron, yellow grossular, blood thorn wood, the color red, war hammers, shields, armor stands and devils of vomit for their disgusting appearance. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven beer. He absolutely detests rats. He has a lot of willpower, but he has a questionable spatial sense, a shortage of patience, quite poor focus and a poor kinesthetic sense. He is self-conscious. He can handle stress. He is assertive. He loves a good thrill. He isn't given to flights of fancy. He is open-minded to new ideas. He is trusting. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He doesn't like to compromise with others. He is confident. He has a sense of duty. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He stomps his feet repeatedly when he's angry. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Kaladin Sakrithtarmid Rithul Oram (Cptn Kaladin Anrizlokum):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Kaladin Sakrithtarmid Rithul Oram ••• Kaladin Sakrithtarmid Rithul Oram ••• Mas

Kaladin Sakrithtarmid Rithul Oram has been happy lately. She made a friend recently. She slept without a proper room recently. She had a fine drink lately. She talked with a friend lately. She was disgusted by a miasma lately. She admired a fine Cabinet lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She is a worshipper of Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame and a worshipper of Ogred. She is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. She is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. She is sixty-two years old, born on the 4th of Obsidian in the year 617. She is muscular. Her hair is somewhat greasy. Her very long hair is arranged in double braids. Her slightly large-irised ochre eyes are sunken. Her short ears are narrow. Her nose is somewhat short. Her head is somewhat tall. Her hair is black. Her skin is dark peach. She is strong. Kaladin Sakrithtarmid Rithul Oram likes siltstone, gold, sardonyx, ash wood, clear glass, warthog hoof, the color olive, crowns and slush devils for their rhythmic undulations. When possible, she prefers to consume rat, one-humped camel cheese and dwarven wine. She absolutely detests blood gnats. She has a good kinesthetic sense and an ability to read emotions fairly well, but she has an iffy sense for music, poor analytical abilities, little patience and lousy intuition. She is often nervous. She rarely feels discouraged. She is self-conscious. She occasionally overindulges. She is very friendly. She is rarely happy or enthusiastic. She does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. She is put off by authority and tradition. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She is compassionate. She talks very quietly when she is angry. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Borzog the Unlucky (enso8):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Borzog the Unlucky ••• Borzog the Unlucky ••• Mechanic

Borzog the Unlucky has been happy lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He was nauseated by the sun lately. He has lost a friend to tragedy recently. He had a pretty decent drink lately. He had a fine drink lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He admired a fine Table lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He is romantically involved with Iton Smithcloisters. He is a worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises and a worshipper of Os the Hardy Gleams. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is seventy-eight years old, born on the 7th of Felsite in the year 600. He is broad and fat. His quite sparse hair is wavy. His medium-length sideburns are neatly combed. His long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is braided. His very long hair is neatly combed. His slightly sunken rust eyes are narrow. His nose bridge is concave. His somewhat narrow nose is quite long. His ears are slightly flattened. His eyebrows are somewhat high. His hair is sepia. His skin is dark peach. He is indefatigable. Borzog the Unlucky likes granite, electrum, ruby, blacktip reef shark leather, oyster shell, the color dark brown, maces, large gems and dogs for their loyalty. When possible, he prefers to consume moghopper and dwarven wine. He absolutely detests cave spiders. He has an iron will, a great musical sense and a natural inclination toward language, but he has a poor kinesthetic sense. He often feels discouraged. He is very friendly. He is very active. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. He lacks confidence. He very rarely does more work than necessary. He is extremely cautious. He often snaps his fingers when he's nervous. He holds his breath when he's nervous. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Pyre (Pyrefly):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Pyre ••• Pyre ••• Kobold thief

Pyre has been quite content lately. She is a worshipper of Os the Hardy Gleams and a worshipper of Ikeng. She is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. She is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. She is sixty-four years old, born on the 5th of Malachite in the year 615. She is average in size. Her hair is straight. Her very long hair is neatly combed. She has a high squeaky voice. She has low cheekbones, and she has a prominent chin. Her nose bridge is concave. Her raw umber eyes are wide-set. Her head is extremely narrow. Her slightly flattened ears are somewhat narrow. Her hair is amber. Her skin is pale pink. Pyre likes limonite, nickel silver, yellow jasper, jabberer bone, the color white, leather armor, millstones, cats for their aloofness, giant tigers for their giant stripes, of course and fisher berries for their round shape. When possible, she prefers to consume salmon, clownfish and gutter cruor. She absolutely detests worms. She has an iron will, a great deal of patience, good creativity, a good feel for social relationships, a good spatial sense and a good memory, but she has a little difficulty with words, poor empathy and very bad analytical abilities. She has a calm demeanor. She doesn't handle stress well. She is unassertive. She is relaxed. She is trusting. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She finds rules confining. She clicks her tongue occasionally when she's bored. When she's thinking, she has a tendency to chew on her cheek. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A small, squat humanoid with large pointy ears and yellow glowing eyes.

Ember (endlessblaze):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Ember has been quite content lately. He is a casual worshipper of Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame and a worshipper of Kerlig Wardfenced. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-three years old, born on the 24th of Sandstone in the year 596. He is slightly-sunken ochre eyes are narrow. His extremely sparse hair is wavy. His short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is neatly combed. He has a grating raspy voice. His head is very short. His very short ears are very splayed out. He is short. He has high cheekbones. His short eyebrows are high. His ears are broad. His somewhat broad nose is short. His copper skin is slightly wrinkled. His hair is auburn with a touch of gray. He is almost never sick, but he is very quick to tire. Ember likes garnierite, tin, tiger, iron, cow, hoof, black bullhead, tooth and large gems. When possible, he prefers to consume cave fish and sunshine. He absolutely detests lizards. He has a good feel for social relationships, but he has poor analytical abilities. He is very straightforward with others. He would rather intimidate others than compromise with them. He is very disorganized. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized creature dedicated to the ruthless protection of nature.

Tribune (SlyStalker):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Tribune • Tribune • Commissar

Tribune has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises and a dubious worshipper of Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-one years old, born on the 5th of Malachite in the year 598. He has a broad body with almost no fat on it. His medium-length sideburns are braided. His medium-length moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is tied in a pony tail. He has a narrow chin. His broad ears are very short. His gold eyes are narrow. His quite sparse high eyebrows are extremely short. His nose is slightly upturned. His pale chestnut skin is slightly wrinkled. His head is somewhat narrow. His hair is gold with a touch of gray. He is incredibly quick to heal. Tribune likes horn, silver, platinum, topazolite, the color sepia, mountains, hatch covers, dogs for their loyalty and buffalo fiends for their rhythmic undulations. When possible, he prefers to consume tiger, cave lobster, horse cheese and dwarven rum. He absolutely detests large roaches. He has a shortage of patience and an iffy memory. He is very energetic and active. He has a fertile imagination. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He prefers familiar routines. He is modest. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Deceased Heroes of Nomekast  
Quote

Rion Truthax (MetalSlimeHunt):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Killed by the poison of the Forgotten Beast Osman Omsossmemak - 21st Hematite 676

Rion Truthax • Rion Truthax • Planter

Rion Truthax has been ecstatic lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He slept in a good bedroom recently. He has complained of the lack of chairs lately. He is married to Torvold. He is a worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is sixty-six years old, born on the 6th of Galena in the year 609. He isn't tall but has incredible muscles. His hair is curly. His very long hair is neatly combed. His close-set emerald eyes are deeply sunken. His eyebrows are incredibly high. He has very low cheekbones and he has a narrow recessed chin. He has a very clear voice. His somewhat broad ears are somewhat tall. His somewhat tall head is somewhat broad. His nose bridge is concave. His hair is amber. His skin is pale brown. And he has a beard. He is unbelievably strong and agile, but he is flimsy. Rion Truthax likes gypsum, silver, sardonyx, bucklers, bins, large gems and dogs for their loyalty. He has a very good sense of empathy, a good feel for social relationships and good creativity, but he has a questionable spatial sense, poor focus, a little difficulty with words, little patience and next to no willpower. She is quick to anger. She doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. She can handle stress. She is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

The Kills of Rion Truthax:

### Three Notable Kills

Growthfell the giant olm, d. 674  
Lerdi Dreampuzzles the forgotten beast, d. 674  
Thudel the Hollows of Bone the forgotten beast, d. 675

### Twenty-Three Other Kills

Fourteen nothing in Godsaved  
One large rat in Godsaved  
One large rat in Godsaved  
One gorlak in Godsaved  
One giant olm in Godsaved  
One crundle in Godsaved  
One blind cave ogre in Godsaved  
Three rutherers in Godsaved

Johann Schmidt (r3d5kull):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Died of infection from wounds inflicted by the Nothing - 7th Timber 676

FPS: 95

Johann Schmidt • Johann Schmidt • Hammerdwarf

Johann Schmidt has been quite content lately. He has complained of the lack of a well lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He is a casual worshipper of Atir Purplemines. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is seventy-two years old, born on the 5th of Timber in the year 601. He is weak. His slightly sparse hair is incredibly straight. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is neatly combed. He has high cheekbones and he has a very narrow chin. His deeply sunken wide-set brass eyes have very large irises. His ears are somewhat narrow. His lips are thin. His low eyebrows are short. He has a scratchy voice. His head is somewhat tall. His nose bridge is somewhat concave. His hair is light brown. His skin is pale brown. He is slow to tire, but he is very weak. Johann Schmidt likes native aluminum, native copper, dendritic agate, mittens and dogs for their loyalty. He absolutely detests fire snakes. He has a great kinesthetic sense and a great musical sense, but he has meager creativity, poor focus and little willpower. He is self-conscious. He can handle stress. He tends to avoid crowds. He is assertive. He is relaxed. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He tends not to openly express emotions. He dislikes contracts and regulations. He stares intently when he's thinking. He cracks his knuckles when he's bored. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

The Kills of Johann Schmidt:

### Two Notable Kills

Snun Cleandemons the goblin, d. 676  
Ngokang Dungeonslits the goblin, d. 676

### Eleven Other Kills

One troll in Godsaved  
Ten nothing in Godsaved

Gutusp (Gutanoth):

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Died from the poisonous gases of the Forgotten Beast Streti - 4th Limestone 677

Gutusp • Gutusp • Dyer

Gutusp has been quite content lately. She is a casual worshipper of Nekut Glowedguises. She is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. She is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. She is sixty years old, born on the 23rd of Spal in the year 615. She is short with well-defined muscles. She has low cheekbones and she has a deeply recessed chin. Her teeth are widely-spaced. Her slightly large-irised brass eyes are deeply sunken. She has a low, clear voice. Her nose bridge is concave. Her somewhat broad short ears have large hanging lobes. Her nose is upturned. Her hair is flaming red. Her skin is ecru. She is very strong, agile and tough, but she is quite susceptible to disease. Gutusp likes cryolite, nickel, silver, yellow zircon, mail shirts, spiked balls and shade devils for their rhythmic undulations. When possible, she prefers to consume dog, dwarven ale and horse's milk. She absolutely detests bats. She has a little difficulty with words, poor empathy, a questionable spatial sense and very bad intuition. She is very quick to anger. She is completely uninterested in art. She views helping others as an imposition on her time. She dislikes contracts and regulations. She is occasionally given to procrastination. She holds her breath when she's nervous. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

The Kills of Gutusp:

### Two Notable Kills

Song Menaceticks the goblin, d. 677  
Strodno Hatedbends the goblin, d. 677

### Forty-Seven Other Kills

Forty-seven nothing in Godsaved

Torvold (Strife26)

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



FPS: 100

TorvoldEngineer

Torvold has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He became caught up in a new romance recently. ~~He is romantically involved with Rion Trothax.~~ He is a faithful worshipper of Id. ~~He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.~~ He is sixty-nine years old, born on the 8th of Sandstone in the year 603. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. He is muscular. His somewhat narrow ears are very flattened. His nose is incredibly upturned. He has a very broad round chin. His teeth are crowded. His slightly rounded heliotrope eyes are protruding. His lips are somewhat thin. His skin is cinnamon. He is indefatigable, strong and tough. Torvold likes saltpeter, silver, moonstone, bucklers and cabinets. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven syrup. He has a very good feel for social relationships, but he has little willpower and a questionable spatial sense. He occasionally overindulges. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He is slow to trust others. He finds rules confining. He strives for excellence. He is self-disciplined. He bites his nails when he's annoyed. His hands are animated when he's surprised. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Died after being attacked by a fire man - 4th Limestone 677

The Kills of Torvold

One Kill

One nothing in Godsaved

Volrath (AKingsQuest):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Died from wound infection and internal bleeding - 1st Granite 678

Volrath BlacksteelVolrath BlacksteelHuman Barbarian

Volrath Blacksteel has been happy lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He gave somebody water lately. He admired a completely sublime Well lately. He was disgusted by a miasma lately. He is a casual worshipper of Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hane. ~~He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.~~ He is eighty-one years old, born on the 16th of Sandstone in the year 595. He has a broad body with little fat. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His medium-length beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His very large-irised round cobalt eyes are incredibly close-set. His somewhat long upturned nose is extraordinarily broad. He has a prominent round chin. His lips are thick. His splayed out free-lobed ears are somewhat broad. His dark peach skin is slightly wrinkled. He is quick to heal and agile, but he is quick to tire and very flimsy. Volrath Blacksteel likes granite, orichalcum, star, sapphire, jaguar, leather, crossbows, shields, flame brutes for their horrifying features and cave wheat for their stalks. When possible, he prefers to consume sea monster and fisher berry wine. He absolutely detests oysters. He has a very good sense of the position of his own body, but he has a questionable spatial sense, poor empathy, little patience, little linguistic ability and very bad analytical abilities. He occasionally overindulges. He doesn't handle stress well. He is somewhat reserved. He is slow to trust others. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He is modest. When greeting others, he always smiles nervously. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

~~A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.~~

A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

The Kills of Volrath Blacksteel

Eleven Kills

Four nothing in Godsaved  
One troll in Godsaved  
One giant bat in Godsaved  
Two rutherers in Godsaved  
Two desecrated troglodytes in Godsaved  
One desecrated troglodyte in Godsaved

Ocade (fillusenox):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Died from a delayed reaction to the poisonous gases of the Forgotten Beast Streti - 1st Granite 678

OcadeCadeCadeElf

Cade has been ecstatic lately. He made a friend recently. He has been attacked lately. He talked with a friend lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He had a fine drink lately. He slept without a proper room recently. He admired a completely sublime Well lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He took joy in slaughter lately. He is a faithful worshipper of Eged. ~~He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is an enemy of The Roasted Tarant.~~ He is seventy-nine years old, born on the 8th of Hematite in the year 597. His short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. ~~His very long beard is arranged in double braids.~~ His hair is clean-shaven. His nose is incredibly upturned. He has a jutting chin. His teeth are gapped. His slightly sunken round brass eyes are slightly close-set. His ears are tall. His sepia skin is slightly wrinkled. He is very rarely sick. Cade likes rutilite, orichalcum, red flash, opal, crystal glass, giant cave spider, silk, war hammers, gauntlets, large gems, dogs for their loyalty and spirits of brine for their bloated appearance. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven wine. He absolutely detests fire snakes. He has poor creativity. He doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. He never speaks out or attempts to direct activities. He is a risk-taker and a thrill-seeker. He has a good awareness of his own emotions. He prefers familiar routines. He is put off by authority and tradition. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He lacks confidence. He stammers when he's annoyed. He tenses up when he's nervous. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A medium-sized creature dedicated to the ruthless protection of nature.

The Kills of Ocade

Fifty Kills

Forty-seven nothing in Godsaved  
Two desecrated crundle in Godsaved  
One desecrated troglodyte in Godsaved

"Hammer of the Gods" Zustashtosid (Fisher-Risen):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Died killed by Nothing - 10th Moonstone 678

ZustashtosidZustashtosidHamner of the Gods

Zustashtosid has been happy lately. She dined in a legendary dining room recently. She is an ardent worshipper of Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror. ~~She is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. She is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness.~~ She is eighty-five years old, born on the 17th of Granite in the year 590. She is thin. Her hair is dry. Her medium-length hair is arranged in double braids. She has a square chin. Her slightly thin-irised copper eyes are incredibly close-set. Her short narrow nose is sharply hooked. Her short dense eyebrows are high. Her lips are thin. She has a high voice. Her teeth are crowded. Her green skin is wrinkled. Her ears are somewhat tall. Her hair is gold with a touch of gray. She is incredibly tough, very agile and slow to tire. Zustashtosid likes bituminous coal, tin, lapis lazuli, pig tail, fiber fabric, the color amber, mountains, war hammers, boxes and bags, crowns and goblets. When possible, she prefers to consume lungfish, cow cheese, bloated tubers, whip wine and donkey's milk. She absolutely detests large roaches. She has a great deal of patience, but she has a poor memory. She feels strong urges and seeks short-term rewards. She isn't given to flights of fancy. She doesn't like to compromise with others. She is disorganized. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

~~A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.~~  
A medium-sized creature driven to cruelty by its evil nature.

The Kills of Zustashtosid Hammer of the Gods

Three Notable Kills

Osnu Profanebrews the infected goblin, d. 677  
Osnu Outragears the ghostly dwarf, d. 677  
Opeya the forgotten beast, d. 678

Fifteen Other Kills

Thirteen nothing in Godsaved  
One desecrated crundle in Godsaved  
One desecrated crundle in Godsaved

Muenster McCheeseMaker (masam):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



FPS: 100Muenster McCheeseMakerMuenster McCheeseMakerGlassmaker

Muenster McCheeseMaker has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of Atir Purplemines. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-five years old, born on the 20th of Sandstone in the year 588. He is very muscular. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a high clear voice. His great-lobed short ears are very splayed out. His round brass eyes are incredibly close-set. He has very low cheekbones and he has a very broad chin. His upturned nose is extremely short. His nose bridge is concave. His burnt umber skin is wrinkled. He is very strong and quick to heal, but he is quite susceptible to disease. Muenster McCheeseMaker likes hematite, iron, pinfire, opal, and green glass. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven ale. He absolutely detests cave spiders. He has an amazing spatial sense, great creativity, an iron will, and an ability to read emotions fairly well, but he has an iffy sense for music, an iffy memory, and quite poor focus. He is quick to anger. He tends not to openly express emotions. He is an ardent believer in convention and traditional society. He is occasionally given to procrastination. He is extremely cautious. He stiffens up when he's surprised. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors at least for a time. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

The Kills of Muenster McCheeseMaker

Six Notable Kills

Stozu Dippeddevil the infected goblin d. 676  
Ngerxung Stealfolds the infected goblin d. 677  
Snang Spiderrites the infected goblin d. 677  
Zolak Doomchance the infected goblin d. 677  
Iquilla the Dung of Ashes the forgotten beast d. 678  
Blindsmoulder the nothing d. 678

Twenty-Five Other Kills

One rutherer in Godsaved  
Twenty-one nothing in Godsaved  
One giant toad in Godsaved  
One desecrated crundle in Godsaved  
One desecrated crundle in Godsaved

Eldrich Stormsap (TheOddDemon):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
Died suffocated from wounds from an infected Goblin lasher - 6th Slate 679

Eldrich StormsapEldrich StormsapBogeyman

Eldrich Stormsap has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He slept without a proper room recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He made a friend recently. He is a dubious worshipper of Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror and a worshipper of Dustik Bulbearths. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-seven years old, born on the 23rd of Opal in the year 590. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His medium-length moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is arranged in double braids. His large-irised brass eyes are very wide-set. He has a broad body. His lips are thick. His somewhat narrow nose is short. His splayed out short ears are extraordinarily broad. His pale pink skin is wrinkled. He is quite durable and rarely sick. Eldrich Stormsap likes native silver, billon, prase, crystal glass, the color peach, chains and flame spirits for their disgusting appearance. When possible, he prefers to consume banded knifefish and longland beer. He absolutely detests lizards. He has an amazing spatial sense, very good focus, willpower and an ability to read emotions fairly well, but he has a meager kinesthetic sense, a meager ability with social relationships and lousy creativity. He can handle stress. He tends to avoid crowds. He is relaxed. He is a pessimist. He tends not to openly express emotions. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He would rather intimidate others than compromise with them. He lacks confidence. He has a sense of duty. He is self-disciplined. He acts impulsively. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors at least for a time. A medium-sized creature cursed by the gods.

Dohon (Dohon):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
Died suffocated from wounds from an infected Goblin speargoblin - 6th Slate 679

DohonDohonFurnace Operator

Dohon has been ecstatic lately. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He admired a very fine Glass Window lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He is a worshipper of Atir Purplemines and a casual worshipper of Atir Purplemines. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is seventy-five years old, born on the 18th of Galena in the year 602. He is average in size. His splayed out ears have nearly fused lobes. His very long sideburns are braided. His long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His short nose is upturned. He has a deeply recessed chin. His aquamarine eyes have large irises. His lips are thin. His skin is peach. He is quite clumsy, quite susceptible to disease and very flimsy. Dohon likes stibnite, brass, kunzite, the color flax, spears, backpacks, goblets, horses for their strength and sun berries for their inner light. When possible, he prefers to consume turtle and dwarven beer. He absolutely detests flies. He has a great affinity for language, very good creativity, a lot of willpower and a good feel for social relationships, but he has poor analytical abilities and a very bad sense of empathy. He can handle stress. He tends to avoid crowds. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He is trusting. He is immodest. He lacks confidence. He acts impulsively. He needs alcohol to get through the working day and really wants a drink. He is getting used to tragedy. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

The Kills of Dohon

Two Notable Kills

Aspuz Malignfords the infected goblin d. 679  
Osnun Hatredcraft the infected goblin d. 679

Two Other Kills

Two nothing in Godsaved

Jessica von Sachsen (alienfetucine):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Jessica von SachsenJessica von SachsenViolinist

Jessica von Sachsen has been quite content lately. She is a worshipper of Os the Hardy Gleams and a casual worshipper of Kol Sellwheel. She is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. She is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. She is seventy years old, born on the 4th of Obsidian in the year 606. Her very long hair is arranged in double braids. She is tall. Her round protruding slate gray eyes are incredibly close-set. Her head is narrow. Her eyes have slightly thin irises. Her nose bridge is slightly convex. Her hair is charcoal. Her skin is pale brown. She is quite clumsy and very flimsy. Jessica von Sachsen likes orthoclase, iron, star, ruby, diamonds and dralthas for their lustrous manes. When possible, she prefers to consume longfin mako shark, turtle, longland beer and mog juice. She absolutely detests flies. She has a questionable spatial sense, quite poor focus and very bad intuition. She doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. She enjoys the company of others. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She is immodest. She becomes very rigid when she's angry. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. A medium-sized creature prone to great ambition.

Died killed by Rashem after going berserk - 6th Slate 679  
BranRhi (BranRhi):  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



BranRhi • BranRhi • Human crossbowman

BranRhi has been ecstatic lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He talked with a friend lately. He made a friend recently. He had a wonderful drink lately. He admired a fine Table lately. He had a fine drink lately. He had a pretty decent drink lately. He has been haunted by the dead lately. He is a worshipper of Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame and a faithful worshipper of Os the Hardy Gleams. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is sixty-six years old, born on the 7th of Limestone in the year 611. His slightly protruding emerald eyes are narrow. He has a very thin frame with a bit of fat on it. His extremely long sideburns are braided. His medium-length moustache is neatly combed. His long beard is arranged in double braids. His medium-length hair is neatly combed. His teeth are tangled. His nose is quite long. His lips are thin. His quite dense eyebrows are quite long. His hair is burnt sienna. His skin is dark brown. His ears are slightly flattened. He is susceptible to disease and slow to heal. BranRhi likes cinnabar, billion, bone opal, gloves, tables, cows for their haunting moos and ape monsters for their horrifying features. When possible, he prefers to consume cave fish, dwarven ale and cave wheat flour. He absolutely detests flies. He has a great kinesthetic sense and a great feel for social relationships, but he has poor empathy, a shortage of patience, very bad intuition and very little linguistic ability. He enjoys the company of others. He is assertive. He is put off by authority and tradition. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He is not easily moved to pity. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He often gives his knuckles a good crack when he's thinking hard. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

# The Kills of BranRhi

Kutsmob Passionmonstrous the infected goblin d. 679  
Ura the forgotten beast d. 679

Fifteen nothing in Godsaved

Meinhard Adelrick (TALLPANZER):  
 Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Meinhard Adelrick • • • Meinhard Adelrick • • • Human

Meinhard Adelrick\* has been quite content lately. He is a faithful worshipper of Id. He is a citizen of the Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dealer of Nightanviness. He is fifty-three years old\* born on the 16th of Obsidian in the year 622. He has a broad body made broader still by no shortage of surrounding lard. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His extremely short nose is incredibly upturned. His protruding emerald eyes are narrow. His slightly flattened ears are somewhat short. His skin is cinnamon. He is agile\* but he is quite susceptible to diseases\* very quick to tire. He wears a carefully silk to head. Meinhard Adelrick\* likes native silver\* platinum\* onyx\* the color ochre\* war hammers\* gauntlets\* cats for their aloofness and winged monsters for their horrifying features. When possible\* he prefers to consume dwarven ale and one-humped camel's milk. He absolutely detests purring maggots. He has an iron will and an ability to read emotions fairly well\* but he has poor focus. He can handle stress. He is very friendly. He does not go out of his way to help others. He doesn't like to compromise with others. He is easily moved to pity. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He is occasionally given to procrastination. He takes time when making decisions. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

**Died killed by the forgotten beast Iru - 23rd Limestone 679**

# The Kills of Meinhard Adelrick

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Atu Angerstole the infected goblin d. 677
Lish the Sin of Seducers the forgotten beast d. 677
Bosa Planhex the infected goblin d. 678
Tode Poisonrites the infected goblin d. 678
Zolak Aceghouls the infected goblin d. 678
Snamoz Plaguenourished the infected goblin d. 679
Em Thieffbrands the infected goblin d. 679
Zom Morsel tortments the infected goblin d. 679
Handledbristles the nothing d. 679

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Thirty-eight nothing in Godsaved  
One jabberer in Godsaved  
One rutherer in Godsaved  
Eight winged-nothing in Godsaved  
One winged-nothing in Godsaved  
Four desecrated crundle in Godsaved  
Three desecrated crundle in Godsaved

## The Pantheon of Nomekast

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

## Quote

Armok - God of blood, creator of the gods, the 'Allfather'.

**Id** - Supreme God and god of mountains, the 'Stonefather'. Takes the form of a male Dwarf.

Nekut Glowedguises - Goddess of the moon. Takes the form of a female Dwarf.

Ogred - God of oceans, fish, fishing and hunting. Takes the form of a pond grabber.

Os the Hardy Gleams - God of thunder. Takes the form of a male Dwarf.

Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame - Goddess of wealth, crafts, metals and minerals. Takes the form of a female Dwarf.

Atir Purplemines - Goddess of jewels. Takes the form of a female Dwarf.

Dustik Bulbearths - Goddess of plants and rain. Takes the form of a female Dwarf.

Kol Sellwheel - God of travellers. Takes the form of a male Dwarf.

**Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror - God of twilight. Takes the form of a male Dwarf.**

**Ikeng** - Goddess of family. Takes the form of a female Dwarf.

Kerlig Wardfenced - God of fortresses. Takes the form of a male Dwarf.

## The World of Omon Rabin

Spoiler (click to show/hide)





**Timeline of Events** (<https://docs.google.com/document/d/12YlbrLIfbgRT2b6ZrSi6mTAShsPTlfrME-ogxh7gbR0/edit>)

**Spoiler: Nothing raws** (click to show/hide)  
[CREATURE:NOTHING]  
[DESCRIPTION:A pulsating creature of nothingness.]  
[NAME:nothing:nothings:nothing]  
[CREATURE\_TILE:NOTHING][COLOR:3:0:0]  
[POPULATION\_NUMBER:1000000000:2000000000]  
[BIOME:ANY\_LAND]  
[CLUSTER\_NUMBER:250:500]  
[FREQUENCY:99]  
[SPEED:2000]  
[CAN\_LEARN]  
[CARNIVORE]  
[CANOPENDOORS]  
[LARGE\_PREDATOR][EVIL]  
[LARGE\_ROAMING]  
[LIKES\_FIGHTING]  
[CANNOT\_UNDEAD]  
[NOFEAR]  
[NOEMOTION]  
[NOSKULL]  
[NOSKIN]  
[NOMEAT]  
[NOBONES]  
[NOSMELLYROT]  
[NOT\_BUTCHERABLE]  
[EXTRAVISION]  
[NONAUSEA]  
[ALL\_ACTIVE]  
[NOTHOUGHT]  
[NO\_DRINK]  
[NO\_EAT]  
[NOSTUN]  
[NO\_DIZZINESS]  
[NO\_SLEEP]  
[NO\_FEVERS]  
[NO\_THOUGHT\_CENTER\_FOR\_MOVEMENT]  
[BUILDINGDESTROYER:2]  
[PERSONALITY:ANGER:98:99:100]  
[GRASSSTRAMPLE:0]  
[PREFSTRING:nothingness]

[BODY:BODY\_WITH\_HEAD\_FLAG:2LUNGS:FOUR\_TENTACLES:HEART:GUTS:NECK:BRAIN:SKULL:ORGANS:MOUTH]  
[BODY\_DETAIL\_PLAN:STANDARD\_MATERIALS]  
[REMOVE\_MATERIAL:HAIR]  
[BODY\_DETAIL\_PLAN:STANDARD\_TISSUES]  
[REMOVE\_TISSUE:HAIR]  
[USE\_MATERIAL\_TEMPLATE:NAIL:NAIL\_TEMPLATE]  
[USE\_TISSUE\_TEMPLATE:NAIL:CLAW\_TEMPLATE]  
[BODY\_DETAIL\_PLAN:VERTEBRATE\_TISSUE\_LAYERS:SKIN:FAT:MUSCLE:BONE:CARTILAGE]  
[SELECT\_TISSUE\_LAYER:HEART:BY\_CATEGORY:HEART]  
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[TENDONS:LOCAL\_CREATURE\_MAT:SINEW:200]  
[LIGAMENTS:LOCAL\_CREATURE\_MAT:SINEW:200]  
[HAS\_NERVES]  
[USE\_MATERIAL\_TEMPLATE:BLOOD:BLOOD\_TEMPLATE]  
[BLOOD:LOCAL\_CREATURE\_MAT:BLOOD:LIQUID]  
[CREATURE\_CLASS:GENERAL\_POISON]  
[USE\_MATERIAL\_TEMPLATE:PUS:PUS\_TEMPLATE]  
[PUS:LOCAL\_CREATURE\_MAT:PUS:LIQUID]  
[BODY\_SIZE:0:0:50000]  
[ATTACK:SCRATCH:CHILD\_TISSUE\_LAYER\_GROUP:BY\_TYPE:STANCE:BY\_CATEGORY:ALL:NAIL]  
[ATTACK\_SKILL:STANCE\_STRIKE]  
[ATTACK\_VERB:scratch:scratches]  
[ATTACK\_CONTACT\_PERC:10]  
[ATTACK\_PENETRATION\_PERC:10]  
[ATTACK\_FLAG\_EDGE]  
[ATTACK\_PRIORITY:MAIN]  
[BABY:1]  
[CHILD:1]  
[HOMEOTHERM:10067]  
[SWIMS\_INNATE][SWIM\_SPEED:10000]

**Spoiler: Flying Nothing raws** (click to show/hide)  
[CREATURE:NOTHING]  
[DESCRIPTION:A pulsating creature of nothingness.]  
[NAME:winged nothing:winged nothings:winged nothing]  
[CREATURE\_TILE:FLYING\_NOTHING][COLOR:3:0:0]  
[POPULATION\_NUMBER:1000000000:2000000000]  
[BIOME:ANY\_LAND]  
[CLUSTER\_NUMBER:250:500]  
[FREQUENCY:99]  
[SPEED:2000]  
[CAN\_LEARN]  
[FLIER]  
[CARNIVORE]  
[CANOPENDOORS]  
[LARGE\_PREDATOR][EVIL]



[LARGE\_ROAMING]  
[LIKES\_FIGHTING]  
[CANNOT\_UNDEAD]  
[NOFEAR]  
[NOEMOTION]  
[NOSKULL]  
[NOSKIN]  
[NOMEAT]  
[NOBONES]  
[NOSMELLYROT]  
[NOT\_BUTCHERABLE]  
[EXTRAVISION]  
[NONAUSEA]  
[ALL\_ACTIVE]  
[NOTHOUGHT]  
[NO\_DRINK]  
[NO\_EAT]  
[NOSTUN]  
[NO\_DIZZINESS]  
[NO\_SLEEP]  
[NO\_FEVERS]  
[NO\_THOUGHT\_CENTER\_FOR\_MOVEMENT]  
[BUILDINGDESTROYER:2]  
[PERSONALITY:ANGER:98:99:100]  
[GRASSTRAMPLE:0]  
[PREFSTRING:nothingness]  
  
[BODY:BODY\_WITH\_HEAD\_FLAG:2LUNGS:FOUR\_TENTACLES:2WINGS:HEART:GUTS:NECK:BRAIN:SKULL:ORGANS:MOUTH]  
[BODY\_DETAIL\_PLAN:STANDARD\_MATERIALS]  
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[BODY\_DETAIL\_PLAN:STANDARD\_TISSUES]  
[REMOVE\_TISSUE:HAIR]  
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[USE\_TISSUE\_TEMPLATE:NAIL:CLAW\_TEMPLATE]  
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[HAS\_NERVES]  
[USE\_MATERIAL\_TEMPLATE:BLOOD:BLOOD\_TEMPLATE]  
[BLOOD:LOCAL\_CREATURE\_MAT:BLOOD:LIQUID]  
[CREATURE\_CLASS:GENERAL\_POISON]  
[USE\_MATERIAL\_TEMPLATE:PUS:PUS\_TEMPLATE]  
[PUS:LOCAL\_CREATURE\_MAT:PUS:LIQUID]  
[BODY\_SIZE:0:0:50000]  
[ATTACK:SCRATCH:CHILD\_TISSUE\_LAYER\_GROUP:BY\_TYPE:STANCE:BY\_CATEGORY:ALL:NAIL]  
[ATTACK\_SKILL:STANCE\_STRIKE]  
[ATTACK\_VERB:scratch:scratches]  
[ATTACK\_CONTACT\_PERC:10]  
[ATTACK\_PENETRATION\_PERC:10]  
[ATTACK\_FLAG\_EDGE]  
[ATTACK\_PRIORITY:MAIN]  
[BABY:1]  
[CHILD:1]  
[HOMEOTHERM:10067]  
[SWIMS\_INNATE][SWIM\_SPEED:10000]

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 05, 2010, 08:14:37 pm**

Alright, I'll bite!  
how about one named Reg Archist, a male surgeon who does not believe that the prophet received a word from god or any holy sign, but feared for his own life in cowardice and knew that the party would need a doctor. Despite his disbelief in the leader's divine communication, he will stay loyal and try and help anyway he can, even if it means staying out of the way or attempting a job he would not normally do/is good at. He's quiet in nature and often keeps to himself.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Dervin** on **April 05, 2010, 10:29:40 pm**

I want one!  
Name: Rovod Melbilcudist  
Gender: Male  
Profession: Marksdwarf  
Personality: A nice guy, fun to get drunk with. Though he may dislike people he doesn't hate anyone. He likes to say a prayer before going into battle. He will always be loyal to his friends and never betray them.  
Extra info: Being a lowly private in the army back at where ever their from, he wants to rise to power in the military in the new place.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Strife26** on **April 05, 2010, 11:04:20 pm**

Torvold, an engineering type.  
  
He's got several plans for mechanical contrivances to forestall the Nothing with. He's a classic Mad Scientist, although he has a soft spot for cats.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 05, 2010, 11:56:20 pm**

Now *this* sounds **FUN**.  
  
Name: Rion Truthax  
Gender: Male  
Profession: Axedwarf  
Personality: Hateful and Jaded by life and the emergance of the Nothing, unlikely to get along with most dwarfs. Coldly logical, and suspicious of others.  
Extra info: Remains loyal to Armok even in these dark times, coming with with the so-called "prophet" only out of an intrest in staying alive. Will probibly clash with the prophet should he give an insane or reckless order.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 06, 2010, 12:00:55 am**

ME. I demand fun!  
  
Name; Tarran.  
  
Gender; Male.  
  
Profession; Swordsdwarf, off time weaponsmith (if I ever get disabled, and before the start of the military).  
  
Personality: A strangely stable dwarf, He is fascinated by every type of weapon and everything about them, especially swords. He came because he'd rather try his luck than stay and die, and also because he never got a chance to forge even though he clearly learned something from observation.  
  
As soon as you can, replace his short sword (if he is using one) with a longsword, if he ever is crippled in any way and is not an elite or legendary, release him from the military, as he is more use to the fortress alive. (and I don't want to die. :P)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Spartan 117** on **April 06, 2010, 04:55:57 am**

Name: Spartan  
  
Gender: Male  
  
Profession: Combat Miner  
  
Personality: Melon.  
  
Extra info: Has an insane dream of releasing hordes of demons in hope that they may vanquish the Nothing. He also thinks Nothing is a stupid name.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Shintaro Fago** on **April 06, 2010, 05:06:19 am**

Name: Shin  
Gender: Female  
Profession: Architect, Stonecrafter/Mason with a point or two in herbalist  
Personality: Being a royal architect in a fortress located deep in the southern jungle changed Shin. And imagine, dealing with elves wasn't the worst part, really (hence, Shin knows their language). Cat-sized mosquitos turned her near-blind and when the doctor couldn't help her, she just flooded his room. And a half of the fortress. Eyes got better by themselves but no one know to this day if that was just an accident caused by her temporary disability or one of the most morbid case of vengeance in the known dwarven history.  
  
Also, if possible, have her tanned and clean-shaved.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 06, 2010, 07:55:32 am**

Name: Steve. (Doc.)  
Gender: Whatever you get first in a migrant wave.  
Profession: Medical Dorf until you get the military going then make him a marksdorf/medic for getting wounded soldiers back into the fort where Reg can properly patch them up. (May have to use creative



writing for this one methinks.)

He used to be a medic back in the Mountainhomes and would have died with Urist Tangakonu and his squad had he not been ordered to look after some wounded civvies.

Personality wise He's got a rather morbid sense of humor and is very sarcastic. Despite this he's a pretty good doctor and does like helping people.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **masam** on **April 06, 2010, 08:16:08 am**

Muenster McCheeseMaker (Mune)

He's a black sheep in his family for going into the glass making business.

He left his home after hearing of this mad attempt to escape, for going his growing in popularity shop, "Glass Masters, We Blow!" While he may not believe that the nothing are a purging force sent by the gods, he does believe that the nothing are dangerous and so has taken to crafting more than just glass, such as armor and weapons out of...ugh, metals, to protect his clan. He's a straight talking dwarf, but one with a sense of humor that never stops. He'd crack jokes in the dining hall, the bedroom with a lady dwarf, and staring a Nothing in the face with his dying breath he'd mock the thing. The last one is the most likely to happen it seems. While he can be serious when the time calls for it, he prefers to lace it with a bit of humor to keep hope alive. Something he's noticed the prophet isn't very good at, and he's willing to do.

tldr version:

Profession: Glass/armor/weapons crafter and eventual soldier with a mace.

Personality:fun loving, Helpful joker, tenacious, believer in the Gods, not the armageddon speak, fights the doom in what ever way he can help the most.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 06, 2010, 02:30:47 pm**

Ok let's get this started! Shintaro Fago, Mangled and masam, you're all down for the first migrant wave.

Also, since dwarf companion doesn't work on the new version and I don't think it's possible to get a fully-male starting group, MetalSlimeHunt; you're a girl, but I'll refer to you as a man if it's no problem.

Also, Spartan - out of interest, what exactly is a 'melon' personality?

You have arrived After a journey from the Mountainhomes into the forbidding wilderness beyond your harsh trek has finally ended Your party of seven is to make an outpost for the glory of all of Enoleral—the Gods There are almost no supplies left but with stout labor comes sustenance Whether by bolt plow or hook provide for your dwarves You are expecting a supply caravan just before winter entombs you but it is Spring now Enough time to delve secure lodgings ere the nothings get hungry A new chapter of dwarven history begins here at this place Nomekast Godsaved Strike the earth!

The sun was high in the sky as the wagon screeched to a halt. The stream - named Squeezemunched by the ancients - flowed right in front of them, an impassable obstacle.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Torvold immediately threw his pack down and opened it, revealing various parchments covered with scrawlings,

"We'll need to make a bridge!" he declared, "If we use the teleological principle of geographical weight, we should be able to collapse that ledge by the stream and dam it, thus letting us cro-" but the scientist was interrupted by Ibruk. Complete in his silk cloak and naked mole dog coat and leaning on a cane, the Prophet held up a hand,

"No! Here is where we shall build our redemption! Here in this sacred valley! Here we shall build Nomekast - Godsaved! For the glories of Ogred of the Oceans, Id of the Mountains, Atir Purplemines of Jewels, Nekut Glowedguises of the Moon, Os the Hardy Gleams of Thunder, and all the Divines!"

The other six didn't complain or object. It had been a long journey from their old mountain homes in the deep south up here to the north.

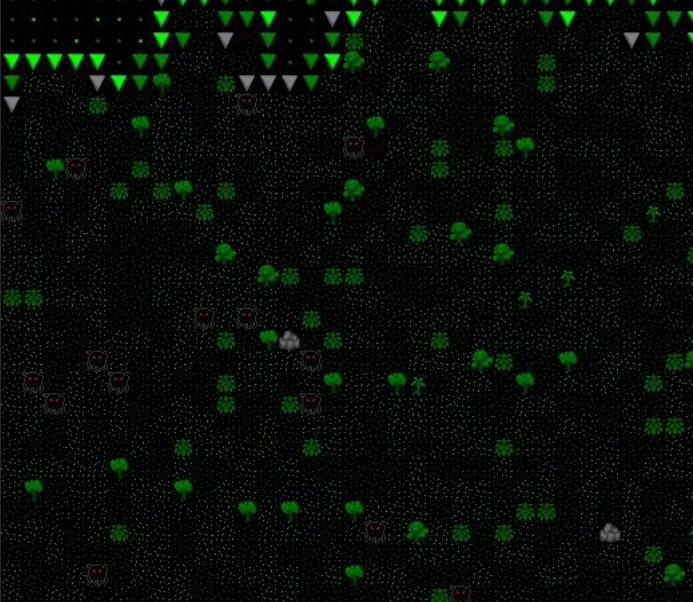
But before any other words could be said or actions done, a yelp came from Reg Archist, the group's doctor,

"Nothing! Nothings on the mountain!" he cried, pointing up at the mountain behind them.

"See? This is why we need to find a better name than 'Nothing'. That's just stupid, 'nothings on the mountain', bah!" Spartan muttered as everyone turned their eyes up.

Misshapen shapes were crawling around the mountain top, red eyes glowing.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"They haven't seen us yet." Rovod breathed, reaching for his copper crossbow. A thunk from behind them made them all jump and Torvold immediately found himself with a shortsword, an axe, a crossbow and a pick all aimed at his neck,

"What're you doing?" Rion hissed, "If they hear the noise you're making-"

"Nevermind!" Torvold interrupted, "Help me take this wagon apart into planks!"

"What? Why?" Rion snarled. Tarran stopped him, quickly saying,

"No! I think I see what he's doing! If we use the wood to build a makeshift bridge-"

"Then we can safely cross and leave the Nothing on the otherside." Ibruk finished for him, "Onto work, fellow pilgrims! We must build this bridge as quickly as possible!"

"What!? What if they can swim?" Spartan interjected,

"Well maybe we can stand here and you can ask them when they come." Rion spat.



The wagon was swiftly pulled apart by any means necessary and a unsteady bridge erected over the stream Squeezemunched.

"We need another plank!" Torvold shouted, only to be greeted Rion almost throwing a huge willow log at him. With this log, the bridge was complete.

"Hurry up! I think they've seen us!" Reg shouted, grabbing a barrel of Dwarven ale and literally sprinting across the river.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Tarran grabbed his sword,

"I'll keep watch!" he cried, "You get the food and booze over!"

They did just that, snatching at the booze barrels and the cave fish and lobsters that they had brought with them, dumping them unceremonously (but carefully) on the other side of the river, and returning to move more. Soon they had moved the rations and were lugging the picks, the few medical supplies, and the anvil across.

Tarran stood resolutely as a Nothing moved towards him, tentacles quivering as though in anticipation of a kill. He brought his sword to bear, and quick as a flash sliced one tentacle clean off, then another, and then the last two with one swift slash downwards. Then, without hesitation he drove the copper sword straight into the beast's body, causing bright red blood to gush out and splatter him. The body then melted down into a thick goopy mess of pure darkness, before melting into the ground.

There was no respite for the swordsdwarf though, as another Nothing screeched towards him. He dispatched it without any problems, but three more soon moved up and he was forced to play a sort of cat-and-mouse game; slashing at the enemy and then retreating, only to repeat it. But eventually they melted down; but more were arriving down the valley slope, clawed tentacles at the ready.

Then came a well-anticipated cry,

"Tarran! Get over, quick!" the swordsdwarf instantly spun round, sprinting across the bridge. Then, just as a dozen Nothings reached the river, Reg eagerly pulled the bridge down.

The creatures sat there for a few moments, then retreated back up the valley, eyes still fixed on the Dwarves.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The group sat there for a long time, breathing hard. Ibruk was the first to speak,

"We are safe, pilgrims. This is a sign from the gods that they will not allow us to fall into the same apathy and decadance that has led to the destruction of the cursed monarchy." He pulled himself up by his cane, waved a hand towards the mountains and declared,

"Now, let us delve deep to build Nomekast!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 06, 2010, 02:46:25 pm**

Yeah, continue refer to me as male. If Dwarf Companion's 2010 version is releaced, would you change it? I always seem to get female dwarfs in any fortress I contribute to. It's weird. Did you tweak the starting dwarfs or the Nothing at all? The stats you gave for them are pretty high for one starting swordsdwarf to take on two of them and come out without a scrach. The sprite you chose for the Nothing seems pretty spot on for your description of them. Did you make it?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 06, 2010, 03:00:52 pm**

The starting Dwarfs aren't tweaked, and the Nothing has all the tags to make it fierce. However, individually they're very weak, which they make up for by having at least 30-40 on a map at a time, sometimes going up to over 100. They'll get stronger as the Dwarves get stronger for...erm, story purposes?

The graphics for the Nothing aren't mine, it's the tentacle demon sprite which comes with the Mayday sprites which I've just coloured in as black with red eyes.

[EDIT: I've added the bio's for each dorf to the first post.]

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 06, 2010, 04:10:42 pm**

... Wow, I'm freaking badass/lucky, no armor, no shield, just one shortsword. ;D

Edit: I'm also really weak, and yet I kick so much ass!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 06, 2010, 04:16:23 pm**

looking good so far!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 06, 2010, 04:20:21 pm**

Wow, quite the editing job you pulled with the profiles of Torvold and myself. ;D  
I *really* hope Dwarf Companion gets updated before my dwarf gets childeren from this situation. Otherwise ~~she~~ may have to become a woman for good. Or perhaps make some child sacrifices to the Nothing.



Either works for me.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Dervin** on **April 06, 2010, 05:18:05 pm**

My guy is such a man. \*flexes\*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Strife26** on **April 06, 2010, 05:24:54 pm**

"Quickly comrades, let us dig down and deep and defend ourselves with a moat and good rock walls!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Dervin** on **April 06, 2010, 05:33:16 pm**

I vote we build up into the sky.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 06, 2010, 05:38:13 pm**

"There's nothing to harvest or mine in the skys, nor any magma, you twit. We are on the precipice of being slaughtered by the Nothing, and you are making stupid suggestions! I case you forgot, we are dwarven! Towers are for stupid goblins, not the bearded masters of the land!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Dervin** on **April 06, 2010, 05:46:03 pm**

:'(

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 06, 2010, 05:59:42 pm**

[Quote from: Dervin on April 06, 2010, 05:46:03 pm](#)  
:'(   
It's all in character, quit crying. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 06, 2010, 07:00:22 pm**

Dig down and build a city within a cavern. (and try to save as many mushrooms as possible, as they are nice.{no I am not an elf, shut up})

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 06, 2010, 07:02:08 pm**

Liking it so far.  
not sure how useful my guy may be but a spare doc isn't a bad thing I guess.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Dervin** on **April 06, 2010, 07:07:33 pm**

[Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on April 06, 2010, 05:59:42 pm](#)  
[Quote from: Dervin on April 06, 2010, 05:46:03 pm](#)  
:'(   
It's all in character, quit crying. :P  
Your right men like me shouldn't cry. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 06, 2010, 07:29:40 pm**

[Quote from: Mangled on April 06, 2010, 07:02:08 pm](#)  
Liking it so far.  
not sure how useful my guy may be but a spare doc isn't a bad thing I guess.  
Have you *seen* the new health care in action? You'll most likely end up Cheif Medical Dwarf with legendary in all medical skills, and having saved all our wounded asses from the Nothing more than once.<sup>Now</sup> if only you had a slip up when healing our prophet...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 06, 2010, 07:39:08 pm**

Well, if my luck continues, then I might never be wounded. :P

Too bad I'm likely going to get wounded anyway.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Dervin** on **April 06, 2010, 07:48:21 pm**

Yeah medical dwarves are really important.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 06, 2010, 08:49:25 pm**

[Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on April 06, 2010, 07:29:40 pm](#)  
[Quote from: Mangled on April 06, 2010, 07:02:08 pm](#)  
Liking it so far.  
not sure how useful my guy may be but a spare doc isn't a bad thing I guess.  
Have you *seen* the new health care in action? You'll most likely end up Cheif Medical Dwarf with legendary in all medical skills, and having saved all our wounded asses from the Nothing more than once.<sup>Now</sup> if only you had a slip up when healing our prophet...  
We talking funny shaped splints for setting bones or doing open heart surgery while sober?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 06, 2010, 08:50:19 pm**

"hopefully I can help with that!  
While I would put no stock in our 'divine protection', I will share with ya', brave miners, a passage I took from my grandfather's wisdom. He would sit us round the furnace and tell us tales of beasts and demons and mythical ore, gesturing wildly to the ceiling while his shadow danced on the wall. Few believed him then; he was crazy, you see, but not too far gone his word means nothin'. After he suffered the loss of his outpost he traveled, following a stream for 12 days, eating small fish and crawdads. Eventually he made it to our mountain home and settled there. But that time drove him off of his head, while the stories he told were magnificent, you could see the pain in his eye (the other one lost to the ages), but anyway, here is what he told me and my brothers and sisters about digging too deep...

"There's no use in mining  
no bounty to reap  
no ore worth refining  
where forgotten ones creep

only a world unfound  
and a labyrinthine maze  
deep underground  
where the adamant lays.'

It may mean nothing, o' course, but it may mean our lives. Feel free to ignore the ramblings of a half craved old dwarf. Remember, though, whatever trouble you get yourselves into, make sure you can get yourself back up to me so I can patch you up."

~a little in character motivation for me. a bit TOO insightful, in retrospect

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Spartan 117** on **April 07, 2010, 04:12:46 am**

"These so-called "forgotten ones" probably aren't any worse than the Darksquids-what? It's better than Nothing! Hehehe-anyway, they're probably just some large beasties that caught some dwarves unaware. Hell, why don't we release 'em to the surface? Let them test their luck against the Darksquids!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 07, 2010, 11:26:30 am**

(My guy, wandering the wilds on his way to the fortress.)

"Get the civvies out he said, it'll be easy he said..."  
Well look where that got us Captain, you're most likely dead and here I am wandering the wilderness with a bunch of civilians.  
Hell most of them are going to die of their injuries by the looks of it unless we can find a place to stop for a while. Hell the only people not injured are me, a glassmaker and two others. We're most likely boned.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 07, 2010, 08:22:32 pm**

I've just noticed - Ibruk has formed a grudge with Reg! It must be because of the Prophet's belief in faith healing ;D.  
Anyways, I'm glad you guys are enjoying it so far, though you might change your minds later when I intend to beef the Nothing up with some super-stats :D.

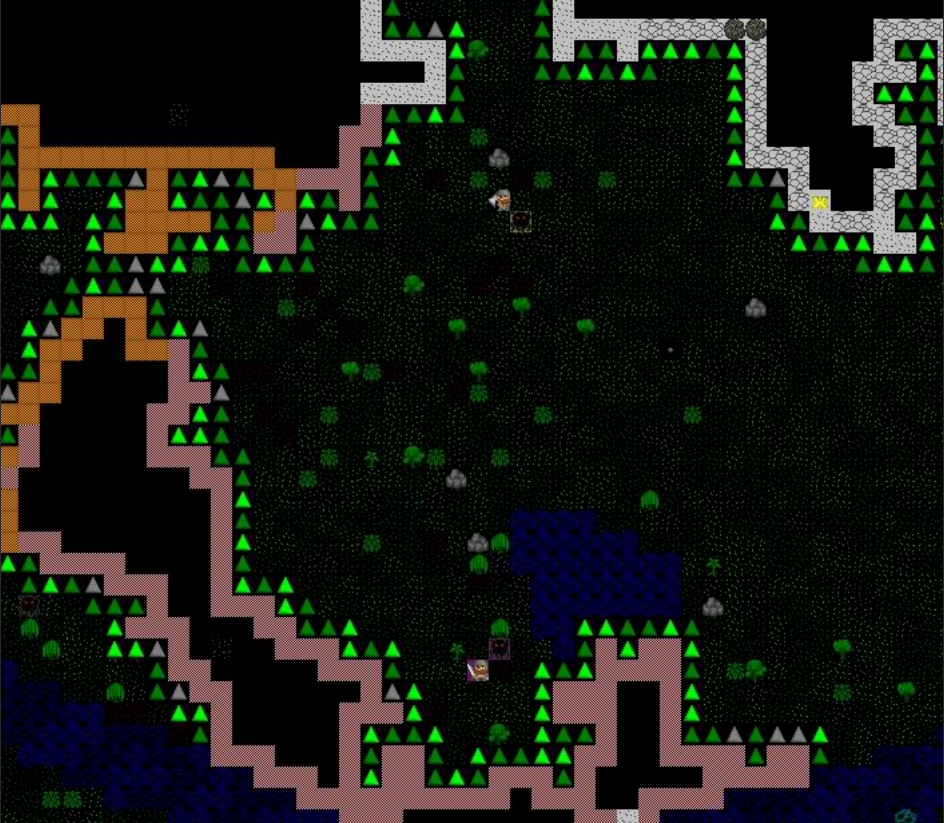


The initial chambers had been dug out by Spartan - aided by Rovod - and the food was being moved in when the cry came. Torvold had noticed them - Nothing coming down the mountain. About a dozen or so. The Dwarves had thought they were safe but here was another group of Nothing, coming straight down the mountain on *their* side of the river, ready to kill. And more would probably be on the way.

Tarran immediately dropped the barrel he was holding and rushed to get his sword. Rion gave a sigh and did the same, dropping the cave lobster he was carrying and getting his axe.

Together, the two moved in to engage the advancing monsters.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Battle was joined and the Nothing were found wanting. Two rushed ahead of the group and attacked Rion but the axedwarf dispatched them with no great trouble or, indeed, emotion. Another tentacled beast moved onto Tarran but was soon cut up. The remaining nine all gathered in one swarm, ready to charge, when a bolt pierced straight through one's head.

*tchunk thcunk tchunk!*

Three more bolts flew into the swarm. Tarran and Rion spun round to see Rovod, a look of concentration on his face, a crossbow in his hands and a prayer to his patron god Atir Purplemines leaving his lips. The Nothings plowed into the three of them, forcing Rovod to grab his crossbow by its end and attempt to bludgeon the Nothing to death. The tactic only managed to distract the creature long enough that Tarran could move up behind it and dice it up.

But back with the civilians, a Nothing burst out, having separated from the main group to corner the defenceless citizens.

"Darksquid!" Spartan yelled, preparing his pick but not yet moving in. The Nothing slowly came closer, tentacled ready in anticipation.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Ibruk was the first to react, waving his cane at the tentacled beast of darkness,

"Back! Back demon! We are under the protection of the Gods! Back!"

If the Nothing cared or even understood, it didn't show it, advancing closer and closer. Reg gave a cry, grabbing a crutch to defend himself with. Torvold was the one to move first, grabbing a copper pick and launching himself in with a cry.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The mechanic swung the pick straight into the Nothing's bulbous body, spattering its red blood over the earth.

As if in a trance, he then pulled it straight out and swung it at the creatures upper-right tentacled, piercing it through. The Nothing tried to attack him, but he jumped away and slammed the pick into it, causing the Nothing to tumble backwards. Spartan then sprinted up, slamming his own pick into the beast's body. Torvold then sliced his pick into it once again. The body was torn and shredded, causing the Nothing to collapse and soon to melt into blackness, leaving the miner and mechanic over where it had lain, breathing heavily.

Ibruk came over, prodding the ground with his cane,

"Fine work, pilgrims. May Os bless you and your courage." the Prophet said solemnly, "Now-"

"Now we're screwed." Rion remarked, coming up besides him,

"And in what way, young Rion?"

The axedwarf pointed out over the mountain,

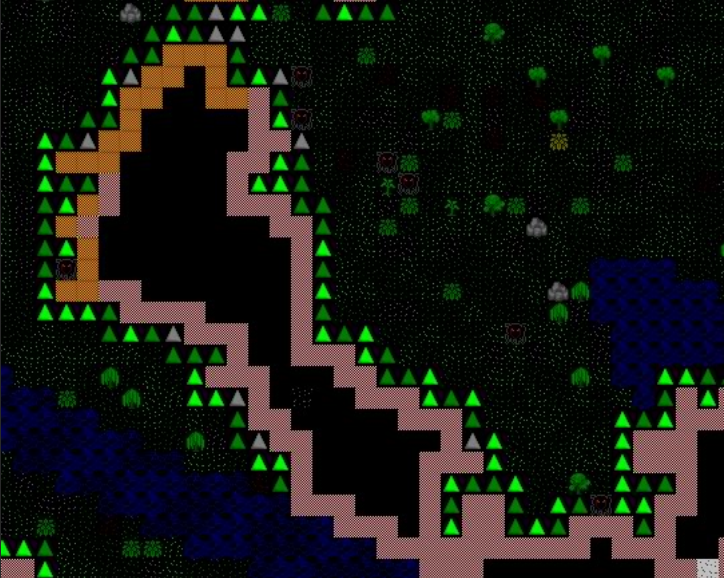
"See there? When they realise that their little advance party is dead, they're gonna come crawling to kill us."

Spartan peered out over the mountain,

"Darksquids! There must be at least thirty up on that hill!" he cried.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





"And they're coming straight this way." Rion commented drily.

Ibruk's countenance turned sour,

"We need to get everyone and everything inside quickly!" he exclaimed. Torvold interrupted at this point,

"I have an idea for a defense, we need to dig a-

"No time for explanations! Go do it!" Tarran shouted, as Reg checked over the Dwarf to ensure there were no wounds from the fight.

The supplies and animals were quickly herded and hoarded into the small dug-out cavern, while Torvold instructed Spartan and Rovod to dig a three-measure wide ditch in front of the fortress entrance. When they had done this, they removed the ramps at one side.

"Where are the Nothings?" Ibruk asked wearily. Tarran checked,

"They seem to have stopped."

"Oh? Maybe they're discussing something." Rion muttered.

Torvold meanwhile, was busily grabbing all the shale he could find, and calling for the others to do the same. Under his guidance, they build a drawbridge over the make-shift moat, and then with ropes pulled it up to seal themselves inside.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Once in the comforting darkness the entire group gave a sigh of relief.

"Well done, pilgrim." Ibruk said.

"Very well done!" Rovod exclaimed, clapping the Dwarf on the back, "Now for a stiff drink I think."

"I can hook it up to a lever later, so we can lower the bridge or raise it at will." Torvold explained, showing them plans covered with various doodlings, "and with some magma I should be able to-"

"It won't hold them out forever." Reg said, ever the voice of reality. Ibruk stood up, throwing his arms out,

"Then come pilgrims! There is nothing-" a snort came from Spartan, "nothing to stop us now. Let us carve Nomekast and prepare for whatever tests are to come! Let us delve to the deeps so that we may be saved from the coming apocalypse!"

"And what will we do if we meet those 'forgotten beasts' Reg's grandfather spoke about?" Rovod asked.

"Release them on the Darksquids." Spartan promptly interjected.

"One test is very much like another, young pilgrim." Ibruk said dismissively, "We shall overcome, through faith and work we shall overcome."

There was silence for a few seconds, then a mutter from Rion,

"I imagine 'faith' and 'work' are metaphors for blood and tears."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 07, 2010, 08:38:43 pm**

Make them harder, but not too hard, as it's not fun to set up a new squad, as you will soon see. ;)

Tarran's dabbles, Chapter 1:

Well, these 'nothing's are quite easy, I chopped up quite a few of them lately, too bad they make a gigantic mess...

I have yet to forge a weapon, things are going slowly outside of the fighting.

Oh, and Ibruk is getting on my nerves with all his religious babbles.

So, how is the actual fortress going?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Spartan 117** on **April 07, 2010, 08:46:59 pm**

"Nice job with that Darksquid Torvold, didn't know you followed the art of pick-fu too! Anyway, I need to talk to Ibruk."

Spartan downed his dwarven ale before walking over to the prophet.

"Hey, I once worked in a mining outpost, and we kept finding these caverns underground. They were connected, and full of trees and soil and animals. If we could find some here, we could get a supply of food and wood without having to go aboveground. 'Course we'd have to watch for predators, but it's better than a hoard of Darksquids."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 07, 2010, 08:50:18 pm**

"bah! blood everywhere; if these nothing don't get to us first, we'll drown in it! messy, messy, messy... too much to worry about, too much! well, no casualties yet, I guess that's a plus. I just hope this draw-bridge is really keeping the Nothing out, not keeping us in.



"hmph, I should have stayed and died with the others, our fortress doesn't stand a chance. In any case, we need a REAL leader, one who can fight! Not a damn wand-waving, ground-speaking cultist! As long as he doesn't get anyone killed," Reg observes the prophet attempting to give the miners 'divine wisdom', "oh boy, we won't last 'til the frost."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 07, 2010, 10:20:25 pm**

The Writings of Rion Truthax-Slate the 5<sup>th</sup>  
It's almost dawn. Can't sleep. It's the Nothing. But they arn't keeping me up with noise. It's the silence. They must be like locusts over those hills, yet it's totaly silent. We are all going to die here, but I still think we deserve this. The nobles have spent centuries acting all high and mighty, issuing their little "mandates" to get rid of unwanted dwarfs. The so called "law" that ammounts to nothing more than leaglizd murder from the hammerers. Heh, "nothing more". In truth, I almost wish I had died back at my home, so I wouldn't have to deal with our "Prophet". I may have to create a plan to deal with him should things get out of hand. People in mortal danger for long enough will accept anything, and Armok knows I'm no public speaker. Who could I trust to be willing to go against him if need be? None of us really know each other, but I don't know if I can wait to find out if they also think he's as crazy as I do. We are so fucking doomed.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 10, 2010, 08:27:50 pm**

Alright! Migrants! Exactly 3 of them. Shintaro Fago, Mangled and masam, you're all in, your profiles have been added to the first post.

Also, Ibruk is depressed! And I blame Reg for talking to him despite their grudge. Reg on the other hand is *ecstatic*, and with no actual reason apart from he talked to someone annoying recently. Go figure.

Also - changed the topic name, because 'hiding from nothing' is just better.

26th Malachite 673 - Noon

The first tunnels into the valley of the Swamps of Tunneling were almost finished. Small 2x1 bedrooms for the Dwarves had been dug out by Spartan and Rovod, and Rion had accepted to make some beds, all while complaining that being an axedwarf didn't mean he was any good at carpentry.

For the first few days after they had sealed themselves inside the mountain they had not dared to do much at all, always expecting the rough shale bridge to crack open and reveal a swarm of Nothings all intent on killing them now that they were confined. But nothing came. They waited anxiously for their deaths, but there were no sounds from outside.

And that was, perhaps, even scarier.

The issue of food and booze had also quickly come up and the expedition seemed resigned to the fact that they would have to leave the safety of their cave to get water to irrigate the soil with for growing plump helmets and cave wheat. Torvold had immediately whipped out some parchment and begun drawing up plans for an irrigation system that would tunnel to the river and then with floodgates control the flow, but Spartan had suggested mining downwards to the caverns beneath the land where plants were known to grow. Caught between two opposing suggestions, Ibruk, so far the expedition leader, had decided to go with *both*.

Therefore Torvold's irrigation system was being built at the same time as ramps were being built down into the depths of the earth. Since it was easier to dig through silty clay loam than stone, the irrigation system was finished first.

"Yer'll see, a real beauty! With work and time, we can extend it and make an automated system to flush anything that enters into-"

"Just pull the lever." Rion said interrupting Torvold's rant. Torvold tutted, and pulled the lever ceremoniously, there was a grinding of mechanisms and a distinct sound of water came from the other side of the watertight doors besides the gathered Dwarfs,

"Ye see, the floodgate's opened and now the water from Squeezemunch is pouring in, probably at a rate of seven measures a second which means that the water will fill the room in about 70 or so seconds. Incidentally, now I think of it, we could have made it much more efficient if we used water pressure to funnel the water in from below. Hmm...if we also used that to squeeze the water up into...yes that would probably then drown any invaders and then we can..."

Suddenly lost in his thoughts, the scientist let go of the lever, pondering the many uses pressured water could have. The other Dwarves, lost in their own conversations, also forgot about the incoming water until-

"Damned!" Torvold suddenly swore, yanking the lever back, "I forgot! I forgot!" Ibruk was the first to ask,

"What could be the matter pilgrim?"

"I forgot to turn the valve off! The entire chambers probably flooded with at least three measure of water per square! There's no way that'll evaporate!"

"Well then-" Rovod started, but Torvold interrupted him,

"Everyone get back, I'm gonna open the doors and let the excess water out."

"You'll flood the fortress!" Reg protested,

"Not nearly enough water for that, now get back or get wet."

Everyone scurried away as the scientist walked towards the twin doors with a dramatic flair. With a sure hand, he undid the secure holdings and heaved one open, half a wall of water met him, pushing him down the corridor slightly. Reg, slower than the others, was also caught in the wave, knocking him down. Then, as quickly as it had come, the waters died down, leaving a fresh coating of wet mud down the corridor.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



As Reg cursed and got his wet self up, Torvold waved down the corridor with a huge smile,

"Ok! We can begin farming now!"

It was quickly decided that everyone would give a hand in the farming, due to its importance for their continued existence, and so life settled down and a few weeks passed by calmly.

14th Galena 673 - Afternoon

**→Some migrants have arrived←**

Doc. Steve looked out over the valley with a keen eye. It was totally empty. There was not a bird, not an animal.

What there was though, was Nothing.

A huge swarm of them, at least seventy all gathered up on one side of the valley. He instinctively ducked, motioning to the other behind him. Since escaping from his destroyed mountain home and meeting up with a small group of civilians several of them had died. Some of them had died from the wounds they had suffered while escaping, most died from new wounds as they made their way as far as possible. There were only three of them now, Shin, an architect formerly in the King's employ, and Muenster, a glassmaker bearing the curious family name of 'McCheeseMaker'. The three of them had crossed mountains and rivers to flee the advancing hordes of Nothing, and now they seemed trapped.

Shin and Muenster slowly came besides him,

"What are we going to do?" Shin asked. Steve grimaced,

"Nothing behind us, Nothing in front of us." he said bitterly.

"They're on the other side of the river though, we're safe for now." Muenster interjected.

"But those things can swim." Shin recalled. And it was true, they had been cornered by a group of Nothings who had swum through a stream to attack them. That was when the last member of their group - barring them - had been killed.

That was when Shin saw it.

A Dwarf prides itself on it's recognition of rock, and an architect - a Royal architect at that - prides itself on having the best eye for stone. So it was that she spotted the constructed rock facade in the mountain, just before it was a ditch, definitely not natural in shape.

It was on the other side of the valley, but on *this* side of the river, where there were less Nothing.



"There!" she exclaimed, pointing excitedly at it. Muenster squinted at it then cracked a smile,

"Atir Rushrulavuz be praised! If we can get them to open up-"

"And no doubt they'll open wide and let in a group pursued by so many Nothing they're like a black sea." Doc. Steve muttered.

"Got any better ideas?" Shin demanded. With a shrug, Steve slowly begun trekking down the hill. Shin and Muenster shared a glance, then followed the medic.

They had only made it halfway across the valley when they were spotted. A dozen Nothings slithered down a hill, tentacles ready. Muenster gave a half-yelp-half-shout and pushed Shin out of the way of one as it charged at her.

"What's the big id-" she stopped mid-sentence as she noticed the Nothing, "Steve! We need to hurry!" she cried, leaping up and sprinting for the constructed rock face.

They reached the channel with four Nothings on their tail.

And - perhaps it was Godly intervention, perhaps it was just blind luck. The drawbridge came crashing down, revealing a very surprised Rion. He had just convinced the group to let him discreetly leave to find the second copper battleaxe which he had left outside.

Steve, Shin and Muenster powered past him. Rion gave a shout at the sight of the Nothings, and ran inside to grab his axe. Tarran quickly got his sword and the two charged at the pulsing beasts.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The first Nothing was swiftly sliced into pieces while Spartan took his pick to the other, and before the rest could arrive the drawbridge brought up.

Now once more safe in the gloom the group all stared at the three newcomers. As was often the case, Ibruk was the first to speak,

"Welcome pilgrims. You needn't fear, the God's have led you here so that you may be saved." he said. There was a shared sigh of exasperation between the group which the prophet took as a sign that everybody was tired,

"It had been a long road, for us all. Eat, rest and sleep, for tomorrow there will be more tests of faith."

22nd Galena 673 - Morning

→You have discovered an expansive cavern deep underground

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 10, 2010, 09:10:09 pm**

"Wonderful, just wonderful. Like our group **needs** another doctor. Though, I shouldn't complain, things have been going well so far and more hands makes light work," reg chuckled slightly to himself. " 'the gods have led you here' ," he mocked," as if any benevolent god would lead his people to our sad little hole in the wall." Reg let out a deep sigh," We'll see how deep this pit can go, and when all's said and done, I'll be up here, hauling and healing. Should the air stand still, for the smallest of moments, I will praise Ibruk's hateful gods like my own! Hmph." Reg returned to doing an inventory with a smirk on his face. He knew, at least, that he had a place and a job needed to be done.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 10, 2010, 11:30:37 pm**

Tarran's dabbles, Chapter 2:

We struck a cavern today, lovely. More things to kill.

And also, eight days ago, we got migrants. 'Shintaro Fago', 'Mangled' and 'masam', I hope this means things will get going with our (currently non-existant) metal industry.

Aaaannnndddd, as I expected, Ibruk greets them with religious babbles. Arrrrrgh, I would kick him out if there was no visible repercussions. Why did we even listen to him?! Why can't he act normal for just one minute?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Urist Imiknorris** on **April 10, 2010, 11:43:23 pm**

Dorf me. A mechanic, please.

Do you have  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
an impossible upright weapon on the bottom of the world?

Also, I read "Nothing" and thought of this. (http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zqq3hyvDeT0)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 11, 2010, 01:03:52 am**

The Writings of Rion Truthax-Galena the 22<sup>nd</sup>

I am starting to suspect something is wrong with the Nothing. I have seen the havoc they caused at population centers more than once before I joined these bumbling idiots, yet they almost seem to be actively ignoring us now. Could they somehow be attracted to groups of people? I can't exactly risk observing them, but if I told the others of this idea they most likely would regardless of the risk. After our resident mad scientst risked flooding us out to save time I wouldn't put any mad scheme past him. Still, we do need food, and more importantly alcohol. I can't remember the last time I had a good Sunshine, not like this low quality crap we are subsisting on. Better than water, though. But that's not important. We could still use more information about the Nothing, although I'm sure that our Prophet would be glad to lie all the info we need to us. Where they came from, if they reproduce or propogate with some other method, how intelligent they are, what they target and why, ect. I noticed they don't seem to put much priority on plants, if at all, so they might not be looking to exterminate all life. A cold comfort, I guess. Eh, who am I kidding, the prophet will most likely have me be the guest of honor at his first dwarven sacrifice, and I'll be free of this nightmare.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Spartan 117** on **April 11, 2010, 03:04:26 am**

Spartan was surprised as he brought his pick down on the stone, only for it to crumble away to reveal a cavern. He noticed several mushroom-trees.

"Oh yeah! With this we can be completely self sufficient underground!"

A screech echoed from the darkness.

"Uh, Rion? Tarran? Help!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Shintaro Fago** on **April 11, 2010, 09:38:58 am**

"This band of veetle-headed snipes have no idea what are they doing.." murmured Shin looking at irregular walls and crude bridge. "..not a damned idea."

---  
"Torvold, you tree-humping fool!" she shouted when one dwarf told her who was in charge of the bridge and mechanisms. "What do you think we are doing here?" Yes, being loud sure got her the wanted attention.  
"We've met many, many brave dwarves who died just because they couldn't find any outpost they were told about. Many brave warriors and whole families died when you had used this bridge as a second-rate protection from outside. We HAVE TO mark somehow this place for we need each one of those who will surely die if we don't. Unless you want to die here, alone, of course. "



She swallowed her spit looking at the gathered dwarves then closed her eyes for a while adding, much calmer - "...also, Torvold, the bridge is much thinner in the upper left corner and Nothing will be able to break through.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **April 11, 2010, 11:00:46 am**

Hey Aequor, would this group of migrants accept an elf refugee? In the game, he or she would be a dwarf, but in my logs, I'd treat him/her as an elf.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 11, 2010, 11:13:21 am**

"Uh, Rion? Tarran? Help!"

Rion Truthax cancels sleep: Yelling dwarfs

"Wha- Ugh, damnit Spartan. You had better have woken me up for a good reason, or Armok help me *you* will be what the next bed is made o-What the hell is this? You woke me because you found a cavern? What kind of dwarf are you!? I'm going back to bed."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **April 11, 2010, 11:16:05 am**

(On the off chance that the elf character is accepted)

Name: Fortis if male, Fori if female

Profession: ELF! Anything plant related. Farmer, Herbalist, and/or Thresher.

Personality: Open minded, and willing to adapt to a new way of life. She cares little for tradition, and as far as elves go, is rather impulsive and independent. She does have a friendly demeanor though, and likes trying new things.

Extra Info: She came from a forest retreat that was overrun by the Nothings. She fled, and has been wandering aimlessly ever since, praying at first to the elven gods for help, and then to any gods that would listen. It seems that it was the dwarven gods that answered her, as she happened upon a recently established Dwarf fortress.

EDIT: Then again, better make the elf a woman, if just to avoid having a beard in the description.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 11, 2010, 12:40:17 pm**

Docs journal, etched into the wall of his room due to lack of anything else to write on.

Man that was insane running over open ground like that, Captain would have gone mad if he'd seen me be so reckless the mad old bastard.  
But at least we're safe inside and I don't have to look after those two civvies anymore, No offense to them of course, it was just fucking stressful wandering about trying not to die for so long.  
Shame it was only two left but what you gonna do.  
This place seems pretty good defense wise and most of the guys already here are pretty competent, only problems I see are that religious nutjob who thinks the nothings are some sort of godly punishment. The other doctor here seems to think I'm going to try and upstage him or something, not bloody likely I can patch up people injured in battle and general cuts and scrapes but that's about the extent of my doctoring abilities. Besides, he was here first I'm just gonna help where I can.  
Ah well, time to get to work, these folks were nice enough to open the door and let us in despite the sea of ugly chasing us.

EDIT: fat and slow to heal eh?  
No matter, my guys a fixer not a fighter and his facial hair sounds intense. Although the like for pitchblende seems a bit unfortunate.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 11, 2010, 04:40:05 pm**

Fine with me Fortis; I don't know how the Dwarves'll react to an Elf, but that's part of the fun. ;D Urist Imiknorris, you're in too. All I need now are some migrants who'll dare to cross through the Nothings.

On the subject of Nothing (he he), I've finally solved some problems that were bothering me. Firstly, the Nothings were far, far too weak. I then noticed that they were attacking by *pushing* their enemy, which, if they're very lucky, might bruise a Dwarf's hand or something. Some jiggery-pokery later and now they attack by clawing with their tentacles, which is much better.

Secondly; they weren't aggressive enough. They would roam and if a Dwarf came near them, then maybe two out of three would attack the Dwarf while the rest ignored it. Some more jiggery-pokery and now; well, judge for yourself:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Barely had I opened the drawbridge that a swarm charged through, with more and more joining every seconds. The poor dorfs were submerged and the extremely sadistic Nothings then broke just about every bone in their body before finally strangling them. Shin and Spartan, perhaps the cleverer ones, promptly ran away, despite everyone having been conscripted in the army, and Rovod slept through the whole thing before Nothings battered his room door down and attacked him. It seems that the Nothings will now actively charge towards any pathable Dwarf on the map. Fun, Fun, Fun! (but not for migrants.) Of course, this now means I need to put the cluster\_size down if migrants are to stand any chance at getting to the fortress whatsoever; so now there'll be (rare) times when the map only has a handful of Nothings, rather than the old minimum of at least thirty at all times.

Of course, the above attack by the Nothings didn't actually happen storywise. ;)

22nd Galena 673 - Morning

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





Spartan froze solid at the screech, calling for the others. A Dwarven voice underground carried far, and soon most of the group were assembled, including Shin, Doc. Steve and Muenster, the newcomers. Muenster gave a whistle,

"Quite a caver-" he begun, before Spartan shushed him,

"Can you hear that?" he whispered urgently. They all listened intently, in the distance, magnified by the echoes, there was a rhythmic splashing noise, something was swimming.

"Probably just an olm." Rovod said.

"Or a giant olm, or worse, an olmman!" Spartan spat.

"Most probably just cave fish." Ibruk assured him, "It was fine work getting here, now we need to prepare ramps down to the ground floor."

It was at that point Rion arrived,

"I don't want to be the voice of bad tidings, but have any of you *bothered* to check the food supplies?"

<b>Food Stores:</b>			
Heat	None	20?	
Fish	None	Seeds	20?
Plant	None	Drink	None
		Other	None

"We're either gonna starve-"

"The harvest will be here soon, trust the go-" Ibruk started,

"Or more likely, we're gonna dehydrate." the axedwarf finished.

"We need a well!" Torvold declared, "It's simple, just a tunnel from the river into the fortress and-"

"No!" Reg cried, "Last time we trusted you with plumbing, you almost flooded the place and damn-near drowned me!"

"I did not almost drown you."

"Oh? Well explain to me why I was submerged underwater!"

"Because you were slow! It's people like you who keep science back for fear of getting wet!"

Ibruk interrupted them,

"Pilgrims! Pilgrims, please! Let us not bicker! We need a stable source of water and Torvold's plans are the easiest way."

"There's probably water down here somewhere." Shin commented, peering into the gloom of the expansive cavern.

"There's probably batmen down there somewhere." Doc. Steve added sarcastically.

"To get down here we'll need some kind of causeway." Torvold said pensively, scratching his beard.

"Just get on with the well."

24th Galena 673 - Noon

It had been two days and the well was still not finished. Everybody was parched; Dwarves were creatures of drink, and having nothing to drink for two days, not even water, was a torture beyond what the Nothing's could be. So it was decided that they had to, *had to* leave the safety of the cavern for the cooling waters of Squeezemunch. The drawbridge was opened just a crack to let Tarran look out,

"What can you see?" Rion whispered to him, his axe ready.

"No-nothing! As in there's nothing there, not a creature, not a Nothing." the swordsdwarf replied.

It took Rion a few seconds to make sense of this confusing phrase and then,

"Lower it a bit more." Torvold did so, lowering the bridge more. True to Tarran's words, there was nothing there.

"It's a trap!" Doc. Steve hissed, retreating before the sight of...absolutely no Nothings, "They're gonna wait 'till we come out!"

Taking a deep breath, Tarran stepped out, and looked all around. There were no black blobs, nothing at all. No red eyes glinted at him and no tentacles tried to attack him. That was when he saw them.

There were four of them, one appeared to be a Human woman, the other three were Dwarves. They were all shouting at him, waving their arms. Behind them a black mass slowly wound its way down the valley sides.

"There's three people on the other side of the river! That's where the Nothings have gone! We need to save them!" he cried. Muenster, followed by Rovod and Shin quickly brought stone with which to build a causeway over Squeezemunch. They weren't quick enough though, and it seemed that the three Dwarves and Human would be killed, but two of them, both Dwarves, suddenly moved away, and ignoring the shouts of the other two, engaged the Nothings.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



They managed to stall them for some time, but it still seemed lost until a third Dwarf came sprinting down the mountain, waving her fists in fury. She charged into the Nothings, stopping them in their tracks. The three of them however, were soon submerged, and their cries of pain permeated the valley. Once they were dead, the Nothings turned swiftly back to the remaining two, moving towards them. The two shared a glance and then sprinted opposite ways, each pursued by at least half-a-dozen Nothings, with more joining the chase per second.

It took five more minutes before the stone causeway was finished. At the same time, Shin was building a haphazard wall above the fortress entrance, to clearly mark the entrance for all to see. It wasn't particularly well-built, and as an architect she knew she ought to be ashamed, but there was no time for well-built walls; all they needed was some sign that there was civilization to be found here.



Pursued by the swarm, the remaining Dwarf and woman charged across and into the safety of the fortress, and the drawbridge was slammed shut seconds later.

Breathing heavily, everyone collapsed onto the cool rock floor. Silence for a few minutes, and then Doc. Steve made a sound half-way between a gasp and a cough,

"Hey! You're an Elf!" he accused the tall woman. She stared at him,

"Yes? I am Fori, and this is Urist Imki, er, Ikmi-"

"Urist Imiknorris." the Dwarf said, pulling himself up. Ibruk also heaved himself up to give his usual speech about Godly intervention when Muenster stopped him,

"Well, you're all welcome here, Elf or Dwarf. Anyways, we have a well we need to finish, and then we have a cavern to explore."

This has to be the most difficult chapter I've had to write yet, getting Fori and Urist to survive was sheer luck and needed the deaths of the three other Dwarf migrants, and even then it wasn't enough. Also, Fori's and Urist's prfiles are up on the first post.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 11, 2010, 04:59:54 pm**

First; My character sees all races as equal.

Second; Don't get me killed, I just died in a different fort and I'm not really in the mood to die in this one too. :P

Third; if you catch a giant toad I would like it in my room. (if I ever get one)

Tarran's dabbles, Chapter 3:

Never seen a elf with dwarves before, well, that's what we've got now, one dwarf and one elf just made it inside, after their friends got killed, so that's new.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **April 11, 2010, 05:04:55 pm**

**Name:** Stas  
**Gender:** Male  
**Profession:** Make a custom profession which says "Suspicious Individual"  
**Personality/History :**  
Charismatic, devious, smart and suspicious. Stas is an experienced thief who, for obvious reasons, was exiled from the mountain halls when the Nothings started invading, thus sparing his life, he then wandered the world, stealing and looting what he needed. Although he is a thief he is not a big fan of murder nor rape. Kind of a Gentleman thief.  
**Extra info:**  
Make him wield a dagger, wear a cloak and a cape and make him uselessly wander around the fortress only rarely participating in the fortress's jobs. Also, if possible, make him little hidden quarters with a secret stash full of things he stole.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 11, 2010, 05:28:34 pm**

"Ha! elves! Gods, we're catering to elves now." Reg messaged his brow with a dirty hand," The elf didn't even stay and fight; two brave dwarves, lost trying to protect an elf. hmph. Well, she better be good for something; this fort 'aint no free ride, no silly little dwarf bed and breakfast! I bet she can't even lift a pick, poor little creature," he observed as the elf conversed with Ibruk," I'm sure that other dwarf taught her a thing or two, but hopefully we can teach a bit more. Best keep her away from Ibruk, though; I fear they have too much in common." after a last weary glance, reg returned to work.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 11, 2010, 05:35:52 pm**

"Well isn't that just shiny.." Out of food, surrounded by nothing and trapped in a cave with a zealot, an elf and probably some variety of nasty creeping around in the deeps. Wouldn't be so bad if I wasn't *sober*.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **April 11, 2010, 06:12:14 pm**

From the log of Fori

Thanks the spirits. I made it. Three of my companions were butchered before my eyes, but the spirits saw fit to spare me and Urist. I thought for sure I would feel the Defiler's claws tearing into me. Even now, I can still feel my heart racing as I write this.

It is a strange refuge that we were guided to. A tiny dwarf settlement, with barely any food or water. But it's protected from the Defilers by the dwarves' sturdy stonework. It's not graceful, but it's solid, and it works. Now, they're mining out a well to drink from, and making an underground farm to grow food. They already have shown me a kindness in providing me refuge. I won't ask for more from them, but rather, I hope to earn my stay. The farms I can help with, at least. If there's one thing an elf knows better than a dwarf, it's growing things.

Dwarves. One year ago, I never thought I'd be living aside them. Not even a month ago, even after the defilers appeared. But then, they overran the retreat, and destroyed the whole forest, leaving it a barren wasteland now. I grieve for all the noble voices of the trees that were lost. The dwarves and all their axes and furnaces have never even remotely approached such a scale of destruction. Our feud with them seems so petty now. Both our kinds are on the verge of extinction, the defilers are the enemy of us both. I will endeavor to put aside my feelings about them, and do what I can to find food for this young settlement.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 11, 2010, 11:53:34 pm**

"Hey can one of you guys lend me some of that paper you all write on? I've ran out of space on my wall."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Spartan 117** on **April 12, 2010, 02:40:01 am**

"An Elf. Huh."  
  
Spartan shrugged.  
  
"More people to help out I guess."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **April 12, 2010, 10:40:26 am**

Muenster snorted in disbelief. An elf. Here. Well, she had run the same gauntlet as himselfonly a few months before. And despite the height she was somewhat attractive. He was a bit past his prime but not to old to still impress the ladies, perhaps she'd like one of his crafts...if they ever had him do anything besides look out for the Nothing...Perhaps he'd take to the Mace in his spare time.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 12, 2010, 12:09:20 pm**

Wouldn't bother Muenster, that elf is probably old enough to be your great great great great grandmother.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **April 12, 2010, 02:53:25 pm**

eh...i'm not exactly a young'un meself.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 14, 2010, 11:09:13 am**

You're in Stas! We just need a migrant wave that has enough disposable Dwarves to distract the Nothing and let him survive until the fort.  
  
Also, I discovered something awesome while messing about with the Nothing's speed. If you set it to 1000000, then they zip around, literally. They'll stand there for a few seconds, then they'll suddenly zip off like a blur (literally a blur) to another spot, stand a few seconds, and repeat. It's almost like they've become so slow, that they're fast. Awesome! ;D

9th Sandstone 673

Life in Nomekast had settled down after Fori and Urist's arrival. Being an Elf, Fori was naturally relegated to farming, and under her supervision and Elfen songs a bountiful harvest soon arrived. Within seconds of this being announced, three stills had been hastily built and - since basic brewing was a skill most Dwarves knew - it wasn't long before cool refreshing batches of Dwarven wine and beer were being made from plump helmet and cave wheat.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)





The well was still not finished, lacking a chain or even a rope with which a bucket could be lowered down, and so forges had been made where all the magnetite they had dug out could be smelted into iron, and then the iron into a chain, and - under Tarran and Muenster's skill - weapons and armour. Thankfully they had struck bituminous coal, and all they needed now was one log - of which there were probably some down in the caverns - and they could then start the forging.

There had been no sounds from the outside world, against all expectations the stone bridge still shielded them from the Nothings beyond, but each and every one of them knew that the creatures would be waiting for them outside, and if they should ever attack, weapons better than copper and armour better than pig tail would be needed.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Down in the caverns a causeway was being built to safely allow the Dwarves down onto the soft land below, where they could no doubt find a wealth of minerals and plants. With the lack of wood, several Dwarves and Fori were still without a bed. There had been a few more sounds of splashing, indicating fish, or maybe even giant toads, but no sightings yet.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



When not helping out, Ibruk now spent most his time in prayer, and would not speak of what he was praying about, or whether he was being answered. The other Dwarves (and Fori) didn't care much, mostly pleased that it kept him and his religious babble out of their way. He later revealed that he had also been taking stock of all the items and rations that the fort had.

All in all, there was an atmosphere of optimism in the fort. They had survived and were now beginning to flourish. Things were starting to look brighter.

23rd Galena 673 - Dusk

"I must've been mad to become a trader." Sarvesh Roldetherib muttered.

"Sorry?" MafoI Nicatkulet replied.

"Mad! This was madness!"

"That definitely sounds like you."

The trader and diplomat were busy arguing while the caravan slowly wound its way down the valley. Sarvesh had been sent to the Human empire of the Humble Nations in order to trade and MafoI, a diplomat, had been sent to negotiate a treaty against the Goblin scourge of the Infamous Plague at the same time. However, the growing swarms of Nothing had disrupted the trading when the town they were sequestered in was attacked. The traders all fled, taking whatever they could on their pack animals, but leaving the wagons behind. They had been lucky so far, in that they had not met too many Nothings that the guards could not kill them.

"I mean, I could've stayed in the Mountain Home, nice and safely."

"Sarvesh, continually complaining will get you nowhere. Why don't you do something useful, and help me-"

"Look!" the trader suddenly shouted, pointing to the other side of the valley.

"What...oh, there's a wall!."



"And a channel underneath it! There must be Dwarves inside! We can get to safety!"

"No, no, no. We must get back to the Mountain Homes, and report to the King."

"But we can rest there!" Sarvesh protested. There was some grumbling of appreciation from the rest of the traders and caravan guards. Mafol threw her hands up in exasperation,

"Am I the only one here with a sense of duty!? Fine! We'll go to your little outpost!"

However, as they moved down the valley, they saw a growing mass of amorphous shapes in the dying sun.

"Nothing!" Sarvesh squeaked. Mafol drew her sword,

"Nothing to worry about," she said, then chuckled.

"Maybe for you! You covered in head to toe in iron armour, with a sword and shield, no less!" the trader began grasping at his pack-donkey's reins, "We need to get out of here!"

"Oh? I thought you wanted to go see the new outpost?"

"Just mark it on the map and let's move!"

"Very we-" the diplomat was cut short as several Nothings burst out of the foliage, their tentacles scratching at her armour. She responded quickly, spinning round and cutting deep into one Nothing with her sword. Sarvesh and the trader immediately scampered, running for their lives as more Nothing began to take interest.

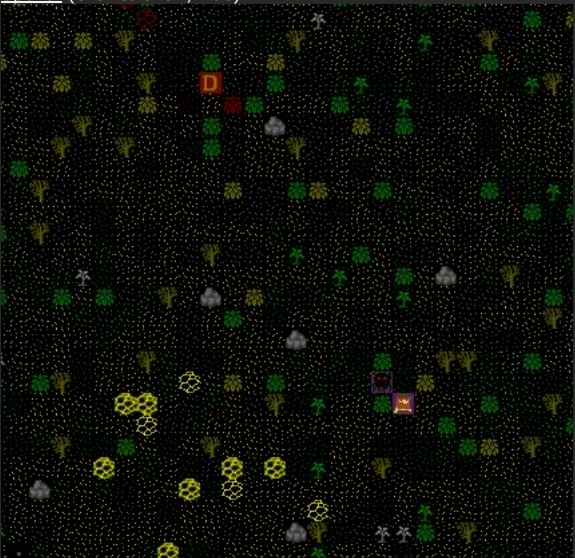
Despite severely wounding several Nothings, Mafol was powerless as one well-aimed tentacle broke her wrist, causing her to drop her sword. Now left with nothing but her shield, she still fought heroically against the growing tide, until, submerged, she fell.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



In fear of their lives, Sarvesh and his fellow trader swiftly made it back up the mountains, but before he Sarvesh could escape, a Nothing burst out at him, however, it seemed more interested in attacking his pack-donkey. Caught between losing all his tradegoods and losing his life, Sarvesh hesitated too long. The Nothing quickly bled the donkey into unconsciousness, and Sarvesh was forced to drag the creature along, while the Nothing was still latched on with its tentacles. Realising the stupidity of this, Sarvesh quickly let go of the donkey and sprinted after his fellow trader Ezunam, who had already made it safely out of the valley, but he was too slow and was soon butchered under the Nothing's tentacles.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The guards meanwhile, Kubuk the speardwarf and Bomrek the macedwarf, held the Nothings off, but Kubuk quickly lost his spear, and was killed not long after, leaving Bomrek all alone against the growing tide. Shouting a Dwarven warcry, the macedwarf leapt towards the beasts, bashing at them with his silver mace, but tired and in-pain, he did not last long. Still fighting resolutely the end, he eventually bled to death, most of his bones broken, and one of his eyes missing.

Had the inhabitants of Nomekast looked out, they would have seen a red carpet leading to their home. A red carpet of blood.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Seeing this, I really don't know how any migrants are going to survive from the edge of the map to the fortress.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **April 14, 2010, 12:09:34 pm**

From the log of Fori

Today is a day of tidings. Both good and ill. But we remain safe at least.

This dwarf settlement, my new home, seems to be doing well. The threat of starvation is past, as I helped to sing and grow the strange dwarven crops to fruition. They consume a strange type of fungus, these aptly named plump helmets. I sampled one, and was pleasantly surprised. Though the taste was alien, it was not unpleasant. The dwarven wine and beer though... well, lacking any water, I had to try some or die of thirst. To be honest, I had little recollection of what happened. The dwarves said that my speech had become slurred, and my bearing unstable. Also, there was frequent mentions of something called a 'lampshade' with poorly hidden grins and merriment. I wonder what had happened that amused them so. Either way, it is clear I do not possess the liver of a dwarf.

While my new home thrives, misfortune has also occurred nearby. Even though I am underground, I can still hear the voices of the trees up on the surface. Today, they told me that dwarf blood had been



mingled with the water their roots drank. I fear that some unfortunate souls tried to reach our home, but were overwhelmed by the defilers lurking outside. But at least I was able to share that defiler blood also stained the ground. Whoever these poor strangers were, they took many of the cursed beasts with them. But we at least are safe, protected by the stout stonework of the dwarves. If only my forest had such walls defending them...

But no, such thoughts are in vain. This fortress is my retreat now, the mushrooms of the caverns below my forest. I must do my best to adapt to a dwarven life, even though I miss the sun and the stars, and the wide open sky. These tunnels feel close, almost choking at times, and the darkness strains my eyes. But for good or ill, it is my home.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 14, 2010, 01:01:41 pm**

Oh man.

Also, for our own safety, don't ever, **ever EVER** give them the [SPEED:1] tag! *everything* they do will be speed up!

Other then that, I'm still reading.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 14, 2010, 02:42:44 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on April 14, 2010, 01:01:41 pm  
Also, for our own **FUN**, always, **constantly** **CONSTANTLY** give them the [SPEED:1] tag! *everything* they do will be speed up!

Well Aequor, looks like Tarran has spoken. Into the raws with ye!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 14, 2010, 02:48:59 pm**

If I die as the result of the [SPEED:1] tag, I will haunt you all until you die.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 14, 2010, 04:43:10 pm**

Ach, don't worry Tarran, I won't put them on [SPEED:1]. :.)

Not yet, anyway...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 14, 2010, 04:45:50 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on April 14, 2010, 04:43:10 pm  
Ach, don't worry Tarran, I won't put them on [SPEED:1]. :.)

Not yet, anyway...

...

:{

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 14, 2010, 08:17:41 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on April 14, 2010, 04:45:50 pm  
...

:{

Well, it was your idea, Tarran.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 14, 2010, 08:49:13 pm**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on April 14, 2010, 08:17:41 pm  
Quote from: Tarran on April 14, 2010, 04:45:50 pm  
...

:{

Well, it was your idea, Tarran.

Tarran swings his steel longsword at MetalSlimeHunt's first right toe!  
It flies off in a bloody arc!

Don't. If you care for your toes. :.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 14, 2010, 09:03:48 pm**

oh boy  
well, I don't see how anyone's going to get in now!  
perhaps we should start devising a trap to distract them while we try and rush migrants and caravans in the door.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 14, 2010, 09:30:02 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on April 14, 2010, 08:49:13 pm  
[Tarran swings his steel longsword at MetalSlimeHunt's first right toe!  
It flies off in a bloody arc!

Don't. If you care for your toes. :.)

MetalSlimeHunt chops at Tarren's right hand  
The shot glances away!

Damnit! :(

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 14, 2010, 09:41:32 pm**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on April 14, 2010, 09:30:02 pm  
Quote from: Tarran on April 14, 2010, 08:49:13 pm  
Tarran swings his steel longsword at MetalSlimeHunt's first right toe!  
It flies off in a bloody arc!

Don't. If you care for your toes. :.)

MetalSlimeHunt chops at Tarren's right hand  
The shot glances away!

Damnit! :(

Next time, grab a weapon and put some armor on. ;)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Spartan 117** on **April 15, 2010, 12:49:54 am**

Spartan sighed at the carpet of blood, before going and pitching an idea to several dwarves and one elf.

"So, instead of making the refugees cross open ground, we dig a tunnel! If we can make some copper axe blades or something we can set traps to cover them if they're followed. Once they get in we'll seal the tunnel up until someone else needs to use it. We could even dig a room connected to the tunnel, and station Tarran or someone in it."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 15, 2010, 12:55:26 am**

Quote from: Spartan 117 on April 15, 2010, 12:49:54 am  
Spartan sighed at the carpet of blood, before going and pitching an idea to several dwarves and one elf.

"So, instead of making the refugees cross open ground, we dig a tunnel! If we can make some copper axe blades or something we can set traps to cover them if they're followed. Once they get in we'll seal the tunnel up until someone else needs to use it. We could even dig a room connected to the tunnel, and station Tarran or someone in it."

"This!" Tarran shouted "that might work! add in a pit with a bridge and a floodgate to flood the tunnel and we've got a nearly impenetrable entrance!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 15, 2010, 01:10:10 am**

Sounds good gents.  
May I suggest an Atom Smasher as well until we can get enough metal for these traps?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 15, 2010, 07:39:02 am**

we'd need a gem or glass window so we can look out onto the field!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **April 15, 2010, 02:32:41 pm**



"Please remember, the defilers have no need to draw breath. They cannot be drowned," Fori added quietly. All this discussion of mining and tunnels was new to her, it was an interesting exercise to think what a dwarf would do to solve a situation. Omitting, of course, the first step of getting drunk senseless, her liver was not yet strong enough for that. "Elves, when anticipating battle, have dug pitfall traps and hidden them with a thin layer of grown vines. I imagine that you dwarves, with your skill in machinery and mechanisms, could build something similar. Perhaps a floor that could be retracted, or something like that? A long drop would kill even defilers, if it were deep enough." She said, hoping she had not just made a fool of herself.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 15, 2010, 02:47:46 pm**

"Spike traps." Tarran said abruptly. "Spike traps would be extremely effective in killing as a first line of traps. As the Nothings will be too wounded to get past the weapon traps they will face afterward."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 15, 2010, 04:35:00 pm**

"You both have a good plan, I say we combine the two. If the fall doesn't kill them then the spikes at the bottom will."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 15, 2010, 06:21:48 pm**

"Of course, there might be reasons to trap these beasts, perhaps we can find a weakness of some sort. I vote we throw in some cage traps as well, if not for us then, for the future of dwarven kind!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 15, 2010, 07:52:41 pm**

Seems like we're all in favour for traps! And that might just be what we need if any of yous want to survive.

1st Granite 674

Much had happened since Autumn. The well was still not finished, but now it was at least possible for Fori to drink some water by stooping down into the watering hole.

The causeway into the caverns had finally be finished, and a large pillar had been hollowed out to serve as a refuge in the caverns, and as a last resort if the Nothing's ever broke into the fort, so that the Dwarves could hide inside and literally knock down the bridge, separating them from the monsters.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Now that they had access to the caverns, Rion had been sent down to cut some cave-trees, which were swiftly made into beds for the new Dwarves and Elf. Furthermore, one log was burned into charcoal, and this used to refine the lignite and bituminous coal into coke for forging. Furthermore, Fori now spent much time in the caverns, feeling more at home with the plants and large open spaces, even if it was still underground and devoid of sunlight. There she harvested the plants ethically, singing Elven songs to herself. Shin sometimes joined her down there, also gathering plants. And the two so far had found dimple cups and plump helmets.

With the revelation that an entire caravan of traders had been slaughtered at their doorstep, the Dwarves had also decided that a tunnel had to be built to provide safe entrance into Nomekast. The tunnel would - of course - be lined with a whole host of cunning traps to safely slaughter any Nothings that might break through.

In tandem with this idea was the idea of a sort of 'lighthouse', a tower which would allow the Dwarves to see where the Nothing where, and if there were any peoples - or pilgrims as Ibruk consistently called them - that were escaping from the hordes. The preliminary chamber had been dug, and now they only needed the gems to make a tough gem window with; and so Doc. Steve was press-ganged into cutting the large lace agate that had been dug out into slabs for building the window.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Under Fori's supervision and Elfen touch, the harvest of plump helmets had been coming in larger and larger than before, and so a food stockpile was soon dug out, and just needed to be cleared of the last stones before it could store all the rations and booze.

But most importantly, they had survived a *year*. A *whole year*. Granted there were times when it seemed they would not survive - times when the Nothing threatened to swarm in and kill them; times when they had no food or drink; times when fear of the strange situation they found themselves in, which no Dwarves had found themselves in before, had almost driven them to mistakes. But they had weathered, like real Dwarves (and an Elf) they had faced the enemy down, whether it be Nothings or sobriety, they had stared them down, beaten them off and then drunk a barrel of booze to celebrate! The growing sense of optimism that pervaded the fort culminated in a grand party on New Year's Eve, that lasted well into the afternoon of the 1st Granite. Despite there only being twelve of them (even Ibruk had taken part in the party) they had cracked open barrels of fresh Dwarven beer and wine, gulped them down in one breath, and sung lewd songs till they forgot what time it was and thus had to open the drawbridge a crack to get the time. Even Fori, while she didn't possess the enlarged liver of a Dwarf, drunk some in the spirit of the New Year, and thoroughly regretted it the next day.

They were *Dwarves* (and an Elf) by ARMOK! And Nothing would keep them from enjoying the New Year's!

The layout of Nomekast as it was 1st Granite 674. (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-8493-godsaved>)

So yeah, nothing much has happened the past few months. We'll have to wait until the tunnel gets done.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 15, 2010, 09:15:48 pm**

awesome!  
now don't go making the defenses TOO good  
leave some for the dogs, you know ;)  
don't know what dialogue I can write for this entry, sorry



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **masam** on **April 15, 2010, 09:53:11 pm**

Quote from: ISGC on April 15, 2010, 07:39:02 am

we'd need a gem or glass window so we can look out onto the field!

eh glass winder you say! I'm the McCheesemaker for the job!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Fortis** on **April 15, 2010, 11:13:15 pm**

From the log of Fori

Ugh...by the spirits, that is the last time I drink so much of the dwarves heady brew. My head is pounding, and my eyes so detest light that I'm thankful to wake up in the dark bedroom. I need some pure water or proper tea to dilute the alcohol running in my veins. Even now, I'm not sure if it's...what did the dwarves name their months?...Granite 1st or 2nd. I don't remember much of what happened after the fresh barrels of wine was opened. Though I have to say, those dwarves really know how to celebrate. Granted, they were quite wild and rowdy, and their songs made me blush something fierce, but they had fun. Even in these dark times, they can enjoy themselves. Something that I respect in them, joy is all too rare in this age. I only hope that I remembered my manners while I was drunk.

But we had cause to celebrate. Against all odds, against the defilers from without and starvation from within, we are surviving. I'm glad that I was able to help these stout dwarves, even now their picks are digging out more room to store the food that I helped grow. And I gathered more too. Even thoughit lacks stars, moon, and sun, the wide open caverns below help to relieve the cramped feeling, and the huge mushrooms remind me of the forest that I lost. (It's ironic really, the dwarves are defending a forest of their own from the defilers, we are more alike than I originally thought.) But I gathered some more types of foods for us, little mushrooms the dwarves call dimple cups. I've found they make a very acceptable tea, once dried and powdered. The dwarves, naturally, don't care for any beverage that doesn't cloud their minds.

And the dwarves picks have been digging out a tunnel to protect any new migrants and refugees that come. I saw the work in progress once or twice, as I carried baskets of mushrooms and canteens of ale for the hard working miners. I even helped carry some of the mined out stone. It's hard work, but I think it's helping me to get stronger. The dwarves also taught me how to avoid the triggering mechanisms for the traps. I must confess to some decidedly un-elfish sentiments. I almost wish a defiler would get in here, so I can see how the dwarves' deadly ingenuity and mechanical skill work on it.

Not much more to say, except that I'm looking forward to McCheesemaker completing the window. It will be nice to see the sun and sky again. That dwarf really is kind to me. I suspect he made the window just because I often mentioned I missed the sky.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Mangled** on **April 16, 2010, 02:05:00 am**

I who placed the window though 8)

A gem one no less, fairly sure I did it wrong though so it's probably best someone has McCheesemaker have a looky at it when he gets a moment.

In other news, I'm concerned about the Elf, she's complaining of a "hangover" no idea what that means, possibly some sort of Elven only sickness like how beard flu only affects us? She seems alright enough if not a tad sober so I'll just prescribe her some rum and see how she fares from there.

Holy crap it's new year already?!

When did that happen, last thing I remember Me Spartan and Doctor Reg where having a drink to celebrate not being dead at some point in Obsidian and now it's what, Granite?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Spartan 117** on **April 16, 2010, 05:26:16 am**

Spartan's log.

Date; something.

Maybe I should have stopped after the twentyeth barrel, apparently I drank so much my liver exploded like a fire imp in a booze stockpile!

It's okay now though.

Also, a drunk elf is a much less annoying one. Also a much less clothed one. Next time we may want to pick less...dwarvenly...songs to sing, to prevent a repeat performance. It was kind of embarrassing to have a topless female elf sleeping in one of our wine barrels.

At least it made it easier to carry her back to her room.

We're also a bit worried about her. She may be an elf but she's now a drinking buddy and that makes her one of us! Kind of. Where was I? Oh yeah, she keeps saying her head hurts, and she has something called a "hangover". She blames it on the wine, we may need to check what kind of plants it was made out of, don't want everyone sick from one party.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Tarran** on **April 16, 2010, 09:29:46 am**

Huh, nothing else interesting to report?

How has our weapon industry been going? We need extra weapons just in case the rest of the fort has to fight, as we don't stand a chance fighting with fists. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Mangled** on **April 16, 2010, 10:10:59 am**

I have a scalpel ;D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 16, 2010, 02:44:37 pm**

Tjh wrtins of riso-swrew itp..

I woken in mah roam with Tarrken' and SpartaKsss beds afters tha party last night. I appaerntly reloveto grand thept bedsss whken drunks. Ew, Tarren just walkend by carring that half-neked elvesht. Din't tink he wots into sat. Skeep nows...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **r3d5kull** on **April 16, 2010, 06:07:52 pm**

Hey just caught up. Looks good. Wonder if I could call a dwarf named Johann Schmidt, that is the elves lover. I wanna be a Hammer Dwarf that loves life and only wants to kill it absolutely necessary.

Sorry Forti

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Mangled** on **April 16, 2010, 07:14:21 pm**

Aequor is my dwarf friends with anyone yet?  
Could be handy to know.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from the Apocalypse**

Post by: **Areku** on **April 16, 2010, 09:02:37 pm**

Requesting a dorf as soon as possible. This is too cool to be ignored. :P

**Name:** Delta

**Gender:** Male

**Profession:** Miner/armor user

**Personality:** Silent and distant, he likes wearing full armor to cover his face and body, and would rather grunt than answer when talked to. A nice guy deep down, though, and will fight fiercely with his pick to protect the other dwarves.

**Extra info:** Likes using his mining tools as weapons, and wears full armor (if it's not too difficult to make now ;D ) even while sleeping. If you get lucky and one of the migrants has a daughter, then he fled the mountainhomes to find a safer place for her to live. Otherwise, he's just walking the wilds in hopes of finding his missing daughter, whom he became separated from during a Nothing attack.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **masam** on **April 17, 2010, 07:59:40 am**

That...was an interestin party. Fair to say I spent most of it with my mouth glued to a barrel of booze, but so did everyone else. The good doctor put in a window, much to my disappointment, but he did a passable job. Perhaps I should give'im a few lessons on that, see if he'll give me a few in patching dwarves up. Wouldn't be a bad idea for all of us to know how to do that.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Aequor** on **April 18, 2010, 12:26:09 pm**

You're both in with Stas for the next migrant wave that survives, r3d5kull and Areku! ;D

6th Granite 674 - Noon

"No, no, no! Ye need to lower her in *slowly*!" Muenster cried, interrupting Doc. Steve. Now that the gem panes had been cut out, the glassmaker - due to his experience with windows - had been put in charge of actually fitting the gem windows into what was being called the 'lighthouse'.

"Of course." the medic said sarcastically, "We need to lower it nice and slowly so that the Nothings have the time to get here." he looked out the hole that had been cut out of the mountain-face, "Oh gods, I can see them coming now."

Rion, standing behind them with his trusty axe, gave the two a short slap to the heads,

"Shut up and get it finished then! Or would you prefer we all die so you can finish your argument?"

"What if they break through it!?"

"Break through *solid gem*?"

"Who knows!? They could!"

"Well," Muenster said, interrupting them, "if they manage to break through *this* window I'll be surprised. And....there! Just seal the sides and we're done. There, it'll take more than Nothing to get through this. Now, Tarran's finished the iron chain, so we'll need to get the well done next."



8th Granite 674 - Morning

Fori was moving across the causeway into the caverns when she heard it. She had decided to go slightly further to gather plants, over to the huge lake of water that was barely five minutes from the cavern entrance. But just as she entered the large hall before the cavern she heard a scampering of feet. Elves prided themselves on good hearing - and their ears only helped that good hearing - so she knew that there was definitely something that had just scurried past her. She looked around but saw nothing, though she didn't have Dwarven sight in darkness and whatever it was could easily be hiding in the shadows. She heard the footsteps again and spun round. No one.

Then there was a giggling, like a child.

Right. Behind. Her.

She whirled round immediately and was met with a green face and a toothy grin. A gremlin!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Gremlins were mostly harmless - though mischievous - and the Elf felt her fear drain away. Then it pushed her. The small green creature charged into her, knocking her down onto the rough rock floor, and then ran off into the caverns, giggling with delight. Fori sat in the rock dust for a few seconds, then gathering her dignity, continued into the caverns to gather plants.

18th Granite 674 - Morning

"I tell you, young pilgrim! It was by the gods' will only that we survived! And we must not fall back into the decadence that the Iiral Dynasty has pushed the Grizzly Vessel into over these three hundred years!"

"Decadence? *Decadence!?*" Shin said incredulously. Urist Imiknorris, who was making mechanisms for traps nearby, gave a laugh,

"Oh yes, come see Nomekast and its palaces!" he declared like an advertiser.

"My dear young pilgrims. It will avail us to nothing to simply make fun of a serious situation! If we cannot prove our worth to the gods then doom will befall us!"

"Well go and talk to them then. You're a prophet aren't you?"

"I cannot demand of the gods! No. What we need is a *temple*! A temple to worship the gods in!"

Shin's jaw fell straight down,

"A temple?" she asked quietly. Ibruk cocked his head,

"I'm sorry pilgrim, I didn't get that-"

"A *temple!?* There are twelve of us, the world's slowly being...destroyed! by a horde of vicious monsters and we're having to work non-stop all day just to keep things going here, and you want us to go and build a *temple!?* And I thought Royals could be demandingly mad!"

"It's the only-"

"You want a temple? You go make yourself a temple, on your own! We've got a tunnel to finish, weapons to make, farms to look after, booze to brew, a gremlin to watch out for, and a endless swarm of monsters to avoid!"

20th Granite 674 - Evening

"There we go." Tarran said in a hushed voice, as though he were in the presence of the sacred. Slowly and carefully he grasped the red-hot iron with the tongs, and pulled it out the forge, taking his hammer. After he had finished hammering into the shape of the sword he would need to fold it several times to ensure maximum sharpness.

He had been working all day in the forges, making swords, axes and picks. And after this he would have a crossbow to make. It was tiring, and the heat made him sweat terribly, but he enjoyed it deeply and with each new weapon he made his skills and techniques were getting better. In the forge besides him, Muenster was melting down the copper weapons into bars to recycle them into spikes for some of Torvold's many traps that the engineer had devised. The digging of the tunnel in which survivors would be able to flee into to escape from the Nothing was already being started, and the most optimistic guesses were that the tunnel would be fully-functional by the beginning of Summer. The new lace agate gem window also gave them a clear view of the valley, to spot anyone or anything, and the gem panes shone in the sun, a glare that would catch any passing by, including enemies.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 18, 2010, 12:47:59 pm**

Uh, you do know that marksdwarves are bugged in this version right? ammo is almost never picked up no matter what.

"There are still various problems with dwarves not equipping what they should; notably marksdwarves (who try to train not with archery practice but by sparring with crossbows as blunt weapons)."

Now, don't be afraid of a little gremlin, I can take it. What's the worst that could happen?\*

\*Oh god oh god oh god. If you even *look* at their raws. You are going to pay.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 18, 2010, 12:54:11 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on April 18, 2010, 12:47:59 pm  
Now, don't be afraid of a little gremlin, I can take it. What's the worst that could happen?\*

\*Oh god oh god oh god. ~~If you *even* Look at their raws~~ and make them FUN, or you are going to pay.

Sounds good to me! ;D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 18, 2010, 01:00:34 pm**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on April 18, 2010, 12:54:11 pm  
Quote from: Tarran on April 18, 2010, 12:47:59 pm  
Now, don't be afraid of a little gremlin, I can take it. What's the worst that could happen?\*

\*Oh god oh god oh god. If you even Look at their raws. ~~and make them FUN~~ or you are going to pay.

Sounds good to me! ;D

HE'S MY GUY, IF YOU WANT TO DIE, GET KILLED YOURSELF.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Spartan 117** on **April 18, 2010, 02:10:48 pm**

"A temple."

Twitch.

"A **carping** temple."

Twitch twitch.

"I...wha...just..."

Spartan turned and walked off.

*'I wonder if I could arrange a tragic mining incident resulting in the death of our BATSHIT INSANE friend...'*



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 18, 2010, 02:12:30 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on April 18, 2010, 01:00:34 pm

~~HE'S, IF YOU WANT TO DIE, GET KILLED MY GUY YOURSELF.~~

Technicly, I have added nothing to this sentence.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Tarran** on **April 18, 2010, 02:17:18 pm**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on April 18, 2010, 02:12:30 pm

Quote from: Tarran on April 18, 2010, 01:00:34 pm

~~HE'S, IF YOU WANT TO DIE, GET KILLED MY GUY YOURSELF.~~

Technicly, I have added nothing to this sentence.

Some day I'm going to get revenge. You'd better watch out.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **ISGC** on **April 18, 2010, 04:00:50 pm**

"weapons and armor are great, yea, absolutely necessary, but what about some splints and crutches or thread for that matter? We need to fill the hospital (we have a hospital, RIGHT?) so if armor and weapon fail (as they have before) and you come to me asking for help, I'll be able to do something other then sing you lullaby. I understand, armor is the first line of defense, but I couldn't stand it if any of you start bleeding out and I have to try and dress the wound with steel."

love the window :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **r3d5kull** on **April 18, 2010, 04:22:49 pm**

Hey can you upload your DF folder so I can try fighting the nothing. Also how do I use Companion?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Fortis** on **April 18, 2010, 09:52:24 pm**

"Muenster, Doc, thank you. The window is lovely," Fori said, looking out of the new window. The view was indeed lovely, and it did her heart good to see the sun and forest again. Even if the Defilers lurking about outside did spoil the view. "And don't worry, I trust your stone and gem work. I don't think the defilers could even get up here."

Fori sat quietly, gazing out over the forest, before speaking again. "That encounter with the grimeling has mea thinking. I might have been very lucky. It could have been any manner of creature down there. I'll need some way to defend myself. I'm no soldier, and I don't want to be one, but I'm thinking that I should learn how to use a weapon. What do you think would be best for me? Perhaps a sword?"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Dermonster** on **April 18, 2010, 10:02:39 pm**

Can i have a dwarf in the near future?

Derm  
AxeDwarf  
Gender: Male.  
Is prone to adventure, and is occasionally given to bouts of introspection and is fond of being overly dramatic.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Fortis** on **April 19, 2010, 01:36:28 am**

(Heh. So far, I think I'm the only one who actually likes elves thrown in to live with dwarves in these things. I haven't seen anyone else do it.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Mangled** on **April 19, 2010, 02:22:24 am**

Ah Gremlins, those guys are fun.  
By that I mean I hate the little gits, the amount of times I had to patch up some poor sod because a Gremlin had pulled some lever or other..  
Then again they have their uses, I ever tell you guys about the time me and my brother stole the old Guard Captains sword from it's scabbard and replaced it with a carp and blamed it on a gremlin?  
Man I miss being nine.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Aequor** on **April 20, 2010, 06:01:27 pm**

Just in time for a huge migrant wave dermonster! Seriously, my population more than tripled within seconds, and then more than halved, ah well.

Also, have no fear Tarran! I won't modify the gremlins, not since there are quite a few cave alligators paddling around, and probably some giant cave spiders no doubt. And I know marksdwarves are bugged, but I got Rovod to shoot once before, so...yeah, I can try again, and if it doesn't work then we have a group of hammerdorfs.

Also, r3d5kull, here's (<http://dff.d.wimbli.com/file.php?id=2166>) the save from just before this update. There are some migrants right at the south, and the Nothings are huddled a bit to the east of them.

#### 2nd Slate 674 - Dawn

Fori was observing the rising sun through the gem window in the Lighthouse when all hell broke loose. It started with a Nothing that moved worryingly close to the window. Fori stood her ground, trusting in the Dwarven craftsmanship. The Nothing began clawing at the window to no avail, and Fori decided to go down for breakfast. Unseen by her, the Nothing flattened its dark appendages and slid them into the minuscule cracks between the gem window and the mountain wall. Once its proboscis had infiltrated inside, it wrenched the window back, knocking it back into the three gem panes it had been made from.

The Nothing was inside.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



However, Fori's Elf-hearing had once again proved its worth as she had heard it. Quickly she raised the alarm and soon Tarran, Rion, Rovod and Spartan stood ready to fight with the new iron weapons. The Nothing powered down the ramp, tentacles at the ready, only to be met by the four Dwarves who promptly hacked it into pieces. The four-Dwarf squad moved forward only to be met by another Nothing, quickly dispatched. They sprinted up the ramp, followed by Urist who had volunteered to build a wall to fill the breach while the soldiers kept watch.

Fear and worry filled the Dwarves as they looked out the window, two more Nothings burst out at them, and it took the four of them to kill the creatures. But beyond them was a veritable cloud of Nothings, a huge swarm, all charging towards this one breach in the Dwarven defenses. Hand trembling, Urist sprinted to the hole and with the help of the soldiers, slid the gneiss block into place, shutting out the growing sunlight and the invading Nothings. They thought they heard some scratching on the rock, and then nothing. Sighing with relief, the five of them all moved off to get a stiff drink.

#### 12th Slate 674 - Midnight

They had traversed mountains and lakes for more than a season before reaching the valleys in which nestled the Swamps of Tunneling. 31 of them, all that was left of the exodus of 60 that had escaped from the destruction of their mountainhome. Now they came to the rumoured site of a defended fortress which had withstood the Nothing.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





"See anything?" Delta grunted to Derm. Derm scanned the horizon,

"I can see trees, ground, rocks, plants, a river, the moon-"

"Nevermind."

"Pardon me gentledwarfs." came a voice behind them. They turned round. It was Stas, a shady individual they had picked up on the way. He had fled from the destruction of his own mountain home and wandered the continent before finding and joining them. Delta grunted a 'what?'.

"Well I just thought you'd want to know, there's a wall over there, and a ditch." Stas said, pointing off to the other side of the valley. Derm peered into the gloom,

"Hey! There is! How did I miss it?"

Another Dwarf came up now, Johann Schimdt,

"What's happening?" he asked. Stas turned to him,

"I was merely pointing out the wa-"

"We've found a wall and the fortress is there and we're gonna go there and we'll be safe!" Derm said happily in one breath.

"Don't count your purring maggots too soon." Delta murmured. Johann nodded,

"There could be Nothings anywhere." he agreed.

"Well then, gentledwarves. We had better get moving I'll...ah, get *my* stuff. You tell the others." Stas said, leaving with a twirl of his cloak.

Soon the two dozen Dwarves were cautiously moving down the valley, weapons held tight in their hands and eyes sweeping the surroundings for any sign of the Nothing. They had made it to Squeezemunch when the Nothings emerged. The monsters burst out in an ambush, there were at least 20 of the things, all piling in on a single Dwarf, who's screams of pain carried long into the night. Pushed by self-survival and hardened by already 30 other deaths prior to their arrival, the Dwarves continued to the entrance, shouting to be let in. The Nothings moved in on them and ten brave Dwarves all broke off from the rest of the group, holding make-shift or rusty weapons and telling the others that they would hold the swarm off while they fled inside.

The half-a-score of Dwarves were soon submerged as more and more Nothings joined the horde, meanwhile, the drawbridge was finally lowered and the rest all fled in. Of the 31 Dwarves that had made their way to Nomekast, only 16 remained. One had been caught outside and fled from the Nothings, away from the fortress, and another, Sarvesh Mosusedtul, had been struck by some strange mood and had gone off on his own, leaving the group behind. Despite the fact that 16 Dwarves had made it to safety, it did not seem like so great a victory in the face of so many losses.

But it was still a victory in respects to the Dwarves saved. Ibruk greeted each of them personally, and was pleased to find several devout and ardent worshippers within the ranks of the Dwarves, some of which even agreed to help him build his temple. Meanwhile the tunnel to safely allow migrants and traders in was well underway, almost halfway dug out, and Reg and Steve had inaugurated a hospital to tend to the wounded. There had been no sign of the gremlin that had surprised Fori, though there was a renewal of the splashing sounds from the underground lake to the north and plans were underway to enlarge the compound with a wall in order to increase safety in the underground.

#### 6th Felsite 674 - Afternoon

The arrival of the largest group of refugees Nomekast had had so far had had many effects. Ibruk's temple was well-underway now. The farms would need to be increased in size, and there was talk of moving them into the caverns. Most of all, there was less work all-around. This meant that a fully-fledged military could be set up, which would prove vital if the Nothing ever broke into Nomekast again. A squad, named 'The Noiseless Metals' had been formed. On account of his having always been at the forefront of the fortress' defence, Tarran was made Militia Commander, while Rion was made Sergeant, also joining The Noiseless Metals was Johann Schmidt, as a hammerdwarf, and Risen and Kol, both axedwarves. Meanwhile Rovod had been made a Militia Captain and was now heading the Marksdwarf squad known as 'The Tusks of Silver' which consisted of him and Doc. Steve, who had agreed to become a marksdwarf responsible for removing the wounded from the battlefields. Barracks were being dug out for the two squads, and iron armour forged. If all went well, Nomekast would have a functioning and well-trained, well-equipped military by the time the tunnel was finished.

I haven't added Stas, Derm, Delta and Johann's profiles yet but I'll get them up tomorrow.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **April 20, 2010, 09:05:30 pm**

Muenster had been thinking lately. The elf had asked him if she should carry a weapon. Of course in these dangerous times, everyone should carry a weapon. He himself had even taken to a weapon now and then, just in case. Maces were quite dwarvenly. Not as dwarvenly as a hammer..but still they were excellent smashing weapons. But an elf wouldn't wield one. No they were too...lithe. They favored speed and flexibility over strength and solidity..hmm...perhaps a sword would be good for her. He liked having her around...wouldn't ever say that, but he did.

(I humbly request that Muenster make her a training weapon.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **April 21, 2010, 12:15:24 am**

From the log of Fori

By the spirits, I have never been so frightened. If I had not gotten hungry just then, I would have been dead at the cruel hands of the defiler. As it was, I barely had enough time to scream and flee down the ramp. Fortunately, the stout dwarves grabbed their weapons. Four of them killed the defiler, and went on up to the tower to protect Urist as he sealed up the gap where the window had been. The rest of us waited anxiously, half expecting to hear the screams of the dwarves as the defilers swarmed them. But no, spirits bless them, they came down, all alive, and said their hasty stonework stopped the defiler's claws. There was a collective sigh of relief, and mugs of ale were passed around to help everyone's nerves recover. I didn't see who handed one to me, but I drank it. At least this time, I could remember what happened, and my jerkin stayed where it was.

There was more news as well. Without the window, the information whispered through the trees to me has been our only source of news to the outside. And a rather intermittent news at that. But it was enough to alert us that a battle was taking place outside, that once again dwarf and defiler blood quenched the roots of the trees. The drawbridge was lowered in time to save sixteen souls, as the defilers butchered the ones who were not so fortunate. I sang a song of mourning for them. But it was fortunate that so many managed to survive, our numbers grew quite a bit today. It seems that these dwarves took to an elf living among them in relatively good stride. Granted, I did get a lot of suspicious looks, but the knowledge that I helped feed these dwarves with my farming (And made their ale brewing possible) seemed to mollify them.

But...the defiler break in, the slaughter of the immigrants... This has me thinking, and not on pleasant thoughts. So far, I've seen lots of dwarves that have managed to survive, but no elves. Were the retreats so thoroughly overrun that so few elves escaped? Am I one of many refugees from the retreats, or one of few?

Is it possible that I am the last of my kind?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dervin** on **April 21, 2010, 04:53:08 pm**

((Keep the story coming, I like it.))

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **April 21, 2010, 04:56:02 pm**

Brilliant!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 21, 2010, 05:01:55 pm**

Tarran's dabbles, Chapter 4:

...

...

...



Oh, I'm writing this? Oh, well, recently a Nothing broke though a window. Not like that's a gigantic surprise. But at least I got to cut things up... ...Nothing else to report.

I Kinda feel like a underground ocean-side residence, preferably one that has fortifications to see the sea. Please?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 21, 2010, 06:58:55 pm**

Right, Stas, Johann, Delta and Derm's profiles are up on the main page with the others.

Tarran, you can have your seaside house, but I'm not responsible for any giant olms or cave crocodiles that visit. ;D Also, wouldn't you prefer windows that fortifications?

18th Felsite 674

Life in Nomekast was beginning to - despite Ibruk's protests - settle down into the familiar routine of an ordinary fortress, only in this fortress, going outside meant death, more so than anywhere else. And there was an Elf living amongst them; but she was good at getting a large plump helmet harvest in, and had recently - with a sword kindly made for her by Muenster - taken up swordselfship to better defend herself and her adopted home.

Work on Ibruk's temple was advancing quickly with the help of the new migrants, and the prophet had managed to somehow commandeer several bars of iron to build the inner walls with while Tarran was away from the forges. This had resulted in hot words from several Dwarves who rightly felt that this was a waste, but to no avail.



Torvold and Urist had finished several traction benches for the hospital, and crutches, beds and splints were being made by a carpenter who had arrived with the refugees. Talk of a dining room had surfaced, though there had been no consensus yet. Some Dwarves supported making the dining room in the caverns, but this would place it far from the farms; at least, until the new farming land was ready; while others supported carving it near the current farms and bedrooms.

Work on the tunnel; mostly through Spartan's mining and Torvold's ideas, was advancing fast, though it didn't seem likely that the traps would be finished by summer. Torvold had spared no expense, drawing up plans for a drowning room, spike traps, pressure-triggered bridges, stone-fall traps and more which would hopefully keep anything out, whether they been Nothing or animals.

Meanwhile, Tarran had started work on a little cottage by the underground lake-sea just to the north of the temple.

1st Hematite 674



Sarvesh Mosusedtul stumbled up the hill like a Dwarf possessed. He had been with the refugee group when something had struck him, and he had wandered away. A voice had spoken to him, harsh and unreserved. He had lost control over most his body and had now spent several weeks roaming the southern side of the valley, and yet he hadn't died yet.

"Glass! Glass you fool!" the voice hissed.

"What do you want!?" Sarvesh managed to gasp, his throat drier than a desert, yet he had not died from dehydration,

"You will obey me!"

"But what do you want!?"

"I must have glass! Glass you fool!"

"There isn't any!"

"Do not question me! Get me glass!"

Just his luck, Sarvesh had to be possessed by what seemed to be a noble, unwilling to understand the impossibility of its demands. He was no longer in control of his body, having gradually lost it, and yet the voice seemed to think he could get him glass.

"Glass! Obey me! Glass! OBEY!"

"There isn't any!" Sarvesh screamed, breaking into sobs. His body immediately stopped its weeping as he felt his control over his face leave him,

"Pitiful fool! Do not think you can trick me with tears! You! Will! Obey! Me!"

"There's no glass here!" Sarvesh screamed in his mind. Then he felt possibly the most terrible feeling he had ever felt, like something was going through his very mind, and stabbing at it. Like acid was trickling down through his brain, searing everything in its wake. The voice was silent for a few seconds, and then,

"Then I have no use for you."

Wispy smoke flowed out of Sarvesh's mouth, rising into the air and then dissipating. His mind broken by the ordeal, Sarvesh, regaining control of his body in one sharp shock, ran screaming down the mountain, clawing his clothes off, like a Dwarf gone stark raving mad. He made it to Squeezemunch before a dozen Nothings piled on him and tore him to shreds.

Doesn't seem like there's going to be an Elf caravan this year. I blame the elves.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 21, 2010, 07:13:07 pm**

If there are going to be any windows, they are going to be on the second floor.

Hey, anyone else want to have a sea-side residence next to mine?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **April 21, 2010, 07:17:23 pm**

Derm's Mental journal.

Oh Journal! everything here is great! The floors are smooth, the walls have the occasional picture, and theres this neat Cavern below the surface. Too bad My pals from Niltosed couldn't see this. (Though most of them made fun of me for my spear. I switched to an axe. It's so shiny!) Stupid encroaching wave of darkness. Luckily i managed to jump into some sort of portal near the glowing pits. I wonder what happened to them? I never got to say goodbye to Fortis... Oh right! Fortis was this really weird dwarf that was really tall, and he liked plants. I was going to give him some of my mums special sunshine brew, it could knock out a hydra, but the darkness spread before I could. Ah well. I think I'll go over the gardens, for old times sake.

...

Say, that elf looks familiar. I wonder why.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Areku** on **April 21, 2010, 07:59:55 pm**



The rambling logs of Delta;

Hrrm. A dead end, once again. Stuck in this pathetic excuse of a fortress. For eight months had I roamed the wilds in search of my lost daughter, since those... things attacked the mountainhomes. I have to say, I am a hardened individual, even compared to other dwarves. I survived the great magma flood back in Machineshimmers. I escaped from the skeletal carp in Razorrubs. I fought against the goblin menace in Fortressmurder. But these monsters are fiercer than anything I had ever encountered before. My wife was killed before my very eyes, and my daughter and I got separated. With no food and nowhere to go, my only chance of survival seems to lie here, in this hole in the ground. Well, it's better than nothing. Or Nothing, for all that matters.

Well, I'll see if I can get myself some lodgings. Hopefully something better than the 2x1 alcoves I've seen so far. I heard someone talking about building a sea-side residence down in the caves. That oughta mean there's some water down there, so I reckon I might even get to build a submerged room like the one I had in Machineshimmers. But judging by the state of this place, I'll be lucky if I even get a bed to sleep in. Looks like these guys never heard anything about proper decoration or comfort. \*mumblecursegrowl\*

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On an unrelated sidenote, I've just noticed that Delta is a tall dwarf in his profile. :3

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **April 21, 2010, 08:07:05 pm**

I love how my dwarf looks, it's so thief-like.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **April 22, 2010, 01:11:31 pm**

From the log of Fori

Despite the ever present danger outside, life seems to be becoming routine here. Once one gets used to living underground, a dwarf fortress isn't a bad place. My eyes are getting better at seeing in the dark tunnels, and the air no longer feels so close and restricting. While it isn't as open as a retreat, it does feel much safer. Also, I think the new arrivals are getting used to me as well. They don't mind my singing as I work at farming the mushrooms.

There has also been more construction projects going on. Ibruk and some more of the more 'devoted' dwarves have been busy building a temple. There was quite a row when he made off with some of the forged metal from Tarran's workplace. Personally, I don't understand him, or his talk about the gods. Then again, most dwarves don't understand the spirits of the trees that I talk with. It's pretty much a given fact that they can't even hear them. But temple aside, there's talk of making a grand dining room, so we don't have to eat dinner in the storeroom anymore. Of the two ideas suggested, I'm in favor of building it in the cavern. I even took up a moment to draw up some plans of an open styled room, up on a platform to keep the creatures of the caverns from bothering us. Personally, I thought it to be a nice fusion of dwarf and elf styles, their stonework paired with the openness to nature favored by the elves. I don't know if they will agree, or even if it is feasible, but it wouldn't hurt to present my ideas to them.

And I'm getting better with the training sword Muenster made for me. This is the first time I've ever picked up a weapon, let alone a metal, dwarf-made one. Dwarf swords are usually made to work like their axes: heavy chopping implements. But Muenster made me a sword more fitted to my style. It was lighter and thinner, more suited to the elves way of fighting. Its rather reminiscent of the human style of fencing. I hope I don't have to use it, but I'm more ready to face the dangers that await us.

There has been no other sightings of other elves though. Some days, it depresses me, but there is usually a dwarf there to cheer me up. Of course 'cheer up' and 'get hammered drunk' are fairly synonymous to dwarves. I generally wind up forgetting my worries for a while (or forgetting everything for a while) and simply laugh at the defilers outside and at all our troubles in general. And wake up the next day with a splitting headache.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 23, 2010, 10:16:12 am**

Ah at last things are starting to get sensible round here. Well as sensible as can be expected of a Dwarven Fortress, I swear I heard someone demanding glass a few days ago but nothings came of that. The Elf is adapting well to her new home and despite being plagued by this "Hangover" malady she continues to drink the good stuff and has even started swinging a sword about. We'll make a dwarf of her yet methinks. In other news we have the beginnings of a hospital so chances are me and Reg will be busy with that in the coming months.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 23, 2010, 02:54:49 pm**

"A strange bunch, we are! Prophets, elves, Nothing; it seems generations of dwarven tradition are just being thrown away! Though in time of such peril, it's probably for the best. I don't like it, though, not one bit. And that elf, pfft! elves aren't made for dwarven drink, not by a long shot, and the others seem to be warming up to her! can you believe that, an elf accepted in the halls of dwarves, you'de never find that at home, never. Though she does seem to take a bit more rum then I would have expected of an elf; albeit the complaints about her "hangovers". If you ask me I'd attribute it to the elfe's lack of sun, but I'm not elf doctor... curious (note to self, inquire further). Anyway, the hospital is moving forward, and though I'm happy to have some base of operations, I'm dreading the hauling that would have to be done. Hopefully I can get one of these bucket-head fighters to do it for me. Well, inventories to do, people to talk to, later."

with everyone warming up to the elf, thought I'd take a more... radical approach.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ScreamingDoom** on **April 23, 2010, 03:35:27 pm**

You need some humans and goblins in this fortress. Make Nomekast a true multicultural fortress! The Nothing making friends of former bitter enemies.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kadzar** on **April 23, 2010, 10:46:49 pm**

Could I possibly get a dorf?

Name:Kadzar  
Gender: Male  
Profession: Zealot  
Personality: Fanatically devoted to Ibruk's teachings. Believes the Nothings were sent by the gods to purge the world of the unfaithful.

I'd like any dwarf form the recent immigrant wave that has helped build the temple, if that is at all possible.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 24, 2010, 12:37:15 am**

Oh I don't intend for my guy to be warming up to the elf just yet. Call it a medical curiosity that she is adapting to being underground and her "Hangovers and such. Honestly, a dwarf seeing something with a hangover is going to be curious/concerned.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 24, 2010, 05:27:18 am**

when I said warming up, it was really just pointing out how everyone readily accepted an elf. I think there would be some kind of racial tension, as historically dwarves and elves aren't the best of neighbors.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **April 24, 2010, 11:41:56 am**

Quote from: ISGC on April 24, 2010, 05:27:18 am  
when I said warming up, it was really just pointing out how everyone readily accepted an elf. I think there would be some kind of racial tension, as historically dwarves and elves aren't the best of neighbors.  
Generally, people tend to forget past greivnces when **FUCKING HORRORS SENT FROM BENETH THE EARTH COME TO EXTERMINATE ALL LIFE!** Besides, she acts quite dwarven for a dirty elf.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **April 24, 2010, 01:09:12 pm**

Quote  
when I said warming up, it was really just pointing out how everyone readily accepted an elf. I think there would be some kind of racial tension, as historically dwarves and elves aren't the best of neighbors.

I understand that. For Fori's part though, she's been through a lot. I imagine having her home destroyed by the nothings caused her to question and doubt a good deal of the beliefs and traditions the elves held. She knows that it was an act of unprecedented kindness letting her stay at the fortress, and she has been trying to get used to their way of living. Besides, these dwarves so far have cut no trees down, just mushrooms in the caverns.

I wouldn't mind if some stubborn dwarfs resent her presence, just don't flood her room with magma or anything.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 24, 2010, 02:12:09 pm**

Quote from: Fortis on April 24, 2010, 01:09:12 pm  
I wouldn't mind if some stubborn dwarfs resent her presence, just don't flood her room with magma or anything.  
I think, for the sake of role play, Reg will have a sort of racial intolerance (this goes for any OTHER sun dwellers that join us, as well!) and I'll try and remember my manners, that elves don't have the same love for magma as us dwarves do ;)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 24, 2010, 06:03:23 pm**

You're in Kadzar! Profile on the first post. ;)  
  
Also, I've spotted giant cave spiders! Worse of all, they not far from the temple and Tarran's house. (No Tarran, this is a coincidence, I did not drive it to your house with sticks. I promise.)

2nd Sandstone 674

Ibruk's temple was finally finished. It's foundations were made of gneiss, its outer floors of slate, columns of schist, walls and doors of iron and shale and phyllite altars. The inner floor was cobaltite and the roof was microcline. Beneath the temple plants grew, entrapped and encircled by the foundation walls. Various figurines of the gods had been made and placed on the altars and there was talk of possible statues. Ibruk, leader of the religious community of Nomekast in all but name, had placed one of his most fervent students, Kadzar, as Chief Priest of the temple.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)





The barracks for The Noiseless Metals and The Tusks of Silver were completed, with armour stands and weapon racks for every soldier, and archery targets for the marksdwarves.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Progress on the tunnel had slowed down, due to massive hauling of boulders out of the way, but cage traps were being set up, and the drowning room only needed its floodgates to be linked up. Meanwhile, the hospital was all-but finished, just needing several beds to be made to house the infirm who didn't need a traction bench.

Work on Tarran's lake-side cottage was progressing steadily, with most of the walls set up so far. The swordsdwarf had also got Muenster to agree to fit in gem windows. Delta had been seen asking Torvold about the feasibility of draining the lake to build an underwater home, and several other Dwarves were beginning to take an interest in making their own homes.

Strange noises from the caverns resulted in a blacksmith, Id, being mauled and killed by a giant olm. The giant olm, now nicknamed Balumid, was promptly dispatched by Rion in a bloody display that saw its head and two of its legs fly off. Two giant rats later scurried through the caverns and up into the fortress proper, only to meet their deaths at the hands of Johann Schmidt's axe. The three corpses were soon butchered for meat, a rare luxury in Nomekast, which survived only on a diet of plump helmet and a mix of Dwarven wine and ale.

#### 5th Sandstone 674 - Morning

Ibruk had just finished the Morning Rites dedicated to Kol Esdorkol, god of travellers and patron of the month of Sandstone, when it struck him. It started with a growing grin, and then a deep, joyful laugh, and he ran off from the cavern back into the upper levels of Nomekast, singing various hymns with gusto. He grabbed some stone, cobbling a craftsdwarf workshop together and began collecting materials at once.

The rest of the fortress was at a loss as to what to do. Several suggested that this was one of the fabled strange moods that were heard of in various fortresses, but no one knew exactly what to do. Kadzar suggested that, being a prophet, Ibruk was simply receiving guidance from the gods who were now pleased with their new temple, Reg suggested that he had gone stark raving mad, and should be sent to the hospital at once, Spartan advocated simply throwing him out in case he went berserk, as was sometimes heard of in these cases.

But there was no real consensus on what to do, so they simply watched as Ibruk collected two bars of iron (despite Tarran's anger), some dog leather, along with a pile of donkey bones, dog bones as well as Balumid's bones. Then he sung no more and began to work furiously, masterfully manipulating the varied materials.

#### 6th Sandstone 674 - Noon

"No, no, no. All I want to do is some tests to see exactly what this...'hangover' is." Reg assured Fori. Fori had been walking down the ramp into the caverns when the doctor had ambushed her to ask if she would comply with some medical tests to examine the hangovers she had been suffering from due to the potency of Dwarven alcohol.

"I am not a medical experiment to be tested on." Fori protested.

"But it could save lives! What if this 'hangover' spreads across the species-barrier to Dwarves! It could paralyse the whole Dwarven population!"

"I already told you it's not a disease! It's a common reaction in non-Dwarves when we drink too much alcohol."

"Too much? You barely touched a drop!"

"For a Dwarf, yes. But not for an Elf."

"It's true Elves can't hold their drink, but that's not the point! What if it *is* caused by a disease? Do you want the entirety of Dwarvenkind to be cursed to slow down to a snail's pace just because you refused to do some tests!? You vicious Elf! Think of the people who might die!"

"Hey!" came a call. It was Stas, enshrouded with his usual cloak, "Ibruk's finished...whatever it was he was doing, and I do think you two should come see rather than argue."

- - -

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

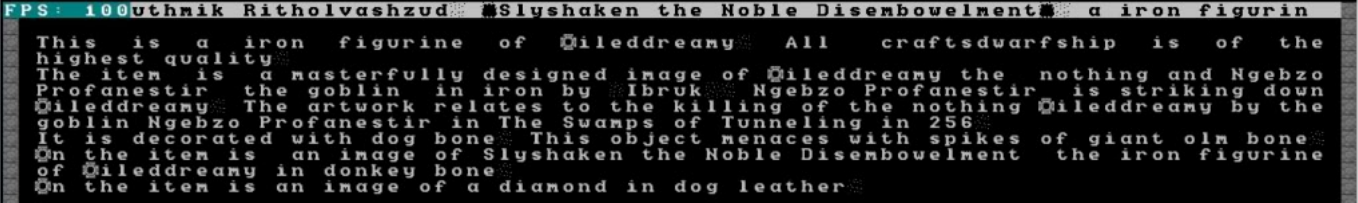


Ibruk had toiled night and day without respite in his work. And now he proudly held up his work,

"Behold! Laniruthmik Ritholvashzud - Slyshaken the Noble Disembowelment!"

The Dwarves crowded round, examining the statue, there could be no doubt that it was masterfully crafted,

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"See! The gods bid me to create this figurine engraved with the death of a Nothing by a Goblin as a sign! We must hold out an open hand to our old enemies, as we have with Fori, the Elf! The pure Goblins - rare though they might be - are enemies of the Nothing too, and may be saved! So may the Humans! We must strive to bring forth enlightenment to ALL races!"

The crowd began to thin now, with only Ibruk's most loyal followers remaining where they were,

"This sign is clear for all to see! Nomekast shall rise! The gods have decreed so!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 24, 2010, 06:16:02 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on April 24, 2010, 06:03:23 pm

...  
Ibruk's temple was finally finished. It's foundations were made of gneiss, its outer floors of **slade**, columns of schist, walls and doors of iron and shale and phyllite altars. The inner floor was cobaltite and the roof was microcline. Beneath the temple plants grew, entrapped and encircled by the foundation walls. Various figurines of the gods had been made and placed on the altars and there was talk of possible statues. Ibruk, leader of the religious community of Nomekast in all but name, had placed one of his most fervent students, Kadzar, as Chief Priest of the temple.  
...

\*cough\*SLATE (<http://df.magmawiki.com/index.php/DF2010:Slate>) not SLADE (<http://df.magmawiki.com/index.php/DF2010:Slade>)\*cough\*

Darn Ibruk and his iron stealing figurine. >:(

Tarran's dabbles, Chapter 5:

Out of all the things Ibruk had to pick, he picked *iron*, **iron!** All for his stupid gods.

One way or another, he is going to die for his stupid religion. Really, why did he have to be stuck with us?! Argh!

Also; You should stick a bunch of cave traps near the lake, Think: Army of Giant Toads. :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 24, 2010, 06:21:56 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on April 24, 2010, 06:16:02 pm

Quote from: Aequor on April 24, 2010, 06:03:23 pm

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Ibruk's temple was finally finished. It's foundations were made of gneiss, its outer floors of **slade**, columns of schist, walls and doors of iron and shale and phyllite altars. The inner floor was cobaltite and the roof was microcline. Beneath the temple plants grew, entrapped and encircled by the foundation walls. Various figurines of the gods had been made and placed on the altars and there was talk of possible statues. Ibruk, leader of the religious community of Nomekast in all but name, had placed one of his most fervent



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Re: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
 Sent by: **Dermonster** on **April 24, 2010, 06:23:18 pm**

AND IF THIS FAILS MY IDENTICAL TWIN BROTHER WHO WILL APPEAR IN THE MIGRANT WAVE THAT ARRIVES AFTER MY DEMISE WILL REPLACE ME.

Re: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
 Sent by: **Tarran** on **April 24, 2010, 06:24:35 pm**

\*cough\*SLATE (<http://df.magmawiki.com/index.php/DF2010:Slate>) not SLADE (<http://df.magmawiki.com/index.php/DF2010:Slade>)\*cough\*

I agree. Also; is there going to be a way to get into that enclosed garden? It just seems strange to just 'be there' without any reason, and no-one can see it right now.

Re: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
 Posted by: **Dermonster** on **April 24, 2010, 06:26:47 pm**

If our underground neighbors have a house, we can use that as a temple.

Re: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
 by: **Kadzar** on **April 24, 2010, 07:02:48 pm**

Kadzar's diary, 6th of Sandstone, 674:  
Master Ibruk has finished conversing with the gods, and it seems we must seek help from the goblins to defeat the Nothings. I still have trouble sleeping at night for fear the Elf will eat me. I don't know how I'd manage around goblins. But Master Ibruk is the gods' prophet. It's not like just any dwarf can receive messages from the gods to build mysterious items. I will put my faith in the gods that they shall see us true believers through this time of tribulation.

Re: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
 Sent by: **Stas** on **April 24, 2010, 07:05:03 pm**

But seriously though, my dwarf needs a thief's den, something hidden and only accessible by me. It should have a bed room, a study and an extra room to hoard things in.

Re: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
 Sent by: **ISGC** on **April 24, 2010, 07:33:38 pm**

"Hmph! elves, they don't know what's good for 'em! I swear, when the fort is entirely stricken with Hangover and Ibruk casts Fori out, I won't feel even the slightest twinge of regret! Send the elf away, the nothing can have her; she's a dirty little creature! Worse yet, she's clean! Dwarves have survived centuries without their help, we don't need it now. And Ibruk, oh poor, misguided Ibruk. He's gone and created a master craft figurine, one to compete with those of the legendary metal crafters in the east! Yet he calls it a SIGN, a message from god! Hah! He has a gift, that one, a gift that's being WASTED with his religious babble. He'd be more of a help with an armorer's hammer in his hand than scripture! It's a wonder we made it this far."

ah, Reg has nothing but complaints and doubts.

Re: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
 Sent by: **Fortis** on **April 26, 2010, 12:29:01 am**

Still, some of the looks I get from him make me glad that I decided to train with a sword. I just hope it doesn't come to that.

Also, Ibruk has started to concern me. I thought his talk of gods and building temples was benign at first, but now I'm not so sure. I could overlook him working on his temple. Even him drawing away workers from projects that even I can see are important to the survival of our fortress. And even despite Tarran's protests, the theft of the iron wasn't too bad. But now, he speaks of living with goblins. Humans, I could tolerate, but why goblins?

Perhaps I'm being hypocritical. After all, the dwarves accepted an elf into their midst. But still, the thought of living with goblins frightens me. If there's one thing besides the defilers that dwarves and elves can agree on, it's goblins. I have seen families torn apart by their child thieving ways. I've seen parents who mourned the loss, no, the corruption, of their sons and daughters. And every time they set foot in the forests, it was with fire and blades. Invariably, they came to kill. I do hope that Ibruk is not serious, or that more sane minds will prevail. If a goblin did live here, I shouldn't get a nights sleep, for fear of waking up to find a dagger blade buried in my back.

Besides, I always viewed dwarves and elves more as rivals than enemies. But there's no mistaking goblins.

Re: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
 Sent by: **r3d5kull** on **April 26, 2010, 09:10:18 am**

last week as I sat in the temple I pondered, what is it about Fori that drives me crazy? I try to talk to her but my mouth waters up and my tongue won't move it just makes me sit there staring at her. She probably thinks I'm a rapist, I would. It's all because off the way her voice sounds, and because her breasts are so awesome they make plump helmets look like cave wheat. Ok well on to the next bit of news; I hate harming other creatures, it's only because my friends are in danger that I lift my axe to kill. I hope that one day the others come to understand this.

From,  
johann

Re: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
 Sent by: **Areku** on **April 26, 2010, 02:43:55 pm**

At any rate, for something on the brighter side of news, our so-called 'leader', Ibruk, has built a small shrine to thank the gods for the fortress's survival. I say the poor sod's a nutter, but still I must admire his talent for decoration. The iron walls give the whole building a nice sober tone, and the shale makes quite a nice contrast with the phyllite columns. Religious fanaticism can be quite a good source of inspiration, if you ask me. As Ibruk demonstrated once more right after finishing his little temple, running around chanting and building perhaps the best action-figure-artifact-thingy I've ever seen. It showed a goblin killing a shadow. Unusual choice of theme, but I can't say I disapprove of it. Back in Machineshimers, I had some pleasant talks with our green-skinned prisoners. Sure, you couldn't let them out of their cages or they would go about killing everyone, but I guess that's just their nature, right?

Re: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
 Sent by: **masam** on **April 27, 2010, 02:21:58 pm**

From,  
johann

There appears to be two dwarves with a liking to elves. hmm...well only one dwarvenly way to settle this. Drunken combat.



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 30, 2010, 06:50:31 pm**

So just a normal Dwarven fistfight?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **May 02, 2010, 07:50:57 pm**

Loser has to shower and stay sober for a week.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **May 02, 2010, 09:13:03 pm**

Quote from: masam on May 02, 2010, 07:50:57 pm  
Loser has to shower and stay ~~sober for a week~~ be a dirty elvish spy with no concept of morality or a sane mindset.



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **May 03, 2010, 11:16:32 am**

Alas, poor sober!  
We hardly knew ye.  
No seriously, who was that guy?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **May 03, 2010, 03:09:41 pm**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on May 02, 2010, 09:13:03 pm  
Quote from: masam on May 02, 2010, 07:50:57 pm  
Loser has to shower and stay ~~sober for a week~~ be a dirty elvish spy with no concept of morality or a sane mindset.



That sound like it's a three way challenge all around...to the death...I'll take no joy in sending the pair of you into the magma when we've got so few of us at the moment.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Melagius** on **May 03, 2010, 06:56:59 pm**

I'd like a dwarf. Melagius, any military dwarf, preferred swordsdwarf, male with an overconfident personality.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **May 06, 2010, 05:02:56 pm**

Sorry about the late update guys, an art exam's been keeping me away, but I'll be resuming regularish updates again.

Welcome to the military Melagius! You'll like it, no one's ever died! Yet... Your profiles up on the first post.

1st Moonstone 674 - Morning

"Ah Stas, you haven't seen the spare pick have you?" Spartan asked the Dwarf as he passed him in the halls. Stas gave a slight cough,

"The spare pick? I can't say I have..."

"Oh, shame."

"Don't worry...it'll probably turn u-" Stas stopped mid-sentence, a strange look on his face. His demeanour suddenly grew shift, as his eyes darted to and fro. He left without a word, moving to the craftsdfwarf workshop where he quickly collected a lace agate, two lumps of magnetite, and some donkey leather. And, all in silence and trying to hide what he was doing from any others nearby, began to work secretly.

- - -

"Master Ibruk!" Kadzar called to the prophet. Ibruk was just leaving, having finished the Morning prayer to Id, supreme god and god of the mountains, as his disciple ran up to him,

"I think Stas is communing with the gods! He's taken the craft workshop, some materials and is working on something, just like you did!"

"Well, by Kol Esdorkol! Let us go at once!"

The two arrived at the workshop behind a crowd which was watching the Dwarf work, trying to steal glances at what he was making. Ibruk pushed past them, moving to Reg and Steve, who were there, conferring between colleagues,

"No, it's perfectly benign. Nothing worse than Ibruk's. I'm more worried about this hangover. That damned e-" Reg said,

"I've heard from some mountainhomes that this is the classic symptom of Berserk Syndrome. It might be best to-"



Ibruk interrupted Doc. Steve with a cough, inclining his head to the two of them before speaking,

"Pilgrims, I do not think you need to worry. He is simply receiving guidance from the gods, as I myself did. Soon we have be witnesses to another sign for our future."

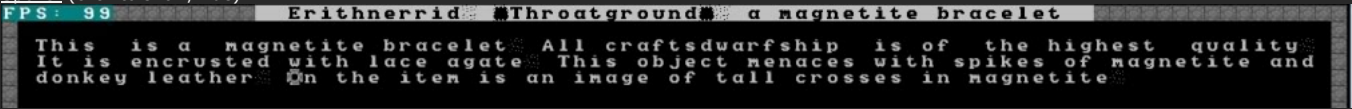
"What we need is a sign of sanity, that's what." Reg said with a sigh, moving away. Doc. Steve shrugged, before following him. Ibruk turned to Kadzar,

"Let us not be disheartened by their lack of faith, dear Kadzar. For did Nekut not show her glory to all by making the moon fill the sky? They will realize, in time."

- - -

Stas finished his work just as dinner was sounded. They found him sitting idly on the floor, holding a magnificent magnetite bracelet. He claimed only to remember speaking to Spartan in the morning and then finding himself clutching the bracelet, which he - for some unknown reason - was sure was called 'Throatground'.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



This time there was no great dictation of the gods' wisdom by Ibruk, mostly from the fact that Stas refused to give the bracelet to anyone and promptly left the room for the caverns.

- - -

Stas didn't know what had caused this sudden blank space in his memories, and what had driven him to create Throatground, but it was a beautiful bracelet, worthy of a king, and he was determined to make sure no one else got their hands on it. He ducked behind the stone walls of the cavern, moving into his private room where he had stashed all that he had taken. He laid the bracelet down onto the table and then suddenly an idea struck him.

The temple was empty.

Everyone was on the upper levels, eating dinner or helping with the carving out of new rooms, or the still-unfinished tunnel. Kadzar had gone with Ibruk for dinner and the temple was empty and unguarded, and held Slyshaken, the idol Ibruk had created. Now as the perfect moment to take it. It was wasted, in that iron temple, surrounded by wooden candles and smoke and being regarded as a gift from the gods. Stas would ensure it was truly admired. He left his little room and moved to the temple, opening the iron doors carefully so as to not leave any trace. Slyshaken stood on the altar, surrounded by fungiwood candles that gave off an pungent aroma, still burning slowly from various people's visits to the temple to pray. He slowly took a gloved hand to the idol, when a voice rang out,

"It is best not to touch that, Master Ibruk has warned that a gift from the gods should be kept in the temple." Stas dropped the idol in surprise and it clattered down onto the cobaltite floor, eliciting a gasp of shock from the voice, who pushed past him, and took Slyshaken reverently in his hands and placed it back on the altar. It was Kadzar, Chief Priest of the temple. Stas gave a cough,

"Forgive me, I wanted to see it close up, now that I myself have...been guided by the gods." he lied. Kadzar nodded,

"That is your right, but do not touch it, Master Ibruk has given direct warnings about such." he repeated. Stas waved a hand out,

"Of course, of course." he said. However, he had not been paying attention to where his hand was going, and knocked over a candle that fell into the idol. Kadzar gave another gasp and moved to move the candle but he suddenly stopped, eyes widening with fear. Stas watched the priest with curiosity, "Any thing the matter?" he asked. Kadzar gave a yelp, falling the ground in prostration. He lay there for a few moments as the idol finished speaking and then pulled himself up, gasping for breath,

"Get Master Ibruk! And get Tarran! And Melagius! And Rion! And-" he gabbed, flustered,

"And what's happened?" Stas asked again.

"The gods spoke to me through Slyshaken! And they said...they warned;



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **May 06, 2010, 05:18:39 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on May 06, 2010, 05:02:56 pm



:-\ So, uh, I think I might... just be... going away now...seeyousuckerslatergoodluckfoolsbye!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **May 06, 2010, 05:26:53 pm**

Tarran's dabbles, Chapter 6:

I OUGHT TO STRANGLE STAS FOR WASTING VALUABLE MAGNETITE FOR A STUPID BRACELET!

To further enrage me, he named it 'Throatground'.

Oh, and a forgotten beast, how lovely. I'll be sure to strangle Stas in heaven/hell after I die.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **May 06, 2010, 05:27:24 pm**

Hurrah! a Worthy Challenge!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **May 06, 2010, 06:36:23 pm**

"Noxious secretions... Noxious secretions... what can I do against noxious secretions? Nothing.... Nothing, ha! Here's an idea, boys and girls, let's just release the flying git on our friends outside! Bahahar, we could kill two birds without even listing a finger! Ah, what a show that would be! I suppose that's not really an option, though. Nor the dwarven way to do it! We are dwarves, after all, aren't we?! Ha! Now, i don't know much 'bout fightan, but I know a thing or two about dwarves, and truly bred dwarves won't let anything get in there way; not beasts, gods, humans... elves.... Nothing! Hehahar. This rum goes down to our dear friend Lerdi, may his death be slow and painful!" Reg let out a bellowed laugh that filled the halls. He often drank more then was needed to fill his stomach in times of great peril.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dervin** on **May 06, 2010, 08:46:20 pm**

We can take that forgotten beast down no problem.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **May 06, 2010, 09:14:05 pm**

Stas's thoughts -

Truly beautiful bracelet I made today...It must be protected. Yes I will wear it at all times. Also, the sculpture spoke of some creature, what even those secretions are I prefer not to be there when they "secrete"?

So This is my plan, I will hoard food and booze into my hideout and will use my thief's mechanic knowledge to build little traps to protect it...or Maybe a way to seal it off for ever, just in case something goes bad.

Also, could we get a screen of the fortress so far?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **May 06, 2010, 10:47:40 pm**

From the log of Fori

A forgotten beast. First the Defilers, and now this. It seems as if nature herself has turned on her children and is waging war upon us. I hoped at first the warning from Kadzar was just a figment of imagination. But then, the whispers from the spirits of the trees took a dark turn, if that was even possible in these times. They warned of a hideous beast of an insect. I admit I was quite shaken. Even behind the strong dwarf stonework, I was fearful. We elves had heard tales of forgotten beasts, who sometimes spawned in the darkest, most twisted depths of the forests.

What can an elf do in such situations? I can but only trust in the spirits. And the dwarfish gods if they do indeed exist. If the dwarves stonework held up to the defilers, it stood a chance against Lerdi too. Then a drunk Reg spouted the idea of unleashing it on the defilers. I shuddered at the thought of that thing tearing among the trees...but perhaps he has an idea. Either the defilers would butcher it, removing a blight from the world, or it would drive the defilers off, and we'd have to deal with one horrific beast rather than hundreds.

I'm only a farmer, even though I carry a sword now. But there's nothing for it but to endure this trial. We must survive, one way or another. But how...I'm not sure.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Urist Imiknorris** on **May 06, 2010, 11:15:06 pm**

Diary of Urist Imiknorris

---



The appearance of a creature forgotten by time has inspired me to begin a journal. I have caught a glimpse of this creature, and it seems challenging. It is eyeless, indicating that it has no need of light. It has an exoskeleton of slate gray chitin, likely much harder than bone. I saw it being attacked by a giant cave spider. The spider was swatted aside with nary a pause. I can only hope that the fine dwarven iron can pierce its defenses. I've seen Fori fight, and it seems that her style relies less on force and more on applying it where it would be most effective. I think such a style to be the only option for slaying this beast.

OOC: My dwarf is fascinated with the mechanics of combat. He wants to apply his knowledge to siege engineering.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kadzar** on **May 07, 2010, 03:03:40 pm**

Kadzar's diary:  
Brother Stas still refuses to surrender Throatground into the Temple's possession. He does not seem to understand that, even though he did not receive a message from the gods, he was nonetheless divinely inspired and, therefore, must pay homage. I do not know if it was his refusal to relinquish possession of Throatground or his disturbing of Slyshaken, but the appearance of Lerdi Kamcanecar makes clear the fact that the gods are not happy with Brother Stas. If he does not comply I fear his banishment may be in order for the good of the community.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Areku** on **May 07, 2010, 06:33:08 pm**

"Hey, what's that fuss all about? A dung beetle, you say? Hrrm, wimps, that's what they are. It's just a bug! Uh, wait, did you say **giant** dung beetle? Oh well, time to get my pickaxe and put out the trash."  
- Delta, in one of the halls of the fortress.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **May 23, 2010, 06:02:44 pm**

OK, so much for regularish updates. But anyways, I have my GCSEs now, so expect very sporadic updates for the next few weeks until they're finished.  
Spartan - I'll get a picture of the fort so far with the next update, right now I really need to sleep and study.

1st Moonstone 674 - Morning

They had all gathered in the large hollowed-out pillar in the entrance of the caverns. Kadzar, the 'army' composed of Tarran (who was still fuming over the constant theft of his iron ore), Rion, Johann, Rovod, Doc Steve, and Melagius, a newcomer who wanted to be a swordsdwarf, also present was Fori, Reg, Spartan, Delta, and pretty much anyone who wasn't yet cowering far away in a dark corner. Ibruk was conspicuously not there, and Stas was nowhere to be seen, nor was Throatground, while Slyshaken still stood toppled on the temple altar.

"So, gentledwarves, and hippy-I mean, Elf. We have an apparently 'towering' dung beetle on its way here. Any bright ideas that doesn't end up in a bloodbath?" Reg asked. Melagius draw his iron sword with a dramatic flair,

"There's no way a *dung beetle* can beat me-" he began,

"Us." Rovod interjected,

"-us! We just charge and kill, charge and kill." Derm launched a fist in the air in agreement at this, followed by Reg,

"Or we'll just charge and die, charge and die." Tarran said somberly. Johann wrung his hands as he spoke up,

"Do we really need to kill it? Can't we just trap it somewhere?" he hesitated,

"We could easily put up a wall that could stop it-" Shin began, before being stopped by a round of dismissive gestures and words. Spartan spoke up now,

"What about what Reg said? Setting the beast onto the Darksquids aboveground?" Torvold nodded enthusiastically at this,

"Yes! We just need to-"

"The obvious flaw with that plan," Delta spat, "Is that to do that we need to tunnel to the surface, which will let *them* in."

"Guys, I've been looking at Fori's sword technique, it, I believes, relies on striking specific pressure points on the body rather than brute force. Maybe that will be perfect for stopping Lerdi." Urist proposed. Fori nodded,

"My people use our knowledge of the body to attack where it is weakest and-"

"Oh yes! Let's take lessons from a race that uses *wooden* weapons and crawls in dirt!" Reg cried, throwing his hands in the air in exasperation. Ibruk now arrived at this point, Kadzar hastily stood up, moving to the Prophet. The two stood at the side of the chamber, away from the conversation,

"Master, I fear Lerdi's arrival is a punishment from the gods. Brother Stas still refuses to give Throatground to the care of the Temple." Kadzar told the Prophet. Ibruk nodded,

"I fear Stas is a dangerously misguided Dwarf. Where is he? I shall try to talk him out of this madness."

"I haven't seen him, he fled the temple with Throatground after the...after the gods' message." the priest was still reeling from the shock and sheer surrealism of having spoken with the gods. Ibruk inclined his head,

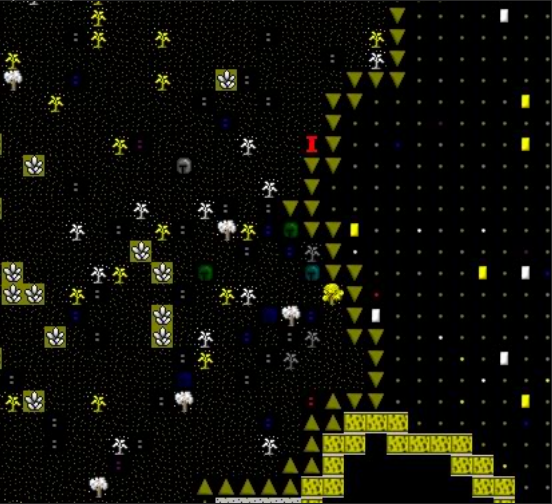
"Then we have no choice for now," he moved to the centre of the chamber, "My dear friends, pilgrims and servants of the gods. Lerdi has been spotted crossing the lake, and she will soon be at the temple itself. I fear we have no choice but to prove to the divine that we still remain faithful and zealous, and strike Lerdi down." there was a murmur of agreement at this. There had very little time to argue now, the soldiers would have to move in and the rest could only hope, or pray, that it was enough.

- - -

The Noiseless Metals gathered outside the temple, with nothing but iron breastplates and weapons. Lerdi Kamcanecar was nowhere to be seen, though they were expecting the beast to burst from the lake any moment now. For a long time there was nothing but there breathing and the steady *drip, drip, drip* of water drops falling onto the lake. Then Lerdi rose like a demon out of the lake, screeching like a banshee and sending a huge plume of water up into the air. It clambered onto the land, right next to Tarran's unfinished cottage,a and with a swipe of its leg it shattered a lace agate window, sending the gems flying.

The Dwarves watched for a few moments before Tarran, his anger from the destruction of his window and the apparent threat of further damage to his cottage, gave a Dwarven yell of '*nazush!*' and leapt down off the ledge and towards Lerdi. The others soon followed suit and the air was soon alive with yells of *nazush*, or *rash*.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Melgaius was the first to reach the dung beetle monster. With a well-aimed sword-strike, he tore a tendon on Lerdi's second left leg. Tarran soon arrived afterwards and charging into Lerdi, knocking it down off its ledge and fracturing its abdomen. It was then that Lerdi began to show fear, it tried to move back up onto the ledge, but only succeeded in making itself the centre of the circle of soldiers. Rion swung his axe, fracturing the giant beetle's head, severing a tendon, and also knocking the monster back a few paces. Getting up, it gave a deafening screech, before turning tail, pursued by the six soldiers. It stopped right before the temple doors.

Watching all this from the bridge, Kadzar moved to defend the temple, but Ibruk stopped him,

"Trust the gods." the holyman murmured. The soldiers soon caught up with Lerdi, and Johann - grimacing as he did so - slammed his hammer into Lerdi, smashing the chitin on its right front leg. Lerdi was beginning to bleed white ichor over the temple floor now, while some extract dribbled from its mouth like saliva. Tarran swung his sword again, severing several tendons on Lerdi's thorax, while Melagius managed to fracture its right second leg. Unable to move in time, Lerdi managed to squirm, making several scratches on the temple's iron doors just in time for Rion's trusty axe to swing straight through its neck, beheading it. The beast fell to the shale floor, spraying ichor onto the walls and floors, while its head went flying down the temple steps, landing in a shrub.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)





For a long time no one spoke. All six of them stood there over Lerdì's mutilated body, breathing heavily. None of them had received a wound, not even a sprained wrist. Then Melagius sheathed his sword and clapped his hands together,

"Well! I think we deserve a drink, or rather a whole barrel each!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **May 23, 2010, 06:11:39 pm**

What a weakling of a Forgotten Beast!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **May 23, 2010, 06:13:08 pm**

WHO SENDS ALL THESE BABIES TO FIGHT?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **May 23, 2010, 06:15:24 pm**

Yeah, it was pretty disappointingly easy, not that, you know, I was trying to get anyone hurt...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **May 23, 2010, 06:16:22 pm**

Just wait till we get one made out of salt.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **May 23, 2010, 06:26:28 pm**

Knowing our luck, the next one will be some acid-breathing hydra made of steel.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kadzar** on **May 23, 2010, 06:50:36 pm**

Is the left temple door missing?!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **May 23, 2010, 06:55:15 pm**

Hehehe, we'll never get that ichor off our cloths for weeks!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Spartan 117** on **May 23, 2010, 07:43:07 pm**

"That was stupid. I'm going to go eat some plump helmet biscuits."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Areku** on **May 23, 2010, 08:44:28 pm**

"Told ya, didn't I? It was just a wee bug: not even a feature!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **r3d5kull** on **May 23, 2010, 09:58:41 pm**

As I'm here reading this, I'm constantly fearing that my guy will die... But so far no Johannis have died not even Himmler, one of my other guys.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **May 23, 2010, 10:02:56 pm**

Quote from: r3d5kull on May 23, 2010, 09:58:41 pm  
As I'm here reading this, I'm constantly fearing that my guy will die... But so far no Johannis have died not even Himmler, one of my other guys.  
Just don't steal my iron, and you'll be fine.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **BoUnCe** on **May 26, 2010, 07:27:51 am**

Could I have a dwarf please when one comes available.

Name: Bounce  
Gender :Female  
Skills: A Bookeeper/manager when you require one.

Shes slightly bossy but its only because she wants a good job done. She has no problem with anyone as long as they work hard! She is very accurate and tidy.

:)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **r3d5kull** on **May 26, 2010, 08:44:17 am**

Quote from: Tarran on May 23, 2010, 10:02:56 pm  
Quote from: r3d5kull on May 23, 2010, 09:58:41 pm  
As I'm here reading this, I'm constantly fearing that my guy will die... But so far no Johannis have died not even Himmler, one of my other guys.  
Just don't steal my iron, and you'll be fine.  
Careful your giving me some bad ideas

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **May 26, 2010, 12:06:39 pm**

From the log of Fori

Crawls in the dirt?! The irony in that insult is thick enough to cut with a knife. An earth loving dwarf accusing an elf of crawling in the dirt? And lest we forget, what 'crawling in the dirt' I have done made the harvests of plump helmets possible, and the ale that the dwarves love so dearly. I don't think that Reg has any right to complain. As for wooden weapons, they proved effective enough against the goblins.

But enough about him. This should be a good day. The forgotten beast will soon be forgotten again. It lay dead in the temple like a sacrifice to the gods, killed by the brave dwarves of this fortress. It's a testament to their skill and ferocity that they dispatched the monster without letting it even hit them. Of course, this was cause for celebration, and naturally, that involved opening up the ale stockpiles. The fighters told tales of the battle, each telling growing more elaborate in proportion to the amount of ale they imbibed, until each one was saying he was single handedly slaying the beast and all it's spawn while simultaneously fending off attacks from giant cave spiders, defilers, and the like, all the while carrying wounded comrades on his or her back. It was actually quite amusing to listen to each of them trying to top the other's stories.

And I'm afraid I was drunk senseless again. At first, I tried to stick with just my dimple cup tea, but the dwarves would have none of that. A bunch of them crowded around me, providing me with mugs of dwarven ale and chanting 'Or ucat'. I think it means 'drink the beer' or something. I confess, I gave in. I had a mug, to the cheering of the dwarves. Then another. And another. By that point, I was drunk enough to think it was a good idea to get into a drinking contest with one of the dwarves. To the disbelief, and great amusement of the dwarves, I actually won! Of course, the dwarf I was drinking against decided to give me a handicap by chugging a keg of ale before said contest. That might have had something to do with it. Nonetheless, it earned me the title of 'honorary dwarf' for the evening.

Needless to say, I woke up the next morning with a pounding head. But I found judicious use of the dimple cup tea went a long way toward curing the hangover. Maybe that will get Reg off my back.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **May 26, 2010, 02:31:54 pm**

HatsWHat's our good ol glass maker upto?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZock** on **May 26, 2010, 04:19:16 pm**

I have to say, this is a great community fortress. Its actually the first one I am tempted to join. Someone back a few pages said something about making it a multicultural fortress, and we have an elf. I love this idea, its full of RP opportunities. The nothing bringing old enemies together. And with that, I would like to humbly ask: Might I join as a Goblin Warrior, last survivor of his dark tower? Once full of pride, now he lives for a chance to take revenge on the nothing that destroyed his home. He will be act goblin like of of course, but I see him more of a Lawful Evil, ready to live among the dwarves and respect their customs if it gives him a chance of getting revenge on the creatures he hates so much. A warrior by trade, looking for respect from his enemies of old. Maybe if its possible and some migrant with a child survives, it may be this goblin with an abducted dwarf child he managed to save from the destruction of his home. Might ease things a little bit. Please forgive me if this sounds too problematic to take, i just got inspired.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **May 26, 2010, 04:36:06 pm**

If an elf can make it in a dwarf fortress, I'm pretty sure a goblin can.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **May 26, 2010, 05:33:40 pm**

Quote from: Fortis on May 26, 2010, 04:36:06 pm  
If an elf can make it in a dwarf fortress, I'm pretty sure a goblin can.



Yes. This is true. There is no way our future green comrad will awaken to find an ax embeded in his skull. Said ax will also certainly not have the name of it's owner filed off. How unlikely. In unrelated news, does anyone have a good sharpining stone? I have....improvements....planed for my ax.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **May 26, 2010, 08:21:07 pm**

Why I use sharpening stones all the time! Feel free to use them. Just make sure to get em returned without blood on em.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **May 26, 2010, 10:01:40 pm**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on May 26, 2010, 05:33:40 pm  
Quote from: Fortis on May 26, 2010, 04:36:06 pm  
If an elf can make it in a dwarf fortress, I'm pretty sure a goblin can.

Yes. This is true. There is no way our future green comrad will awaken to find an ax embeded in his skull. Said ax will also certainly not have the name of it's owner filed off. How unlikely. In unrelated news, does anyone have a good sharpining stone? I have....improvements....planed for my ax.

Awww, thanks guys, I feel so safe now that there is no way that will happen! :P  
Guess my years avoiding being murdered in the Dark tower will pay off, you guys are amateurs compared to the great goblin murderers of my old town!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **May 28, 2010, 12:21:54 am**

M'boy your filthy heathen green skinned bastard brothers haven't heard o the dwarvenly trials of clanhood. There be ninety two. The thirty seventh be one o the most important, "The stone you make a hammer out of, is just as strong as the hammer." It's a fancy way of proving you can use what ye have on hand to survive. It was a tradition started by Urist Mctrialwatcher. Heh, why he watched o'er me own trial. They even had to add an addendum after I went. The trial is you're left in a cave with only the watcher and you must find something bigger an meaner than you and beat it about the head with somethin natural from the cave. O'course...the revisions said that the bigger and meaner things could not be Urist Mctrialwatcher after I found that loophole...hehehehehehe.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **May 28, 2010, 04:48:52 am**

Quote from: masam on May 28, 2010, 12:21:54 am  
M'boy your filthy heathen green skinned bastard brothers haven't heard o the dwarvenly trials of clanhood. There be ninety two. The thirty seventh be one o the most important, "The stone you make a hammer out of, is just as strong as the hammer." It's a fancy way of proving you can use what ye have on hand to survive. It was a tradition started by Urist Mctrialwatcher. Heh, why he watched o'er me own trial. They even had to add an addendum after I went. The trial is you're left in a cave with only the watcher and you must find something bigger an meaner than you and beat it about the head with somethin natural from the cave. O'course...the revisions said that the bigger and meaner things could not be Urist Mctrialwatcher after I found that loophole...hehehehehehe.

It pains me to say it, but it looks like you would make a fine goblin.  
Shave the beard and the attitude is juuuust right

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **May 28, 2010, 10:16:26 am**

I hope I don't have to undergo that trial. It sounds very...unpleasant.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **May 28, 2010, 02:31:48 pm**

"Unpleasant for an elf, maybe! Crawling in the dirt, me lass, is for those who can't dig. Us, dwarves, have kinship... NAY!, mastery over the very ground which shuts yer kind out! We reap the bounties of the world below, while you 'nd yer dainty li'le flower pickers skip 'round in yer meadows! Bah, we beat that thing, all right, the DWARVEN way. I doubt there's much down there we can't handle OUR way. 'Nd your wooden weapons, 'good enough for goblins', well that's the reason we whoop the goblin's arses every chance we git! At least THEY are warriors! Now don't be ungrateful, you light lunged, beardless whelp! Not a scratch to any of our men, thanks to what? Elvish wish-wash about 'pressure points'? NO! All we need is a steady arm and a strong hammer to get things done."

oh no! I don't know if I can hold up so many prejudices at once D:  
we'll see.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **May 28, 2010, 03:08:50 pm**

Quote from: Fortis on May 28, 2010, 10:16:26 am  
I hope I don't have to undergo that trial. It sounds very...unpleasant.

. Well... That depends on whether the zealot o the gods continues that tradition... In fact I'm a bit knowledgable in that regard. Perhaps I'll speak to im about it. Matters of faith be important. But so are matters of clan, I'll also ave to remind him that those not acknowleged as full members of the clan cannae perform in his important ceremonies. As he's trying to save our souls and bodies it should sway his decision...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **May 28, 2010, 04:24:38 pm**

Bah! The lassie already wot went and passed like forty of tha ninety two trials by winnin a drinkin contest! Thas enough for the elvish bastards to be gittin my praise! No elvish bastard could go and pass all ninety to trials anyhow!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **May 28, 2010, 06:00:00 pm**

Yea... Ther be many a trial revolving around drink...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **June 02, 2010, 09:37:33 pm**

In fact when Dwarven babies are born it's common to put the infant in a barrel of whisky and have it drink it's way out.

I know because I'm a Doctor you see.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **June 02, 2010, 09:42:05 pm**

Quote from: Mangled on June 02, 2010, 09:37:33 pm  
In fact when Dwarven babies are born it's common to put the infant in a barrel of whisky and have it drink it's way out.

I know because I'm a Doctor you see.

Every dwarf be knowin that! Its only common sense! What *else* would you do wath a dwarf baby?!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **June 03, 2010, 12:49:46 am**

according to the elves we clothe em first and feed them something aside from ale. That's crazy talk.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **June 03, 2010, 01:48:52 am**

Quote from: masam on June 03, 2010, 12:49:46 am  
according to the elves we clothe em first and feed them something aside from ale. That's crazy talk.

Why would you go and give a baby somthin that ain't ale! They cry like hell unless they get their ale! Pff, "clothe" em, tha dungen masta back at my old home wore capes and capes, but not a stich else! Although, he was a kinda odd fellow...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **June 03, 2010, 10:20:24 am**

So that's where you get such durable livers. You train them from birth...

And yes, we clothe our babies. They get cold easily, they don't have beard to keep them warm.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **June 07, 2010, 08:37:04 am**

We are learning today me dwarves.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **June 10, 2010, 12:28:29 pm**

And...we're back! The worst exams are over and I'm left with some easy ones next week and then I'm done and can update much more often! Isn't that nice?

Kadzar - The door's still there, its just the blood that's covered it.

BoUnCe - Sure thing, we need a professional bookkeeper, Ibruk seems more interested in lugging barrels around at the moment. Bio's up on the first post.

masam - Tarran's contracted Muenster to make windows for the cottage, but he's mostly ignored that and is helping the forgeworks.

ProZocK - Thanks! And sure thing with the gobbo, a Goblin would really bring some...something to the story. :D You'll need to wait for some migrants though.



The sense of celebration that had permeated Nomekast after the death of Lerdi had culminated in a great party. For a Dwarf, any excuse to drink was welcome, and this was too good an excuse to waste. The revelry lasted well into the night, even Fori drinking far more than any Elf should, and it was not until noon the next day that the Dwarves began to wake. Spartan had been sent down to the caverns to get Lerdi's body and bring it up for butchering, while the rest of the community slowly began to get back to work, either on the tunnel, at the farm or in the forges.

Spartan swiftly made his way to the temple, humming happily to himself as he did. He reached the temple, Lerdi's blood lay smeared on its floors and walls, and the body lay there undisturbed. With two hands he lugged it onto his shoulders, and then noticed the head was missing. Hadn't it been right next to the body, where Rion had sliced it off? Wait, no it had been in the shrub...he looked over to the shrub, but there was nothing but a pool of white blood. Shrugging - or at least, trying to shrug despite the huge headless dung-beetle monster corpse on his back - the miner forgot it and continued on his way back up.

Opal 674

The month of Opal had heralded many changes to Nomekast. Shin had been placed in charge of building the dining room, and being an ex-Royal architect, she immediately took this challenge like a true Dwarf, drinking into the night and preparing plans for an open air platform in the caverns with a view on the lake and then unveiling them after a brawl in the meeting area. The tunnel was only now missing specific traps, the drowning chamber and stone drawbridge with a moat having been finished and tested. The causeway into the cavern had been expanded to prevent the traffic jam that occurred when twenty Dwarves were trying to go different ways and none of them wanted to fall down into the cavern depths. The walls of Tarran's cottage were finished, the swordsdwarf having spent most of his spare time on them, and Muenster had been tasked to fit in gem windows.

On the side of supplies, Lerdi's butchering had bought much meat that would last them several months. The farm was still producing large batches of plump helmets under Fori's supervision, and alcohol was plentiful. The soldiers were now fully equipped with iron weapons, along with iron breastplates, and there was talk of greaves to be forged. Excavations were underway beneath the entrance chamber in the caverns in order to mine out more stone and to fortify the area should anything ever drive them to refuge. Stas had completed his small lair, and protected it with a large gneiss door, and some stone-fall traps. He had taken to wearing Throatground at all times and was avoiding Kadzar and Ibruk like the plague. The two strange possessions that had struck Ibruk and Stas had won the fledgling Temple a few converts, bringing the number of Dwarves following Ibruk's teaching to 11, more than a third of the population of Nomekast. In a bout of fervency, Ibruk had commissioned a small shrine to Atir Purplemines, god of Jewels in the hospital, complete with a statue of the god, since jewels were commonly held to hold healing powers.

A Dwarf, named Bounce, had taken over from Ibruk as the community's bookkeeper, keeping accurate logs of all the food stores and items within Nomekast. This had led to the discovery of several items that seemed to have vanished, including a miner's pick, and a few uncut gems. The disappearance of a mining pick was always a fear within Dwarven fortresses, as no picks meant no digging which could cripple a fortress, and so a replacement was forged and Bounce was given her own, small, office in thanks. It was unknown as to where the pick and gems had gone to.

1st Obsidian 674

This was the day. Derm affixed his iron breastplate, checking to ensure it wasn't damaged in any way. Satisfied, he hefted his battle-axe. Today was the day he would go down in Dwarven history as the greatest explorer since King Astesh Lashsprayed of the Ber Dynasty who made three trips to the depths of the world before he became King in 170. Today he would explore the vast caverns of Nomekast for glory, for fame and for extra booze rations!

With a determined look on his face, he made his way down the ramp to the caverns. He crossed the bridge, ignoring the Dwarves carrying stones for Shin's dining area and then he took a deliberate left, taking him to the more unexplored areas of the caverns and away fromt he safety of the temple and dining room buildsite.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



He felt uplifted as he made his way down the many ledges of the caverns, eyes searching round for danger or excitement. The rock walls were alive with a kaleidoscope of gemstones, shining meekly from Derm's torch like eyes. The Dwarf felt like all of Dwarvenkind were watching him, ready to sing his praises as he gallantly explored the depths. No one had ever set foot and laid eyes upon these cavernous walls before, and he felt confident that he could take on anything that dared attacked him.

He seemed to have been walking for hours when he arrived at a large, mostly-open area full of plants and shrubs. He heard a movement from in front of him and hefted his axe at the ready. The creature that made the noise was nowhere to be seen, but he could hear it getting closer. A loud croak now sounded from farther away. Sweat broke out on Derm's forehead as he prepared to swing his axe.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



A loud snapping sound sent Derm flying off his feet and against a wall as a gigantic cave crocodile collided with him. While the Dwarf was stunned the cave crocodile attempted to bite at his chest but the iron breastplate deflected its attack. Recovering, Derm threw the reptile off him and swung his axe at the crocodile. The axe hit it in the front leg, but the tough scales of the creature stopped any damage. The reptile snapped at Derm's hand, but missed. Not missing a beat, Derm swung his iron axe towards the crocodile's throat, and pierced it through. It's throat dripping with cave crocodile blood, the beast attempted to crawl away but Derm smashed its rear leg. It continued to attempt to escape but the axedwarf tracked it down, and with another swing of his axe killed it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



But the battle was not yet finished. A load croak alerted Derm to the presence of a giant toad. The toad leapt at him, latching firmly onto his left leg and bruising him. It pushed the Dwarf down, causing him to bruise his head. But Derm didn't give it another chance, sending his axe straight through the toad's neck, slicing its head clean off.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)





Breathing hard, Derm went on a bit further, before deciding to lay down to sleep, he would camp here for some time before moving on and within the week would return for the New Year's a hero!

I can't upload the map at the moment because the map exporter seems to crash anytime I try.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Spartan 117** on **June 10, 2010, 01:06:12 pm**

Toads have necks?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **June 10, 2010, 02:31:08 pm**

great, did derm get a trip to the hospital?  
I would very much like to do my actual job :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **June 10, 2010, 02:41:54 pm**

YES I AM AWESOME. HURRAH! EXTRA BOOZE!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **June 10, 2010, 03:49:06 pm**

Disappearing things?  
What things? I don't know about anything.

Also, does my dwarf have a lot of friends?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **June 10, 2010, 10:29:48 pm**

From the log of Fori

Things are looking up here in the fortress. Food is plentiful, thanks to the farms I helped grow. And so is the ale too. I've started taking requests from the dwarves to grow certain kinds of subterranean plants, so they can brew their favorite wine, beer, or what have you. The dwarves also have a supply of meat. Lerdí was hauled into the workshops, and the butcher spent hours hacking through it's thick hide, and cutting out strips of insect meat to be included in the food stockpiles. I guess the dwarves decided to try the elfish custom of consuming bitter enemies that have been killed in battle. Still, the thought of eating animal flesh made me queasy. I'll be sticking with plump helmet biscuits and stew. Though, it made me wonder, would I be able to try defiler flesh, if I ever use my sword on one? They mostly just melt away, so it might not be feasible.

Speaking of adopting elf traditions, I spoke with Shin about my ideas on the communal dining room. I don't know if she remembers though, she was pretty drunk at the time, but she seemed open to them. I was pleased to learn later that she had made plans similar to what I had in mind. It will be a beautiful place when it's done. Building on the immigrant tunnel is also coming along nicely. I was given a tour of it, and shown some of the trap's actions. They had rigged up a large drowning chamber underneath a large drawbridge. Even with the aid of a lantern, I couldn't see the bottom of the deep pit. Dwarven stonework and mechanics are impressive things.

Lastly, Ibruk and his religion are starting to concern me. At first, I thought that it was harmless. But now, he has over a third of the population under his sway, and Ibruk is taking more workers and resources to build another shrine. How many do they plan to build. He's also been muttering more about his statue, I think he really is prepared to let the likes of goblins live here. If he is, I can only say I'm glad I decided to learn how to use a sword.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **June 10, 2010, 10:36:37 pm**

Poor toad. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **BoUnCe** on **June 11, 2010, 02:27:13 am**

"

Ive been made bookkeeper, which is so much nicer than hauling barrels. Almost as soon as I started I found a few missing gems AND a pick. Im unsure how a pick can go missing though, seems very undwarfy to let something like that go astray. Must have words with Ibruk about his previous counting methods!

Anyway back to counting those plump helmets.

"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **June 12, 2010, 06:39:03 am**

The only thing that shrine in the hospital is going to do is give patients something pretty to look at. Which I guess isn't all that bad now I think of it. In other news the supply chest is missing some bandages and splints but I'm sure they'll turn up somewhere, after all there was a fair number of folk using crutches as stilts for a laugh the other night so chances are some poor sods going to wake up tied to a table with bandages or something.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **June 13, 2010, 05:27:12 am**

Hmm... we need a standing military. we've got a few obviously, but it'd be better to have a few more. Perhaps, working on the forges will help me regain some of my youthful exuberance. And maybe I'll take up the hammer again. Did a brief stint few decades back...maybe it's time to do it again.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **June 22, 2010, 08:58:34 pm**

Ding dong the exams are ~~dead~~ finished! This means updates! Updates I tell you!

Spartan 117 - Erm...well, they do now. Let's just say the bit between the face and the front legs is the neck ;).

ISGC - 'fraid not. Derm's a macho dorf and decided a bruise was too minor to bother with, so Reg won't see much action yet.

Stas - Quite the gentledwarf, your dorf has pretty much half the fort as friends, I think it helps that he has nothing but basic hauling activated. It won't surprise me if he ends up as mayor.

Also, ProZock, your ~~derf~~ gobbo's profile is up! You're in luck, there was a migrant with a child, and the migrant died!

Also, the map exporter is working! Which just goes to show that getting the latest version of Dwarf Fortress is essential to sanity. The map of Nomekast as of the 1st Obsidian 674 (the end of the previous update) can be found here (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-8970-godsaved>).

And now, onwards to glory or something.

*3rd Obsidian 674 - Evening*

"And no one's seen it?" Bounce inquired. Stas shrugged,

"I know I haven't, my dear lady," he said smoothly, not missing a beat, though his hand unknowingly toyed with Throatground on his wrist. Bounce had taken it upon herself to find the missing pick. A missing pick was nothing good for a fortress already besieged by enemies, and it left her account books in disorder as there was an unexplained disappearance of a valuable digging implement. The bookkeeper sighed,

"It can't have gone far," she muttered.

"That's the spirit." Stas smiled, "Now if you'll excuse me I need to...check something." he inclined his head as a farewell and left in the directions of the cavern. Bounce sighed, just as Ibruk walked past. The bookkeeper stopped the prophet,

"Ibruk! I've been meaning to have a word about the records you left." she explained. Ibruk raised an eyebrow, smiling warmly as he always did and leaning on his staff,

"They were in order I hope?"

"Well-"

"You see I trusted the gods to give me the correct number where I didn't know."

"What!? You *guessed*?"

"I took inspiration from the divine and-"

"Did you know how many picks there were?"



"Of course, we brought three on our pilgrimage to here.

"But we only have two..."

"I remember seeing Stas go to the caverns with one, you may want to check with him." Ibruk ended, "But if you'll excuse me, pilgrim, I really must be leaving, there is much to prepare for in the coming days." and with that he continued on his way. Bounce turned to the passage Stas had taken. That was the third person who told her that Stas had last been seen with the missing pick, but the Dwarf himself denied ever seeing it. Curious... but there was other work to be had at first. Several gems had gone missing, and gems were like treasure to a Dwarf. Even beset by monstrous creatures gems were a marvel to have, and any gem was always quickly hoarded and counted, so missing gems were a curious fact to have.

8th Obsidian 674 - Noon

"And so I am proud to declare this dining room open!" Shin announced, slamming the barrel of booze into the structure. The barrel popped open, releasing the traditional bath of alcohol onto both the architect and the building. Cheers erupted from the assembled crowd, who were happy that they would no longer be forced to sit on the hard rock floor eating their meals out of their hands. Despite the fact that the world outside was collapsing, that didn't mean they had to live like hermits.

Shin's dining area was a marvel to see. Built on nine solid gneiss pillars, it was an open-air platform with tables and chairs set out so people could eat together. This would also be useful for parties, especially with the New Years arriving, since it meant the entirety of Nomekast could feast together in comfort in the large expanse of the cavern.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Slowly but surely the Dwarves were colonising the cavern. The dangerous east where the giant cave spiders bred had been walled off, and the west hosted only giant toads and cave alligators that didn't dare move towards the growing settlement. While no consensus had yet been reached, there was talk of moving the farms and food supply down to the cavern, and a well was to soon be set up to ensure a safe wa to get water without leaning into the lake which hosted alligators. Tarran was slowly building the second floor of his cottage, and Muenster had prepared several windows for it. Even Delta had been seen talking with Torvold about the possibility of an submerged home. A sense of growing optimism was pervading Nomekast as the New Year crept closer, the Nothing's were trapped outside, the caves were mostly safe, the trapped corridor was finished, and there was no shortage of either food or booze. Truly they were hardiest Dwarves (and an Elf) of them all, to have carved a comfortable existence while the world outside grew more dangerous each waking moment.

9th Obsidian 674 - Dusk

The Goblin grabbed the rocky ledge just above his head and hauled himself up it. He had been climbing this damned cliff-face for the better half of a day and it had begun to wear him out. Finally he had reached the top though, and looked down into the Swamps of Tunneling. The valley was lit by the setting sun that blazed from the west. Several Nothings could be seen roaming across it. Bax growled. He had had a long journey out into the wilds from the destroyed ruins of his Dark Tower, and with the obliteration of his home and comrades he had nothing left to fight for. Slowly he scanned the valley side, red eyes lingering on a group of Nothings that seemed to be sat in front of...a constructed wall! Someone lived inside the mountain, and the Nothing were waiting outside in hopes of ambushing them no doubt. The Goblin could think of only one species that lived within mountains; Dwarves.

He moved back, reaching down the ledge and grabbing a small hand. He pulled it up, revealing a small Dwarven child,

"You're in luck, kid." he told her, "There probably a group of your kind living in that hill." the child nodded at this, but said nothing. She had not said a word since the two left the ruins of the Dark Tower, Bax suspected the Dwarf was either too shocked to speak, or had had her throat damaged by smoke or Nothings. As far as he was concerned the kid was lucky to be alive, and was even luckier that Bax had not abandoned her. He hesitated before moving, chanced were that he'd be run out or even killed if he turned up uninvited at a Dwarven fortress. But it was a chance he'd have to take. He beckoned the girl to him and made his way down the valley, keeping an eye out for Nothings.

They made it down to the valley floor and the Goblin had spied a stone bridge they could cross when a cry came out from behind him. He spun round, but the girl had vanished! Spinning round again, Bax saw that the Nothings had been alerted to their presence and were beginning to move towards him. He doubled-back, and heard groaning coming from the ground itself. It was a opening in the ground, a hole leading to a ramp that itself led down into the depths of the earth. The child must have fell down there. A last glance at the Nothings, and Bax slid down the ramp. The girl had indeed fallen down, and lay in a bundle at the bottom. Bax pulled her up,

"Come on! They're coming!" he growled. He looked to where the hallway led. It seemed to be a stone wall with a water-filled ditch before it. A drawbridge, it had to be! Before he could anything, the drawbridge fell with a loud slam. A Dwarf stood at the other end, leaning on a cane, he motioned for the two to cross. They did so, and the Dwarf motioned to someone down the corridor. The other Dwarf vanished and seconds later the drawbridge raised back up, just as the Nothings reached the bottom of the ramp.

"Come, we must introduce you to the rest." the Dwarf said, turning to leave. Bax grabbed him by his shoulder, turning him round to face him,

"Hold on. How did you know we were down here!?" he demanded.

"Your arrival was expected, pilgrim. The Gods spoke to me and guided my hand so that your arrival would be anticipated this very evening. I see you have a girl with you there, that is good. It may not be easy for others to accept your staying here; knowing that you saved an innocent child will help their acceptance."

Bax realised at once the kind of Dwarf this was. There had been Goblins in the Dark Towers like this, insisting that they spoke with the Gods. But he pushed the thought out of his mind, he would need all his wits to convince the Dwarves to let him stay with them, and give him a chance to avenge his lost home.

10th Obsidian 674 - Unknown

Derm had spent over five days down in the cavern depths now. He had explored further than any other Dwarf before. He had found veins of rich gold, silver, platinum and pockets of gems large enough to be mistaken for coloured glass boulders. He had discovered that the lake to the north of the temple extended under the cavern floor and reached to the south. He had not had another fight with a cavern critter, but he had managed to scare several giant toads away.

It was lucky he had convinced Tarran to forge him a flask, he reflected, as he filled the iron container with fresh lake water. His alcohol had run out but the water ensured that he did not die of thirst. He wasn't planning to stay down in the depths long enough for alcohol withdrawal to set in, so there was little panic for the lack of alcohol. A sudden noise startled him as a growl made itself heard behind him. The Dwarf threw the flask to the floor and grabbed his axe, bellowing a cry. The creature gave a loud grunt but stood its ground. Derm examined it; at first it seemed to be a moving mouth, but upon closer inspection he could see it was a reptilian-like creature with an oversized mouth and short stubby legs, red eyes glinted at him. He had no idea what it was.

"Grrrlak." the creature growled. Derm stood his ground, hefting his axe,

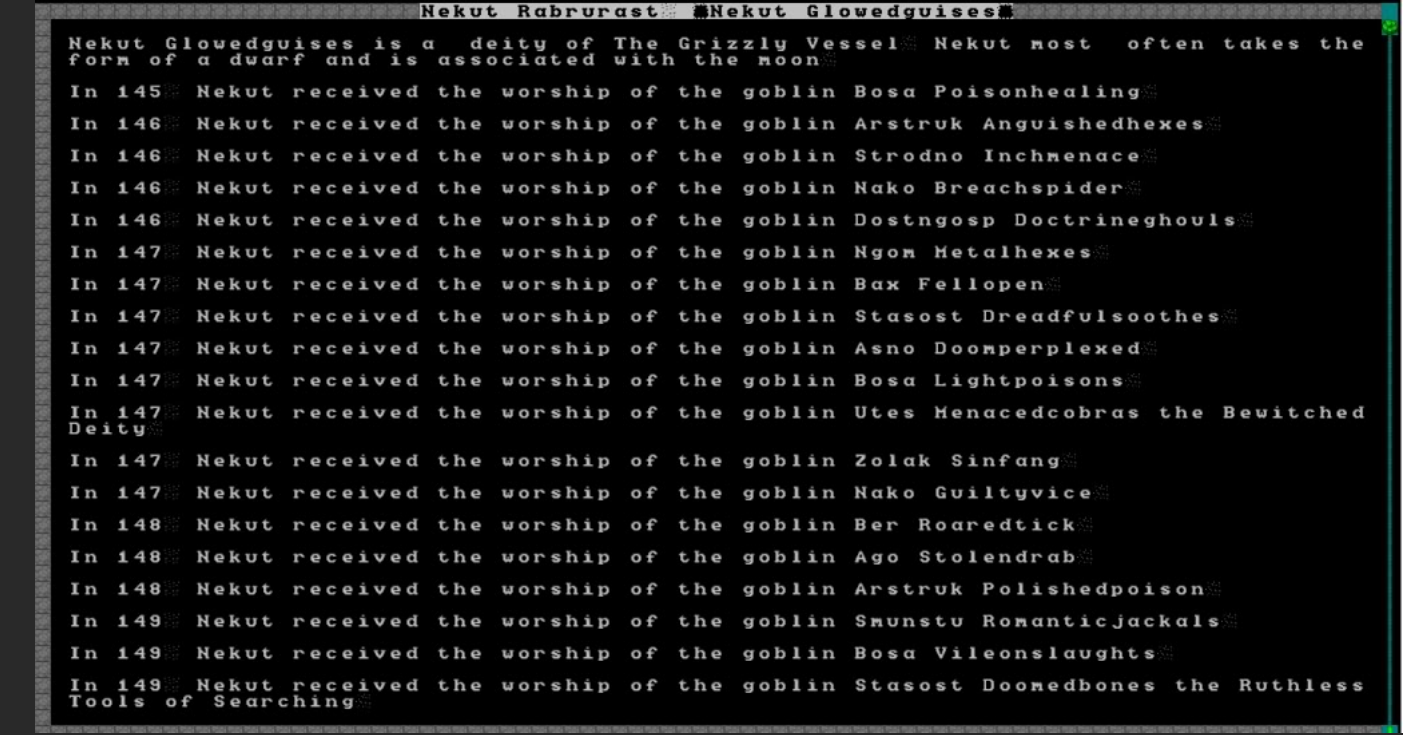
"Gorlak to you too!" his shouted, waving his axe through the air. The creature gave a squeal and turned tail, leaving into the gloom. Derm smiled, "Gorlak, that's a good ugly name for something ugly," he said to himself, proud that he had encountered a new species and wondering if this made him a doctor of science. Shrugging, he picked up his flask, re-filled it and continued on his way. If his calculations were correct he would be back in Nomekast by the fifteenth, just in time for the festival of Nekut, god of the Moon, which he remembered Ibruk declaring some days before his departure.

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**Melagius Bone Carver withdraws from society**

A curious question, but can pantheons be shared between races? The dwarven god of the moon has got an awful lot of goblin worshippers, it's also the first time I've seen the names of worshippers shown when the god's description is shown

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **June 22, 2010, 09:13:45 pm**

I am a complete badass.

Derm Soulchopper, Mighty Dwarven Explorer! Uncovering the deeps one kill at a time! His is a fortune of kings!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **June 22, 2010, 09:24:36 pm**

My dwarf = 8) Epic win thief 8)

Also, I'll look around Nomekast for a specific kind of dwarf.

- Not a fanatic worshiper of Ibruk's religion.
- Has to be a good friend of mine.
- Must have thieving skills.
- Must be reliable.

Also, I'll expand my complex a little more. Maybe add in some kind of vault, and chambers for my upcoming ~~Thief-guild~~ friendly group of friends!

ALSO! EPIC STORY! By far the most enjoyable read I had had since Boatmurdered.

## I LOVE YOU AEQUOR!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kadzar** on **June 23, 2010, 08:14:54 am**

Since everyone is moving down to the caves, I request that a barracks be dug out close to the temple. There I will live and train with my squad of priests.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **June 23, 2010, 01:12:52 pm**

Yay, updates!

Can I have a gold door for my cottage forged by myself?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **June 23, 2010, 03:00:17 pm**

((Just curious, who is Fori friends with?))

From the Log of Fori.

He did it. He really went and did it. That mad prophet Ibruk has let a goblin within the halls! What could he possibly be thinking?! As if we didn't have enough enemies, the defilers above, and forgotten beasts below, he went and let a goblin within our walls! We would be no worse off if he had opened the door and invited in a defiler in for tea. And the poor dwarf girl the goblin brought, I shudder to think what the unfortunate child has gone through before the spirits led her here. How she must have suffered at the hands of the goblins. At least, now she will be among her own kind now, perhaps the dwarves will be able to help her recover from her captivity. But I won't be leaving my rapier behind in my room anymore while that goblin still remains here. I'm glad that there are so many stout dwarves here who know how to fight as well.

This goblin has my mind on morbid thoughts recently. Consciously, I wonder again if any elves besides myself still draw breath, and if not, why these goblins were spared but my kin killed. It's been a long time, and I have received neither word nor sight of any of my kin. Unconsciously, my sleeping mind sends dreams to disrupt my rest. It is the same scene over and over. I was walking through a forest, but the trees were black like the flesh of a defiler and they had no leaves, but tiny tentacles that resemble the defiler's appendages. There are no flowers or shrubs, and the grass is dead. I often saw elves standing ahead, they either ignored me, or regarded me with scorn and contempt. Sometimes I hear them accusing me, calling me a traitor for abandoning the woods to live among dwarves. Yet, through the corrupted trees, I see a bit of land that is still wholesome. An elderly elf sits there, ancient even by our long lived standards. He sits amid a circle of green grass, and I can see a lone tree sampling growing at his feet. This elf alone, among all the others, regards me with a kindly smile. He beckons me to join him, but every time I get close, the corrupted trees around me shift into defilers, and attack. I generally wake up around then.

At first I am inclined to dismiss this dream as the figments of a harried mind. Yet, sometimes I wonder. The artifacts that Ibruk and the others have made. The gods warning Kadzar about the forgotten beast. Are the spirits of the woods trying to tell me something? Who is that ancient elf, and why is he the only one who does not condemn me? I wish I was a more philosophical elf, so I can make sense of it. I don't know who to ask here among the dwarves. Or even if I should. If Reg got wind of it, he'd would claim I was insane and try to have me banished or something. Nor do I want to approach Ibruk, I still think he's mad for letting the goblin in. Still, I don't think I should keep this bottled up. I might ask advice from a few of my friends, or maybe see what Kadzar can make of it.

However, my instinct tells me that it will have to be I and I alone who deciphers this dream.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **BoUnCe** on **June 24, 2010, 10:54:56 am**

A silly request but could I get an open office looking over the occupied parts the cavern. Tried to look at the maps of the fortress but unable to view them properly at work.

-----

Bounce shuffled her carefully marked slate files together. No one seemed bothered that things went missing. She would now keep watch of everything that was made, kept and eaten. The Elf farmer, Fori was very helpful with her carefully arranged stacks of Plump helmets but some of the others did not even care! Something else though was playing on her mind, all these fancy rooms and expensive trinklets, surely something would be attracted to the riches which where being found and created, and not just the Nothings...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **June 24, 2010, 11:51:08 am**

The Writings of Rion Trueax-Obsidian the 10th

I'd say the world has gone mad, but that already happened. We got a goblin. Oh well, at this point a religion of torture obsessed maniac is still a better companion than the Nothing.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **June 27, 2010, 08:05:14 pm**

Stas - Aww, thanks! :)

Kadzar - That's a good idea, and actually would be in tune for an idea in the storyline I have.

Tarran - Well OK, if I can find some native gold then you can have your forged gold door, but I'm not being blamed if it gets stolen by the resident ~~thief~~ suspicious individual.

Fortis - Fori is friends with everyone but Derm, Rion, Tarran and Johann, along with 3 unnamed dorfs. That makes about 20 friends.

BoUnCe - Sure thing.

*10th Obsidian 674 - Dawn*

"Ibruk! This time you've gone too far!" came the accusing shout. Fori stood in front of the temple as Ibruk arrived for morning prayers. With her was a crowd of Dwarves, "We're not letting a Goblin stay here!"

Ibruk frowned slightly, raising an eyebrow,

"My dear pilgrims, this Goblin's arrival was mandated by the gods! You can see the truth upon Slyshaken!" he protested calmly. A Dwarf stepped out of the crowd,

"We can't let a murderous greenskin stay with us! He'll murder us in our sleep! Think of what that poor child must've gone through!" she screeched.

"We let Fori stay. And is history not full of hatred between Elves and Dwarves?" came a voice. They all turned. It was Kadzar, stepping out of the temple. He looked ill-at-ease, he himself was not keen on a



Goblin staying, but he was a loyal follower of Ibruk's teachings and he would serve the gods before he serves his own convictions.

"Elves have always acted honourably!" Fori protested, "Goblins regularly murder their own kind!"

"I have had the child checked out by Reg and Dr. Steve. They both say she is fine, she has just lost her voice by the shock-"

"Of torture!"

"Of the attacks by Nothings. Furthermore I have spoken in depth to the Goblin, Bax. He is honourable, his only desire is to avenge his fallen kin and defeat the Nothing."

A few feet shuffled in the crowd, they could relate to that. Ibruk continued,

"Furthermore we are all that is left of pious civilization. We must reach out with both hands and secure all the aid we can from pilgrims. The gods brought Bax to Nomekast that he might serve as a warrior and as a reminder that we are *all* affected by the Nothing. Dwarves and Elves, Goblins and Humans, the Nothing will wipe out *all* and any decadent society. Let us not go down the path of hubris and race-centred thoughts. All races are in this together, all of us must strive to perfect Nomekast as a shining beacon of piousness. All I ask is that you give this Goblin a chance, that he can prove himself more worthy than his more murderous kin."

Some of the more lax or religious of the crowd began to let up, which led to further debate and arguments, until it was finally agreed that Bax could stay but at the slightest hint of being nothing less than a model citizen, he would be thrown out to the Nothing.

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11th Obsidian 674 - Noon

"Where's Melagius?" Johann asked, "It's not like him to miss lunch." Torvold looked at him irritably,

"What? How should I know? I have work to do you know! We need defences! *Real* defences! Not little cage traps, but automated pressure-plated, self-activated, super-powered traps!" he replied tersely. Johann shrugged, taking a mouthful of plump helmet and turning to Rovod instead,

"Have you seen Melagius? He's been gone for over a day now." Rovod looked up from his meal,

"Hm? Melagius? I think I saw him up by the workshops. I don't know what he was doing though, he was being rather secretive." he answered.

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12th Obsidian 674 - Afternoon

Kadzar struck the earthen walls with the pick. He had managed to get Tarran to forge several more picks and now he and several more of the more pious Dwarves were beginning to next project. Nomekast was the holy torch of the world, and they needed a priesthood to reflect that; priests that could and would defend the religion and Ibruk's teachings. For that reason he and several others were carving out barracks for the warrior-priests to train in, just outside the temple. It would include lodgings as well as a training room, and also a shrine to Os the Hardy Gleams, the War-God of Thunder, whose mighty axe cleft the island of Haenir off the continent.

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With the colonising effort in full swing, the Dwarves had begun the laborious task of moving the food and seeds down into the caverns. Farms were being set up under Fori's guidance and Torvold had been placed in charge of setting the defences for the growing settlement in the cavern. This he did with enthusiasm, setting walls up and preparing plans for elaborate traps and more. Bounce had even taken time off accounting to take a pick and begin a small open-air office where she could work in peace. Talk of moving the bedrooms down had been broken down into one single communal bedroom to save time and space, and the hospital was scheduled to eventually be moved down. The Dwarves had abandoned all pretence of living near the surface for the safety of the underground. Deep in the earth's surface the Nothings would find it much harder to get to them, and the atmosphere was much better for morale and sanity. Bax, wanting to prove himself to the Dwarves and eager to keep them off his back and away from killing him, had been using the strength he had gained from years in the Dark Towers towards the laborious job of clearing the carved rooms of rock rubble. The girl he had saved was still not speaking, and the Dwarves had nicknamed her 'Atis', after the famed Queen who refused to speak a word during her entire 62-year reign. She hung around with Torvold mostly, assisting him whenever she could. Stas was also often down in the caverns, but he seemed to vanish regularly, and was seen hauling boulders of cobaltite, even though no cobaltite had yet been mined. When asked about this, he insisted he had found the boulders languishing around and thought that the gentledwarven thing to do would be to bring them in.

Spoiler: The Temple barracks (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: Food stockpile (left) and communal bedroom (right) (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: The farms (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: Bounce's office (click to show/hide)



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13th Obsidian 674 - Morning

Melagius stirred on the bed, waking up at last,

"Ungh, what have I been doing?" he asked, looking round, he was in the hospital. He seemed to be holding an iron idol of a Goblin and an alligator, but where he got it from he wasn't sure. Reg tutted,

"You were found in the workshops, clutching that thing, raving about glass or something. We had to knock you out to get you here." he replied. Melagius felt his head, there was a lump there,

"I don't remember being in the workshops."

"Of course not, you went crazy-like. Like Ibruk and Stas, what you would call 'divine inspiration'."

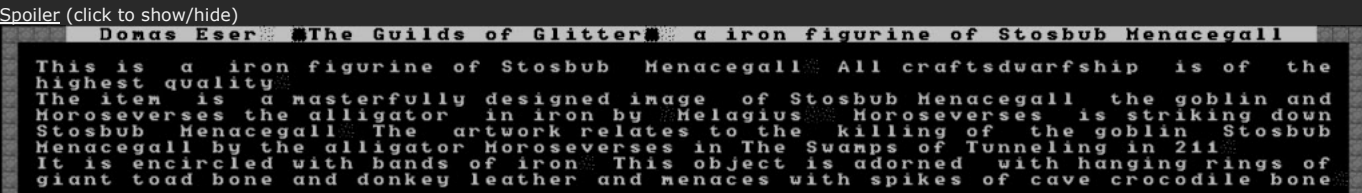
"Textbook artifact disorder." Doc. Steve quipped, "You should be glad you didn't go berserk and kill everyone, I've seen it happen."

"Wha?"

"Wha, now there's a good way of saying things eloquently." Steve said sarcastically, moving several metal instruments to the coffers,,

"What is that you've got anyway?" Reg asked, pointing at the iron idol,

"Domas Eser - The Guilds of Glitter." Melagius replied automatically without even thinking about it, he shook his head, "I-I don't know." he brought it up to his eyes, "But it's perfect crafts dwarfship, as you can expect from me, of course."



Reg examined the idol himself,

"Psh, Ibruk will probably explain this as showing that we must exterminate all alligators or something."

15th Obsidian 674 - Night

"And so the Dwarves Rigoth and Erith did toil for a century to create a great sphere of silver, and Os of Thunder threw the sphere into the sky where it hung as though by strings and Atir of Jewels did make it shine like a gem; and this Nekut did present to Id, King of the Gods. But Ungeg had nought to counter the beauty of this silver circle and so the gods made Nekut god of the Moon." Ibruk finished, reading the last of the tablet. The collected tablets of the Temple had recently been finished, recounting the creation myths and most important of the legends, such as that of Nekut's promotion to guardianship of the Moon.

"Before we begin the celebration of Nekut's shining light, I would like to points you to Melagius' recent touching by the gods. By their inspiration he has created The Guilds of Glitter, proof that we must aid our fellow races in the fight against evil, whatever form it takes, let us reflect on this as we celebrate the god who defeated the great evil of Nokor the dead god. And now let us pray and celebrate Nekut's great exploits."

Now that Nomekast was safe, with a strong supply of food and water, he had decided it was time to promote the piousness of its citizens; starting by respecting the festivals and feast days of the gods and saints. Nekut's festival was a time of cheerfulness and of looking forward to the New Year. Having finished reading, Ibruk and the assembled community bowed their heads for a moment, before standing up and making for the dining area. Kegs of plump helmet wine and pig tail beer were already prepared. Nekut's festival usually had silver kegs specially for such an occasion, but in light of the lack of silver they had to make do with wooden ones.

The festival soon became little more than a reason to party and drink, as it usually did. The Dwarves spent the rest of the night, and much of the following morning, drinking anything they could get their hands on, performing stunts that would involve anything from crutches to cave wheat, and falling off the dining area and swearing that they had been nowhere near the edge. Even Fori found herself drinking from a keg of beer; while Bax let his guard down to drink a bit, and found himself completely smashed within minutes due to the strength of Dwarven booze. Half-way through the celebration Derm had turned up, muddy, sluggish from the beginning of alcohol withdrawal, and waving a bloody axe around, announcing that he had braved the depths of the earth, that he had slain fierce cave alligators and discovered new species. His announcement was met with a huge bout of cheering that didn't stop for several minutes before Derm was pushed over to a keg from which he drunk enthusiastically. By the time dawn came, there were very few Dwarves still awake or able to think clearly; and as the sun rose up one end of the valley of the Swamps of Tunneling, the Nothings still sat motionless, not reflecting the slightest sunlight, red eyes fixed on the entrance to Nomekast, as though waiting for something to happen.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **June 27, 2010, 08:25:33 pm**

Derms log, day after returning:

IT has been a harrowing journey through the depths of the earth. I was down there for several months it seems. It is good to be back. I was promised a good, new set of armor and a better axe for my stunt. It is truly a good day to be back amongst booze and brethren. A Goblin had shown up while i was gone, but i was too delirious from booze-deprivation and apparently did the samba with him. Ah well, anyone that can survive the dwarven samba is a good fellow in my book. It is good to be back.

Although I can't help to feel a bit... bored lately. I have a feeling my exploits have only just begun.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **June 27, 2010, 09:58:22 pm**

IRON IDOLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

GAAAAHHHHH! STOP WASTING IRON ON IDOLS! SURELY THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE YOU CAN BUILD YOUR STINKING IDOLS OUT OF!

[/RAGE]

Anyway, keep up the good work.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZock** on **June 29, 2010, 03:03:05 am**

(Sorry for not seeing the updates sooner, I had my finals as well. Can we change the name of my goblin to Bax? Its a real goblin name!)

Bax was getting impatient. That dammed Doctor was doing and redoing his exams to try to find anything wrong with the little Dwarf Girl, just to have an excuse to have him thrown out. He was glad to have carried her away for the trip now. He kept telling himself it was just for a snack but for some reason he couldn't juts gut her out, even though he did get hungry sometimes. A hint of anger ran through his face. Was he getting weak? How many times had he eaten a slave before and not even flinch? Trolls balls! That was infuriating.

And what about that Dwarf Prophet? Is that even how they call their leaders? If it wasn't for him, he would be food for the Nothing now. How crazy was that bearded meatball? The plan to get inside one of the old enemy fortress was something he liked to dream as possible, but didn't really believe could happen. Well, He might as well take the chance now.

To his surprise, he was not the only non dwarf around. These people have a pet Elf. They even let it drink with them. He is already imagining how much fun he will have by accidentally appearing in front of the big eared one in the dark hallways. It even has a weapon, maybe one day he will call it to a sparring session, see if the elf has guts to accept. But not now, there are other priorities.

First order of the day, make every single effort to stay on the good graces of the Prophet. Its the only thing saving his green balls. Then he will show these lice infested morons how a true warrior fights, I reckon they can use a good Goblin warlord around. But keep it cool, least he starts something that he will regret.

But for now he awaits for this dammed Doctor to finish his exams. That little girls may not be his lunch, but she is still HIS property. And no one will take that from him... not like they did with rest of his life

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **June 29, 2010, 06:34:01 am**

Quote from: ProZock on June 29, 2010, 03:03:05 am  
(Sorry for not seeing the updates sooner, I had my finals as well. Can we change the name of my goblin to Bax? Its a real goblin name!)

Changed! ;)

Also, good news MetalSlimeHunt! I have recently ~~acquired~~ downloaded Runesmith and now...you're male! It doesn't seem to have affected the personality tags which still say you're female, but I guess those must be fixed.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **June 29, 2010, 06:39:27 am**

Damnible personality tags! Well, at least I won't end up with a dwarfspawn now.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **June 29, 2010, 08:40:29 am**

Steves writings.

Got a goblin living with us and sure enough everyone is panicking and Preacher dwarf is of course spouting his propaganda about banding together against the squids. Not sure where I stand in that regard, sure the whole world is pretty much boned and we have to stick together but really, a child snatcher?

I'm fairly sure the kid spent most of his journey here in a leather sack and is probably still alive just because the goblin thought he could use him to get in here the clever git.

Anyway, the kid seems fine apart from loss of voice due to shock.

Not torture as some fool from earlier believed.

As for other medical matters Fori has come up with some sort of concoction that helps her with those hangovers she gets so I guess it's nothing serious after all, I'm still going to check up on that every so often just in case though.

Derm came back from his killing spree at the party the other day in good condition other than some mild water poisoning. Reg got him hooked up to a rum IV easily enough though so no harm done aside from impaired motor function which should be fine after a day or so of drinking.

Other than that everyone is alright although I'm getting pretty annoyed at having to drag unconscious types into a bed and feeding them just because they had to make a pretty thing and forgot to eat or whatever. I'm a Doctor not a bloody butler I'll bring a guy food if he gets stabbed or whatever sure but these guys are taking the piss.

Anyway that's enough for now, Reg wants me to help count the medical instruments, he thinks someones been nicking them so we have to spend the next day or so counting scalpels and such.

Isn't life grand.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **June 29, 2010, 11:17:33 am**

From the log of Fori

I didn't expect that my protest would sway that stubborn prophet, but it did do a little good at least. The dwarves agreed to watch this goblin, Bax, like a hawk. If he stepped out of line, they would deal with him. But I still worry about the little girl, little Atis. Not all mistreatment leaves physical wounds. Just being deprived of a parent's love, and treated like a slave or pet, can leave deep scars upon the mind. I will pray for the spirits to watch over her and help her recover.

My mind continue to be troubled though. The strange dream continues to haunt my nights, and during the day, my thinking is harried by the worries about the goblin, and about the fate of my kin. It's dragging me into a depression that the dwarves' alcohol cannot drown. I need to do something more than just try to ignore it. I decided today that I have been idle for far too long. After considering it, there are many projects that I can devote myself to.

The first that came to mind was to ask Derm if she could go with him on his next expedition. The idea had some appeal, as she would be out in the wilderness again. It was a strange, sunless wilderness, but a wilderness nonetheless. There was life abounding here, something that appealed to any elf. But I must be wary, the animals down here don't have the mutual respect that elves had with surface life, as the gremlin much earlier proved. As strange as it sounds, I believe they would fear me, or attack me. I would have to go armed, though the prospect of harming them was distasteful.

Another thing I thought about doing was building a dwelling down in the caverns. It would be nice to live in the open, rather than in the close tunnels of the dwarves. Perhaps I could build something by the



water amid the towercaps. I have gotten quite strong for an elf, helping to haul the stone around is quite good exercise. I think I could build something on my own, once I got a few tips and pointers from the local masons. I need to draw up plans, but it would definitely have a floor mosaic.

But the idea that has the most appeal to me, is to begin to teach the dwarves about elven culture. I know at least a few must be curious about my people, and I’ve been secretive for too long. I wouldn’t force my culture down their throats, as the prophet has been doing with his religions. I might start holding sessions to discuss the surface world lost to us, and explain to them why we cherished the trees and life. Let those who are curious come, I won’t use up much time. But if I really am the last of my kind, the duty of the protection of life must be passed on. From what I know about them, I would trust these dwarves to be good caretakers and stewards of the forest.

((EDIT: What colors of stone are available?))

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **June 29, 2010, 11:46:45 am**

Derms log.

Fori asked to join me on my next expedition. maybe with a few other people. The conversation went something like this:

"I want to join you on an expedition!"

"Eh? whuzzat? Fori?"

"Yes."

"You want to join me on a journey to the unknown? You?"

"Yes. I have been idle for far too long. I seek to widen my horizons, become useful in this place."

"Don't ye already provide food to most o' the fortress?"

"Even an elf gets tired of the same thing every day, Explorer."

I laughed. "I like yer spirit, tall one. But what expedition ye be talking about? I marked my trail with torches so most of the caverns be explored already. Only a few odds and ends are left. Not prime explorin' material. Though I could tell you about this giant column of gems..."

"But there must be something left!"

I sighed. "There isn't anything left. There mighta' been something I missed though. I heard foul screeching near a small hole into the earth. I'll tell you what. I suspect there be more layers to these caverns than we thought. I'll try to get a miner to break through to the second layer, alright? But it's been a harrowing month lass. I need a bit of rest. I'll tell you for when we set out, alrigh'?

She nodded and walked away.

Strange creatures; elves. One moment they care for the shrooms, next they're wantin' to tear up the undergrounds mysteries.

Can't say I dislike it though.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **July 06, 2010, 05:58:42 pm**

Fortis - We've got varying shades of gray, microcline blue, cobaltite blue, a sort of brownish colour schist, purple pitchblende, and yellow orthoclase.

3rd Granite 675 - Afternoon

"TROOOLL!" the scream reverberated throughout the cavern, echoing back and forth. Everyone looked up, as a Dwarf came barrelling past, pursued by a huge, fat troll intent on goring him. There was a panic as everyone dropped whatever they were doing and piled for wherever was furthest away from the monster. Unlucky, Rovod didn't have enough time and the troll charged into him, knocking him down onto the floor. The troll wasted no time, grabbing the Dwarf's right shoulder and breaking it in one fluid motion. With it's other hand, it sent a fist into his stomach and while he was winded grabbed Rovod by the pelvis, trying to crush his hip. Rovod attempted to grapple the troll off, but it grinned toothily and slammed a fist into his head, knocking the marksdwarf out cold.



The monster then grabbed him by his left arm, snapping the bone, and tried to pull him apart, but was suddenly stopped by an axe to the lower body.

Surprised at the pain, it dropped Rovod's unconscious body onto the hard rock and turned round, just in time to see Rion's axe swing into its shoulder and slice it clean through. It roared in pain, swinging its other good arm in a frenzy and sending Rion flying into Derm, knocking the two over. With a grating shout, a green blur leapt past them. It was Bax, wielding a shortsword. The Goblin ducked under the troll's flailing arm and stabbed the sword into its left knee, causing it to fall down. Finally, Johan, after much hesitation, delivered a solid slam of his hammer onto the troll's skull. There was a crack and the troll stopped moving. Bax retrieved his sword, and delivered several smart stabs at the troll's heart,

"You've got to make sure. I've seen trolls in their pens get up after being pincushioned by arrows." he told Johann gruffly as he moved past, leaving the hammerdwarf to look almost sickly at the dead troll, before suddenly remembering Rovod and sprinting to get him.

"Rovod? Rovod!" he cried, moving down to the wounded Dwarf. Rion picked himself up and moved over,

"Damn, looks like broken bones." he commented. There was a shout and another Dwarf came sprinting past, pursued by three cave crocodiles. After their first prey escaped they made for the soldiers. Rion dived for his axe, grabbing it in one fluid motion and slicing into one cave crocodile, sending it flying away with the force of the blow. Johann sent his hammer into another crocodile's face, wincing as the crocodile fell down. Derm made for the third crocodile, stabbing it through the guts. As the crocodiles died, their blood running with the troll's, Johann looked round at the corpses,

"All this death. And for what?" he muttered. Rion growled,

"Get Rovod to the hospital and leave philosophising to the priests or the Elves."

-----

"Both arms broken. A broken left hip, broken left leg. Broken nose and possibly organ bruising. Bruises all over the place. Bleeding from both arms. You'd think he'd just come back from the wars." Reg said, washing his hands on a cloth. The military had gathered before the marksdwarf's hospital bed, along with Ibruk and a few other curious bystanders. Ibruk sighed, shaking his head and opening his mouth to speak,

"Even now the gods wi-"

"Now," Doc. Steve interrupted, "the bruising is nothing important, that'll clear up in a few days or weeks. But the broken bones will all need setting. Luckily we still have some splints, despite the fact a few have vanished, probably the Elf burying them in hopes of growing trees or something. However they'll also need dressing and sutures. Which is a trouble, because we have so little cloth and no thread at all."

"Exactly as my colleague says. If Rovod is to make a quick and full recovery we need thread and cloth, preferably pig tail." Reg affirmed.

"We don't have any pig tail seeds." Bounce protested, "Only plump helmet and cave wheat."

"I can probably find some in the caverns." came a voice. They all turned round, it was Fori, standing at the doorway, a concerned look on her face as she saw Rovod.

"Please. A Dwarf can recognise an underground plant better than a tre-" Reg began, before being interrupted by Derm,

"There's no pigtails in the caverns, or pigs for that matter. Plenty o' tails though." he said.

"What about the lower levels?" Fori asked, "You said yourself that there was a passage down into even lower levels of the caverns."

"O' course! We go to the lower levels, get the pigtails and save Rovod!" Derm exclaimed, brandishing his axe and waving it through the air.

"Too dangerous." Ibruk said definitively, "There may be any number of monstrous abominations born from the nightmares of gods who-"

"So its settled! The miners dig us a passage and we'll find the pigtails! Fori, you wanted to come on my next expedition, didn't you?" Derm asked the Elf, she nodded, "Perfect! Then onwards and downwards to glory!"

4th Granite 675 - Midnight

Night had fallen on Nomekast and across the community every Dwarf was asleep. Except Ibruk, braving the possible monsters of the night, he sat before the temple, meditating upon matters. A single torch stood nearby, illuminating only the temple in a mesmerizing glow. A second torch joined this torches light as another Dwarf came towards the temple,

"Master Ibruk?" came a tentative voice,

"Brother Kadzar. Please, feel free to take a seat." Ibruk said warmly. Kadzar took a seat besides the prophet, "I often come here at night to ponder," Ibruk explained, "And there is much to ponder on."

"I-I just wanted to ask. Must we really suffer a Goblin in our midst? The Book of Ikeng, goddess of family, clearly states that a Goblin poisons the family and that spreads through to the community, destroying it."

"Ah, but here there is no distinction. Look at Nomekast, Brother Kadzar, we are both a family and a community at the same time. The Gods spoke their plans to me through Slyshaken the Noble Disembowelment. What is a Goblin? A creature of flesh, no different from a Dwarf or an Elf or a Human. It is the mind and soul that matters, we must make of Bax's Goblin soul a Dwarven one, that is the will of the Gods."

"But what of The Guild of Glitters, that idol that Melagius made? A Goblin being killed by an alligator, what is the will of the Gods upon that?"

"We must take care Brother Kadzar. Every pilgrim to Nomekast is not of pure heart, some are here only to escape the righteous fury of the Nothing. The Guild of Glitters is a warning, the Gods will not tolerate this, they will send not only Nothing, but also the natural wildlife. We saw it four days ago, when three cave crocodiles attacked, along with a troll."

"But, then what must be done, Master Ibruk?"

"What indeed? That is the question." Ibruk mused, "Soon it will be time for the just to act, Brother Kadzar. Train your crusaders, your warrior-priests, if we do not act soon then Nomekast will fall just like any other settlement."

5th Granite 675 - Morning

"OK! We're all ready!" Derm exclaimed cheerfully. He had filled his flask with beer, had his trusty axe and his iron breastplate on, and enough rations to last them several days. Fori on her side had her sword, along with a specially-crafted breastplate by Muenster. Both were ready. Delta gave them a grim grin,

"Watch yourselves." he said, hefting his pick and moving away. The miners had toiled the past few days to get the tunnel to the lower levels ready, and now it was complete.

"Yeah, watch out for Darksquids!" Spartan chuckled. Fori tutted,

"I doubt the defilers will be underground," she turned to Derm, "We must be quick in finding the pigtails, or Rovod's bones may set wrong."

Reg gave a snort,

"Oh please," he exclaimed, "A Dwarf's bones do not *set wrong*. They're either treated or they stay broken. Though they may get better in time, they're useless if not treated."

"Because they've set wrong-" Fori began,

"Onwards!" Derm cried, interrupting the coming argument between the two. He turned to the assembled Dwarves, "Fear not, we shall return with tales of wonders and treasures of the exotic lower levels!"

And with that, he plunged into the dark tunnel, followed by Fori, down into the dark depths of the earth.



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **July 06, 2010, 08:12:21 pm**

As we descended into the tunnels, I lit a torch. I had brought several with me. They were extremely long lasting. They could burn for well over a century and not go out. I marked a spot in the wall and hung up the light source, the Tunnel basking in the light for the first time. A vein of ore ran amongst a wall, a fungus tree stood to the right, and a few gems here and there sparkled. Fori stared.

"The underworld looks beautiful; don't it?"

"Indeed. It's a wonder that all these are down here. In bright sunlight it would seem majestic."

"Ah, that would be the case, if not for the falls."

"Falls?"

"Ah yes. The falls. I wandered out of the territory for a few days and came across a beautiful waterfall surrounded by amazonite. T'was a sight to behold in the dim light. Ya' cant get stuff like that up on the surface. Waterfalls only surrounded by sand and maybe a bit of common stone."

"Then why not move there? We can surely handle any unholy beasts that come across the way."

"Ah, but there's not only croc's in these mazes Fori. There be creatures unlike any you've ever seen before. I call 'em Forgotten Beasts. Monstrosities of nature that will not stop. From the looks o' the one I got a slight glimpse of, not even enough of a sighting to warrant a formal warning, they can be made of any sort of material. You ever seen a giant sentient blob of poisonous vomit?

Fori looked a bit green.

"AH, don't worry. We're unlikely to encounter that here for as shot a trip this is. But for glory or death, we stride on."

I walked on, and Fori fell into step behind me. I could tell she was nervous, who wouldn't be? I won't let her die. I would go first before I let that happen

I knew we might not come back. The beasts here would undoubtedly be many times more deadly. I would have to keep on my toes, but I would have someone watching my back.

This time I do it not for honor. Nor for glory or riches. The thrill of the unknown is replaced by grim determination. But best to keep up appearances. This time...

This time I have a mission. And I will not fail.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **July 07, 2010, 01:36:05 am**

From the journal of Fori

We've just stopped for the day, my first day traveling with Derm. How the dwarves tell when it is day and when it is night is beyond me, but Derm said it was night, and that was that. But I'm glad for the break. Even now, Derm is slumbering, and I should be too. The desire to sleep is creeping up on my senses.

So far, the first day was uneventful. I walked beside the stout Derm, as he set a brisk pace through the subterranean wilderness. I'm not used to this sort of marching, but fortunately my strides are longer than a dwarf's, which let me keep up with not too much difficulty. Anyway, I'm glad for the rock hauling that I've been doing in the fortress; I wouldn't have been able to travel wearing the armor that Muenster made for me. As it was, compared to the boulders, the armor now seemed light. I wouldn't have been able to do this when I first arrived at this fortress.

But it has been a fascinating trip so far. I've been collecting samples of the different plants we've encountered, and I look forward to adding them to the new farms we've constructed. I was right, it is doing me good to be out in wilderness again, even the alien underground sort. I feel my spirits lifting already, being amid the life found here. If any other elves make it here, I must show them these caverns. Towering mushrooms, walls glittering with gems and veins of precious metals, sparkling pillars of stone rising from the ground to the arching ceiling. And Derm has told me of even more impressive sights that he's seen beneath the surface of the world. I'm glad I decided to come, I admit I had second thoughts with the troll attack.

But aside from the beauty, aside from even finding the pig tails to make the much needed cloth and thread for Rovold's treatment, I suspect that there is something else that compelled me to come with. I knew that combat is likely down in these deep caverns, but strangely, such a prospect did not deter me. I think that maybe, I am feeling that I need to prove myself. Ever since I've come, the brave dwarves here have risked life and limb beating back the threats to the fortress. The defilers, Lerdi, the olm creature, the troll and crocodiles. By the strength of their arms and their doughty courage, they have defeated each threat that arose. Perhaps unconsciously I feel I must show that I'm also capable of defending my home, and that my courage is the equal of theirs.

But what would the other elves, should they still draw breath, think of this? One who is supposed to cherish all life, heading into the depths to the almost certainty of having to take it? It reminds me of my dream that has been bothering me. Perhaps this is why the other elves I see in it reject and scorn me. But if so, why doesn't the grandfatherly one do so as well?

It's too late for such questions. I need a good night's sleep before I can tackle such philosophical matters.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **July 07, 2010, 04:49:30 am**

Bax War journal

Finally some bloody entertainment. A troll came from the depths today. Boy, was it fun to see the Dwarves running for their lives...brings back memories. Luckily for them they had an expert on their midst, I have tamed Siege trolls before and know exactly where to strike. Not one of them thanked me for it, of course, but there was no need, the impression I left is what counts.

I even got myself some meat from the kill, shared it with Lil Beardy. Goblin younglings usually eat troll meat to get stronger, and since Beardy for all effects is my problem now, ill treat her right, make a fine goblin out of her one day. She frowned a little bit but ate the hearth just like I told her to.

They are going deep on the caves to find some lousy plants. Something about setting the bones from the fool who got a beating from the troll. Waste of time, weaklings should be left to die. He would make a fine Dwarf Roast, but ill keep thought that to myself. Ill tell Beardy to stay close to the farms, and follow the Elf and her entourage down to the caves. Armok knows what they will find there, and if I'm able to jump from the shadows and lend a hand, it will solidify some trust. And probably scare the crap out of the elf, but that is just a bonus. Maybe then they will let me take my place as a warrior here, I can use some new armor. If I'm able to save their asses down there, Ill talk to the prophet about it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **darkwolf** on **July 07, 2010, 06:28:35 pm**

What the heck, this seems like a fun community tale, may I join as another dandelion chomper?

Name: Loral Treesinger (Male elf)  
Job: hunter/fisherelf/cook  
Personality: somewhat aloof, Loral has studied the nothings on his harrowing journey, and is somewhat disheartened. Even if he never sees the great moon again, he must find somewhere to hole up, to continue to study these "Nothings" and, hopefully, find a way to avenge his tree-home. If he must ally with stunted tree-cutters, so be it. Honour means nothing in these dark times.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **July 07, 2010, 10:45:15 pm**



Quote from: darkwolf on July 07, 2010, 06:28:35 pm  
What the heck, this seems like a fun community tale, may I join as another dandelion chomper?

Name: Loral Treesinger (Male elf)  
Job: hunter/fisherelf/cook  
Personality: somewhat aloof, Loral has studied the nothings on his harrowing journey, and is somewhat disheartened. Even if he never sees the great moon again, he must find somewhere to hole up, to continue to study these "Nothings" and, hopefully, find a way to avenge his tree-home. If he must ally with stunted tree-cutters, so be it. Honour means nothing in these dark times.

Honor means nothing? I think I like this elf.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **July 07, 2010, 10:55:16 pm**

He has a point, though. Such dark times may warrant the civ ethics being turned off, one by one.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **July 07, 2010, 11:27:10 pm**

Heh. Interesting timing. Loral arrives just as Fori goes on an expedition with Derm.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **July 07, 2010, 11:32:12 pm**

COINCIDENCE!?! I THINK NOT!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **darkwolf** on **July 08, 2010, 01:37:20 pm**

Heh. Even though it was pretty much pot luck I ran across this, I can't resist ;D

YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE? YOU'RE IN THE CAVERNS, BABY, YER GONNA DIEEEEEEE!

Anyways, just a sample of writing for when/if he makes it... ???

*From the Journal of Loral Treesinger*

Granite, not sure which day...

I've been walking for a long time now, sometimes running, sometimes hiding... I'm often hungry... the Nothing devour anything they can reach, and anything with half a brain hides in the embrace of the soil... I would have gone to ground as well, but the Tree-Mother calls me forward. There are still people alive, I am certain, although whether they are sane by now... well, judgements of sanity are hardly my strength right now... this is the fifth night in a row where I've had to eat raw squirrel.

The Nothing are nothing (heh) if not cunning, and their speed is ferocious. To see one, and then almost immediately have to fight off those grasping tentacles, those burning eyes... oh, yes, they have eyes... they have a head, although it's a very small target, but they... they do not *think*. Speed. Speed and cunning are their strengths, but so far, they can be tricked, can be trapped, and killed.

Ugh. They weren't so fast before... the Tree-Mother tells me they are growing, changing, so that their hunger can be sated... They don't *seem* to breed, but they do *grow*. And that's quickly becoming a problem. My quiver is almost empty, and my sword arm is decidedly bruised from all the flailing... I need to find shelter, and soon. I no longer care if "shelter" holds those stunted tree-cutters, or even... wheurgh... defilers, so long as I am not harmed, no harm shall come to others. Not by my hand.

Urrrrgh... Another night of hiding with my bowels rebelling... burrowing like a damn fox, or stunted one each night... my hands are beginning to have callouses, unknown reader... and not just on my bow fingers...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **July 09, 2010, 06:49:24 pm**

darkwolf - Sure thing, another filthy treehugger Elf will help to ~~fun~~ make Nomekast all that more interesting :D. You're gonna have to wait for an immigrant first though, and that's easier said than done.

*5th Granite 675 - Noon*

"Yes she's perfectly unharmed." Reg reported. Bax nodded,

"Then why do you still refuse to let her out of here?" he growled,

"Because she's mute! That clearly shows something is wrong! And I don't think a greenskin near her will help."

"You let me see her yesterday!"

"And then you fed her a *troll heart*! Do you really think as a doctor and a Dwarf I can let you do such...disgusting things!?"

"Why don't you let her decide? Just ask her who she wants to go with and she'll point them out!"

Reg slammed a fist into the stone table of the hospital,

"Fine!" he roared, marching over to the little girl Atis, who was watching all this unconcerned. She must've been listening, and didn't even let Reg ask his question before pointing straight at Bax. Bax smiled toothily,

"See? She wants to stay with me, rather than grow soft with you fretting about the slightest cut."

"She-she doesn't know what she's saying, or pointing! Clearly this is a classic case of Rockhold Syndrome! I-" Reg began, but Bax ignored him, walking out with Atis trailing behind him, she was HIS property, and he'd be damned if he was going to let a Dwarf take her from him.

Just outside the hospital he bumped into Delta. Before he could walk off Delta stopped him,

"I've been meaning to talk to you...Bax was it?" he said firmly.

"What is it?" Bax growled, unhappy at these continuous distractions.

"Was-was there another Dwarven girl at your tower. About so high, fro-"

"How should I know!? What? I have to remember every single kid that was 'napped?'"

Delta stepped forward, levelling a miner's pick at Bax's chest,

"I am asking you calmly. Was there a Dwarven girl, from Machineshimms?"

"Where the hell is Machineshimms?"

Delta looked crestfallen, lowering his pick,

"Nevermind." he grunted, moving off down the corridor.

- - - - -

"SHIN!" came a loud bellow. The architect swung round, holding her tankard of ale like a weapon. Torvold, a mad gleam in his eye, almost barrelled straight into her, clutching scrolls strewn with drawing and plans. "Thank Id I found you! Now you're an architect aren't you? Of course you are, you designed the dining area we're standing on!" Before Shin could reply the scientist threw his plans onto the table and unrolled them, revealing plans for drawbridges and more,

"You see, that troll attack two days ago got me thinking, we need defences to seal this level from the various monsters out there! And that's why I've designed this clever drawbridge system, but I need walls that could repel a bronze colossus!"

"And I supp-"

"Yes! Exactly! I need you to design the walls and the drawbridge while I hook them up along with a few...ideas I've had."

"And I suppose you're not going to tell anyone *what* these ideas are?"

Torvold snatched his plans off the stone table, his laughter growing progressively louder,

"Oh trust me, they'll be better as a surprise!"

- - - - -

*6th Granite 675 - Evening*

"Derm? What is this rock?" Fori asked, looking curiously at the wall besides her, "See? It's all...bubbly, like there's air trapped within it."

Derm came up from where he had been ahead. He examined the rock for a few moments, and then pulled Fori back,

"It's pitchblende! It's a cursed rock!" he exclaimed. Fori raised an inquisitive eyebrow,

"A *cursed* rock?" she asked.

"Of course! Don't you know the story of the King who built a palace out of pitchblende? Everyone who lived within the palace died horrible deaths after several years! The same thing happened to his successor! And his dog!"

"But how do you know the stone caused this? I mean-"

""Hey! What's that glow?" Derm exclaimed, cutting the Elf off. The two moved towards the direction of the glow, which grew in glare as they got closer to the source. The temperature also soared.

"It's-" Fori began,

"The lifeblood of the mountain!" Derm said almost religiously, "MAGMA!"



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **July 09, 2010, 06:58:51 pm**

MAGMAAAAAAA!  
  
I expect you to make me create weapons non-stop once we have magma forges.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **darkwolf** on **July 09, 2010, 07:04:27 pm**

Heh, no problem, mah squirrel-rapist manly elven hunter is butch in his hiding in small handmade burrows, and shall survive till ~~derfing~~ elfing! :D  
  
Still, loving the tale so far, and really glad we've got some magma going... let the fun commence!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **July 09, 2010, 08:54:57 pm**

WOOOOT! MY EXPLORATIONS ARE NOW LEGENDARY+3!  
  
The Magma Pit of Derfori Is now open for exploitation! Named after the two brave souls who discovered it.  
  
But alas, we must wait for our interped heros to return forward to use it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **July 09, 2010, 10:19:29 pm**

Awesome, both the discovery of magma and my back and forth with Reg and Delta.  
'napped is the best goblin slang ever

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **July 10, 2010, 12:32:11 am**

From the logs of Fori  
  
A cursed rock? How can a rock be cursed? No other wizard or druid has been down here to curse it. Or perhaps he means the rock itself is intrinsically evil. There are plants that only grow in cursed areas or areas crawling with undead. Such as the thorny Silverbarb, or the twisted, gnarled glumprong tree. Both are rumored to slowly poison elves who live in their vicinity. Does this pitcheblende do the same somehow? To kill an entire palace worth of dwarves, a stone must be just as evil, yet this cavern doesn't seem so. Then again, I thought I saw the rock glowing faintly with some strange energy. That was unnerving enough, I quickly left the cursed stone behind.  
  
It wasn't long before we encountered another glow. The temperature has been rising for some time, and I had feared some devilry, or more cursed stones, but Derm... he was eager. Even excited. It wasn't long before we saw it. A vast lake, but not of water, but an hot, fiery molten rock, flowing slow like honey. Derm was reverent, speaking with a respect that I've only seen in Ibruk and his cronies when speaking about the gods. But this I could understand. There is a feeling of ancient power here, rather reminiscent of the most ancient parts of the forests. I felt compelled to sing a short song of reverence, much like I would to an ancient tree or grove. It definitely made these cold caverns feel more... alive in a way.  
  
And it's flattering that Derm included my name in honor of finding it. Really, I've just been following him, he's the one who discovered it. But perhaps I can be forgiven a bit of vanity, and let the name stand. Either way, I feel almost as eager as he does to tell the other dwarves of the discovery.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **July 10, 2010, 08:01:26 pm**

So how is my thief's guild comming along? My dwarf will look for the right dwarves and subtly approach them, just watching for now.  
  
Also, epic story, sorry that I couldn't post in the last few weeks, had no internet.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **July 11, 2010, 01:27:26 am**

Ok, this story is awesome, and I want in. I will even bite the bullet and be.... a Human!  
Name: Meinhard Adelrick  
Job: Spearman/hunter  
Back story of doom:  
Meinhard grew up in the human lands, where he lived on a small farm with his parents. One day he move to the capital to become a man-at-arms in the Royal army. He was good with a spear and soon became the head of a five man squad. Then came the events that mold his life forever.  
  
His team was given a very special assignment. They had been told to hunt down a troll and bring back it's blood. So five men, clad in Iron chain from head too toe, set forth to find the beast. The woods were dark, and the beast was savage and ferocious, but Meinhard had his Bronze spear and steel shield (A gift from the Dwarfs). For a moment, all was quiet in the forest. Suddenly, a great roar ripped through the darkness and with it came two large arms, carrying even larger fists. Meinhard blocked both blows while the rest of his squad turned to attack. Two bolts thunked into the Troll and made it howl in pain. It was the perfect opening, Meinhard would not let it slip by. In one sharp strike, he punched his bronze spear into the neck of the Troll. His attack did not fell the Beast, but gave the axeman the time he needed take its' head from its' shoulders. Meinhard opened the clay jar he had been given for the blood and then reached deep through hole that was the Trolls' neck. With a mighty pull he wretched out its' Heart and placed it in the jar. They had their prise now and so they returned to the capital.  
  
When his group got back they were directed to the Kings' mad Dwarf, or 'Dos Panzermench' as he would tell you. Flickering torches lit the smoothed stone of the walls of Dos Panzermenchs' work shop. Tools were hung all about the shop, along with mechanisms and strange glass flasks. Meinhard placed the jar on one of the many tables. "Iz dis vot hyu were lookink for?" he said as the jar was opened. "Yeeeesss."  
said Dos Panzermench "This will do nicely." The mad Dwarf extracted the heart and smiled.  
  
A few days later, Meinhard and his squad were called back into the "laboratory" of Dos Panzermench. The bald, black bearded, mad Dwarf, had been working on something, and the king was very excited about it. As they walked in to the "laboratory" their eyes turned to the grand still. It was amazing. A seemingly unending tangle of brass, crystal, glass and rubber. A marvel of craftdwarfship.  
"Dis iz vot hyu wanted us to zee?" asked Meinhard, "No my good man, wanted you to see this!" The mad dwarf held a tray of mugs, each one filled with a glowing blue liquid. "My latest creation." each man took a mug "Now, you should all know, this drink can kill you, but if you live.." a dark smile crossed Dos Panzermenchs' lips."Hokay den, Hy drink first." Meinhard downed the whole mug in one swig. then promptly fell to the floor, thrashing wildly and clutching his sides. "What you are feeling is the essence of monsters fussing with your body. It will make you stronger, faster, your wounds will heal quicker, and your limbs can reattached if severed." the rest of the squad dropped thier mugs and ran.  
  
After an hour or two of pain, Meinhard stood once more, changed. His teeth were long and sharp, his muscles were bigger, his skin, a blueish green, and his nails had turned to small claws. Dos Panzermench watched him stand up. "You have been made into a much grater man. You will need this strength in the days to come. The time of nothing is coming." "Vot are hyu talkink about?" asked Meinhard. "You will see, my favorite, you will see."  
  
A year passed, and then, Nothing! they swept into the capital and began to devour everything. Deep in Dos Panzermenchs' Laboratory, Meinhard stood with the mad dwarf as he gathered his many schematics "I have finished my work, Favorite. But, these nothing have come too soon. I will need you to take my Legacy and run. Run until you find a dwarfen outpost." "And ven hy get dere hy find da shmot guy." "Very good Favorite." the mad Dwarf pushed a leather scroll case into Meinhards' arms "Now go!" "Vot about hyu?" Dos Panzermench smiled "I still have one lever left to pull." Meinhard asked nothing more. He picked up his bronze spear and steel shield, then run down the escape tunnel. When he came out into the air again he looked back at the capital. All he saw was a plum of smoke.  
  
Back-story heavily influenced by: <http://www.girlgeniusonline.com/comic.php?date=20100709> (<http://www.girlgeniusonline.com/comic.php?date=20100709>)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **darkwolf** on **July 11, 2010, 09:00:21 am**

Hehe, on the one hand, *nooooooooo*, a human! they smell of... *common-ness*! But on the other hand, this player is a fellow Girl Genius fan. Hehe, either way, TALLPANZER, we have a wait till immigrants survive arrival for both of us. XD

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **July 11, 2010, 10:54:32 am**

Steve's writings.  
Reg is still rather miffed about that greenskin giving the little one a troll heart, doesn't he know that's the only part of a troll you can eat without dying?  
I remember back in the mountain home all our squad got issued was troll hearts, they taste weird but the captain thought they would make us stronger or some such sillyness. Not sure if that's true but what the hell it never did us any harm. Not sure if I'd have given it to a kid raw though.  
Rovods stable but unless Derm and Fori hurry up with the cloth the poor sods either going to lose that leg or have a limp for the rest of his life can't tell one way or the other at the moment. On the bright side he's not going to die and me and Reg both agree he'll probably be awake in a day or so, not sure if he'll be in a good mood about the goblin saving him but if it was me I'd buy the guy a beer. As for our medical stock more stuffs gone missing and not just what was here when I arrived, my quiver and the trigger assembly for my crossbow has done the off as well. I'm not annoyed about the quiver going since I had no ammo anyway but who the hell nicks half a crossbow?!



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Areku** on **July 12, 2010, 11:23:48 am**

The logs of Delta

Hrrmm. That goblin scum... Ack, what am I thinking? Only by a miracle would he have seen my daughter. But this is the cold reality. She might as well be dead, for all I know. I should learn to live with it, as I did with every other disgrace that struck me. Shrug it off and keep going on.  
...But there is something different this time. I just cannot let it go. I see the others hunting down fell beasts and exploring the underworld, and what did I do? Nothing. I just stood here, mined a rock or two, and waited for a miracle to happen. Not anymore. Everyone else is doing their best, and so must I. I am but a simple miner, but I'll descend into Hell itself, if for the good of the fortress.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **BoUnCe** on **July 16, 2010, 07:06:10 am**

yay for magma!! :D  
  
and more Girl Genius readers needed, fantastic comic!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **July 16, 2010, 12:40:29 pm**

Love Girl Genius, but does anyone here reads "Goblins: Life through their eyes"? That one is insanely good too (even if slow on updating)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **darkwolf** on **July 16, 2010, 03:11:25 pm**

Not yet, but I'll give it a go.  
  
EDIT: Ooooooh, get you, oh, drowish *sailor*! \*laughs\* yeah, lots of good in-jokes in just the first ten or so pages. XD

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **July 16, 2010, 04:09:18 pm**

Its awesome, everyone should read it.  
Later on it almost ruined the fun I have torturing goblins on my fortresses though.  
Almost...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **July 16, 2010, 09:09:38 pm**

I can't kill goblins anymore...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **darkwolf** on **July 17, 2010, 03:38:31 am**

[said brightly and cheerily] I can, I'm an evil GM, so the screams of creatures and characters alike is like music to my ears.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **July 19, 2010, 05:56:30 pm**

Ah Girl Genius and Goblins, once again I am astounded by the inter-connectedness of the interwebs, which is why they're called the INTERwebs i suppose. Awesome comics, both of them! :D  
  
Stas - The 'thieves guild' is progressing slowly, since there's so much else happening which is taking up everyone's time, even Stas (who only has hauling as a labour).  
  
TALLPANZER - Sure thing, but I'll have to make sure I remember you're Human, not Jager. :P As usual, there could be a wait as we need enough migrants to survive, and you're 2nd in line.

7th Granite 675 - Morning

It had almost been three days now, but they had found the pig tail seeds. While Derm kept an eye out for any hostile beasts, Fori had put her Elfen skills to use and found not only pig tails, but also rock nuts, sweet pods, cave wheat and more, all of which could be processed for seeds.  
  
"Right!" Derm exclaimed, throwing a hand in the air as he imagined great explorers might do, "This expedition has succeeded in its goal, let's go home for glory!" Fori nodded emphatically at this,  
  
"Yes, we need to get the pig tails back for Rovod, and tell them of the mag-"  
  
"Over there! More glowing, but we're not at the Magma Pit of Derfori yet!" Derm interrupted, leaping ahead while the Elf followed. It was another pool of liquid rock, glowing bright in the cavern darkness.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

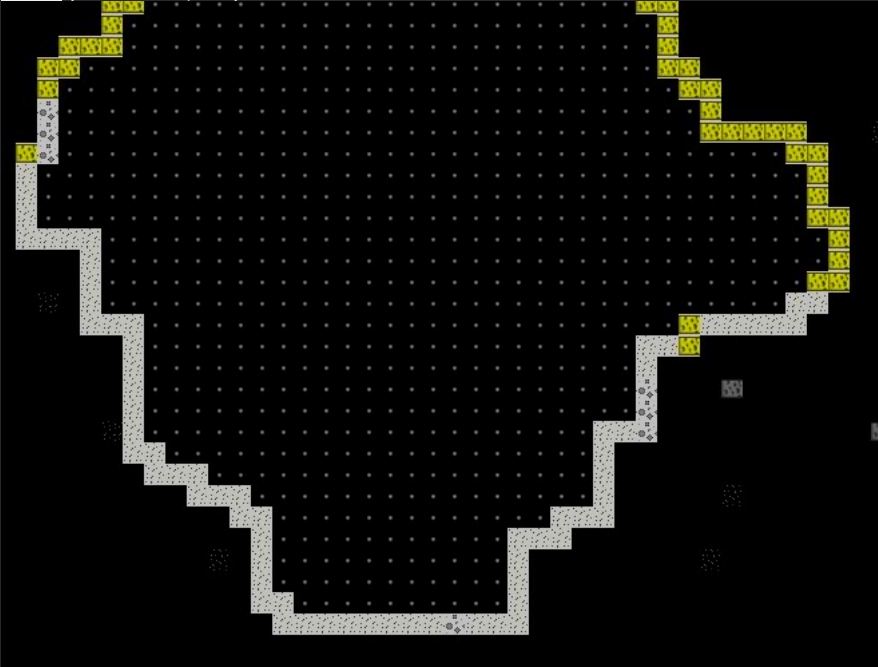


"Another pool of magma." Fori breathed. Derm cleared his throat, his voice serious,  
  
"Fori, it becomes ever-more clear that we must return at once to tell the others of the bounty of th-" he began. This time Fori interrupted him,  
  
"Derm? What's this?"

**You have discovered a deep pit**

Derm came over and peered into the gloom, a smile growing on his face,  
  
"It must lead to deeper levels of the cavern! There must be lower levels under the lower levels! More to explore!"

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Fori nodded at this,

"But for now, we need to get back and get these pig tails to Reg."

Afternoon

Sibrek the farmer whistled to himself as he walked merrily from the new farms, plump helmets held in his arms. These were to be brought up to the stills for brewing. As he wandered past the new temple barracks he heard a noise, a heavy thud like a stone block falling over. He stopped, peering into the barracks, and was met by several red eyes staring back. He stumbled back, as a giant cave spider moved out of the gloom. Throwing the plump helmets down he fled, leaping up the temple ramps, but a blast of webbing shot straight into his back and he fell immobilized. Unable to move, he was forced to watch the giant cave spider, fangs dripping with venom and eyes glinting with hunger, as it came ever closer. Then it engulfed his head and he knew no more.

The alarm had been given by another farmer who had seen the entire incident. By the time the Noiseless Metals got there the giant cave spider - dubbed 'Mysterydrip' - was no where to be seen. Sibrek's body lay besides the temple, his head having been ripped off and left some distance from the corpse. Webbing hung from the stone pillars, some of it even splattered with Dwarven blood.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Rion sighed,

"We'll never survive." he muttered, "If it's not Nothing we're being attacked by, it's giant cave spiders." Johann winced, looking away from the mutilated cadaver,

"Perhaps it's gone?" he wondered. Melagius shook his head,

"No, once a giant cave spider has tasted Dwarven blood it will return again and again. But this time *I* shall be here to kill it!" he exclaimed, drawing his sword. Tarran sighed,

"Let's just get this over with, I have forg- there!" he cried, pointing out to the south. True enough, Mysterydrip lay half in the shadows, red eyes glinting with bloodlust. Rion cracked his neck,

"Right, remember, don't give it a chance to bite you, and beware its webbing."

The Dwarves moved towards the spider, but it scuttled back, into the gloom.

"Don't let it escape!" Melagius cried. The Noiseless Metals leapt into a sprint, but Mysterydrip simply scurried further and further away, and then, climbing up a rock wall, vanished into the dark.

"Damn!" Tarran cursed,

"Perhaps it's better this way." Johan remarked, happy that he had not been forced to kill the creature.

"It'll come back." Rion said simply, moving back towards the fortress, "And when it does we'll be ready."

As they returned, two familiar faces suddenly popped up from the ramp to the lower levels. Derm gave the Noiseless Metals a huge smile,

"We're back!" he exclaimed, "And we have pig tails! And we found MAGMA!"

Tarran nodded, a smile flashing onto his face,

"Magma!? Wonderful! I can do all the forging we need with that - especially now that we're running out of bituminous coal to make coke from."

Johann moved forward, a sad look on his face,

"Get the pig tails to Reg, we need to get Sibrek's corpse." A concerned look shot onto Derm and Fori's faces,

"Sibrek?" Fori asked, knowing the Dwarf from her work on the farms, "What happened?"

8th Granite 675

They held Sibrek's funeral the next day. The Dwarf was consigned to a stone sarcophagus, his head rejoined to his shoulders. The sarcophagus for now stood in the caverns, but would be moved to the cemetery under the temple once it had been dug out. The pig tails had been processed and made into thread, and with them Reg was able to suture Rovod's wounds and a area of farmland had been specially prepared for growing pig tails. Stas's self-proclaimed 'thieves guild' had begun taking shape, and he was keeping an eye out for anyone who could be described as 'suspicious'. Torvold had totally rewritten his defence plans after the announcement of magma, and they had been accepted following the tragedy of the giant cave spider. There was no sign of Mysterydrip, but it would return; everyone knew that once a giant cave spider had tasted Dwarven blood, it would always want more. Plans for magma forges were being drawn up by Shin. The statue in the temple barracks had been replaced. All had returned to normality, except for one missing Dwarf.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **July 19, 2010, 06:01:51 pm**

RIP Sibrek. I didn't know you at all.

Anyway, I HIGHLY SUGGEST building walls before this happens again!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **July 19, 2010, 06:05:47 pm**

Hey, a Giant Cave Spider is going to kill everyone! Sweet!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **July 19, 2010, 06:22:49 pm**

I sigh as I return to my quarters.

It has been an eventful trip. Two Magma pools and another layer to the dangerous caverns.

I pull out a handmade map written while traversing The Firey Cistern (I named the cavern. The cavern we live in is called The Home-bound Expanse. Never really needed to name them before, but with multiple layers I fell its Necessary.) Holds two pools close to one another. The magma pit of Derfori, for use in forges, smelters, and glass making, and the Molten Crater for use in miscellaneous projects if the need arises.

The pit is named the Hellbore. I stare at the darkness.

I feel that my adventures are yet to be finished. The third layer is hopefully the last. and most dangerous. I don't dare to imagine what a fourth cavern layer would contain.

Fori was somber after we returned, but has lightened up to past her usual elfishness. I saw her smiling openly and chattering about the second layer to a couple of others. It's a wonder what seeing new thing's will do to you.

If I ever go down to the third layer, I shall only take experienced cavern dwellers with me. Nobody really knows what the onset of soberiety does when in a dark place with jumping shadows and the immanent threat of death. I haven't even fully explored the second cavern yet.

Thoughts for another time.

For now I'll lead the miners to where the Derfori Magma pit is and they can carve out the trenches. We'll have to dispose of the pitchblende though. Maybe I'll go on guard duty for a while.

I do wonder what I'll do when I've explored the rest of the underworld though.

There! Finished the little details on the map. I'll send it up to the manager for induction to the archive map and then I'll head off to the dining hall.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **July 19, 2010, 09:43:38 pm**

Wonderful update, as usual.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZock** on **July 19, 2010, 09:57:06 pm**

Bax's War Journal

The Dwarves and the elf came back. That ridiculous doctor took all my time with his ramblings and I could not follow them in time. No problem, they said they found a passage to even lower caves ( along with magma... I hate how happy they are about finding it. I remember a lot of my slaves dieing because of that dammed thing while assaulting some fortresses) so Ill make a point of going down there with them next time. I will just say its to prove my willingness to sacrifice my life for the fortress. Gotta see what's down there for myself, maybe get a pet or two.

On the meantime I will be patrolling the halls. A giant cave spider came for a snack, and as hilarious as seeing it rip that bearded idiot's head, it may come for Lil Beardy, and that's unacceptable. Time for my to do some training with the guard it seems.

On a unrelated note, someone went trough my stuff. I could smell dwarf stench on my hovel. Luckily all I had on my quarters of any value that I'm not wearing right now was the sack of troll meat. Boy it must have been a surprise to whoever opened it. I guess not all Dwarves are completely useless. ill just "forget" a package with a note somewhere not entirely obvious , so I can have a little talk to whoever did that. He is the exact kind of ally I need here. Ill ask Lil Beardy to write it so no one can trace it to me. Ill give a hint to who I am, that only him can know for sure.

THE NOTE READS SO

Whoever got this note, I know what you are doing. I like your initiative. Drop me a message later, so we can discuss arrangements. I guess you didn't like the taste, you left it all in the plate didn't you?

Holy crap 2 pools of magma on the cave's? I can count on half my hand the times I found a single drop of magma not in the sea... truly this fortress is blessed by Armok



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Spartan 117** on **July 19, 2010, 10:48:05 pm**

"See you, I'm going spider hunting."

I **DEMAND** I be allowed to hunt it down and shove my pick through it's brain.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **July 19, 2010, 11:03:35 pm**

Quote from: Spartan 117 on July 19, 2010, 10:48:05 pm  
I **DEMAND** I be allowed to **get eaten** and **be decapitated by the spider**.  
Fixed.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **July 19, 2010, 11:16:24 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on July 19, 2010, 11:03:35 pm  
Quote from: Spartan 117 on July 19, 2010, 10:48:05 pm  
I **DEMAND** that Tarran and I be **eaten** and **decapitated by the spider** so MetalSlimeHunt can have all the giant cave spider silk to himself.  
Yes. Death to us both.  
Fixed.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **July 19, 2010, 11:20:01 pm**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on July 19, 2010, 11:16:24 pm  
Quote from: Tarran on July 19, 2010, 11:03:35 pm  
Quote from: Spartan 117 on July 19, 2010, 10:48:05 pm  
I **DEMAND** that Tarran, MetalSlimeHunt and I be **eaten** and **decapitated by the spider**.  
Yes. Death to us both.  
Hell yes!  
Fixed again.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **July 19, 2010, 11:46:33 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on July 19, 2010, 11:20:01 pm  
Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on July 19, 2010, 11:16:24 pm  
Quote from: Tarran on July 19, 2010, 11:03:35 pm  
Quote from: Spartan 117 on July 19, 2010, 10:48:05 pm  
I **DEMAND** that Tarran, MetalSlimeHunt and I **eat** and **decapitate the spider in that order!**.  
Yes. Spider flesh to us all.  
Hell yes!  
This living meal must be made.  
F-F-F-Fixed!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **July 19, 2010, 11:55:16 pm**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on July 19, 2010, 11:46:33 pm  
Quote from: Tarran on July 19, 2010, 11:20:01 pm  
Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on July 19, 2010, 11:16:24 pm  
Quote from: Tarran on July 19, 2010, 11:03:35 pm  
Quote from: Spartan 117 on July 19, 2010, 10:48:05 pm  
I **DEMAND** that Tarran, MetalSlimeHunt and I **eat** and **decapitate the spider in that order!** While it's **on fire** and **covered in mud!**  
For the lulz!  
Hell yes! This is going to be tasty!  
We must have the amazing meal, **NOW DAMMIT!**  
**NOW!** BEFORE I GET **ANGRY!** YOU **WON'T** LIKE ME WHEN I'M ANGRY...!  
Fixed again.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **July 19, 2010, 11:59:24 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on July 19, 2010, 11:55:16 pm  
Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on July 19, 2010, 11:46:33 pm  
Quote from: Spartan 117 on July 19, 2010, 10:48:05 pm  
I **DEMAND** that Tarran, MetalSlimeHunt and I be introduced to SCP 001. (<http://scp-wiki.wikidot.com/proposals-for-scp-001>)  
Approved.  
Approved  
Approved with extreme prejudice.  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
I do not recommend clicking the link. You deserve whatever happens to you if you do.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **July 20, 2010, 12:01:49 am**

Quote from: dermonster on July 19, 2010, 11:59:24 pm  
Quote from: Tarran on July 19, 2010, 11:55:16 pm  
Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on July 19, 2010, 11:46:33 pm  
Quote from: Spartan 117 on July 19, 2010, 10:48:05 pm  
I **DEMAND** that Tarran, MetalSlimeHunt and I be introduced to SCP 001. (<http://scp-wiki.wikidot.com/proposals-for-scp-001>)  
Approved.  
Approved  
Approved with extreme prejudice.  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
I do not recommend clicking the link. You deserve whatever happens to you if you do.  
If we had the security clearance to approve viewing SCP-001, we have the security clearance to be given Memeic Kill Agent Innoculation.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **July 20, 2010, 12:05:17 am**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on July 20, 2010, 12:01:49 am  
Request to meet SCP 173 (<http://scp-wiki.wikidot.com/scp-173>) and be locked in for 72 hours.  
Approved.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **July 20, 2010, 12:08:00 am**

Quote from: dermonster on July 19, 2010, 11:59:24 pm  
Quote from: Tarran on July 19, 2010, 11:55:16 pm  
Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on July 19, 2010, 11:46:33 pm  
Quote from: Spartan 117 on July 19, 2010, 10:48:05 pm  
I **DEMAND** that Tarran, MetalSlimeHunt, dermonster and I be introduced to SCP 239. (<http://scp-wiki.wikidot.com/scp-239>)  
Approved.  
Approved.  
Approved.  
Fixed.  
Quote from: dermonster on July 20, 2010, 12:05:17 am  
Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on July 20, 2010, 12:01:49 am  
Request dermonster to look into a SCP 531's (<http://scp-wiki.wikidot.com/scp-531>) eyes.  
Sign me up!  
Approved.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **July 20, 2010, 12:29:27 am**

Quote from: Tarran  
Request for me metal slime, and Spartan to be Demoted to D-Class. Exposure to SPC-█ Required.  
Approved. New testings commencing.  
  
All three subjects herefore reffered to as Group 1. Subjects will be subject to [DATA EXPUNGED] followed by [REDACTED], █ hours of [REDACTED], years [REDACTED] transmutations [REDACTED] for approximately █ weeks.  
  
Group 1 will them be made to interact with SCP-█, SCP-█ SCP-█, SCPs █ through █, preceding [REDACTED].  
  
[DATA EXPUNGED]  
  
[DATA EXPUNGED]  
  
Experimental insanity suppressors functional, if highly toxic. Will now test SCP-█, SCP-█, SCP-█, and SCP-█.  
  
[DATA EXPUNGED] Consistency of a wet noodle.  
  
Group will now be performed upon by [DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

[REDACTED] Recovery [REDACTED]Hyper regeneration, but unusual amounts of pain flaring up near the [REDACTED] severe mental health issues and the sample appears to try convert Group one into [REDACTED] fails miserably [REDACTED] knee deep [REDACTED].

[REDACTED] following four months of exposure groups reprodu[REDACTED] synonymous with gangre[REDACTED] Expelling bodily fluid for [REDACTED] meters [REDACTED] galleons [REDACTED] And show signs of severe depression, shell shock, suicidal tendencies, and [REDACTED].

Subject known as Tarran gave birth to [REDACTED] baby [DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

[DATA EXPUNGED]

Tests Concluded.

Group one fed to SCP-682 alive.

Any remains were inserted into SCP-[REDACTED]

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **July 20, 2010, 12:36:33 am**

*The above text was found on the computer of Agent Dermonster, showing severe psycological issues on his part at other agents. A quick check confirmed all the discribed events were fictional. Agent Dermonster has been transfered to Storage Site 4, which only carries Safe SCPs. 05-[REDACTED]*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **July 20, 2010, 12:39:20 am**

*Metal slime was deduced to be dreaming of a state where he did not violate quoting regulations during the coma feeding of SCP-682.*

All further evidence of what happened is to be incinerated and this should really stop right now.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **July 20, 2010, 12:44:05 am**

And this is why we don't post in the middle of the night. Crazy stuff like this happens.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **July 20, 2010, 12:45:10 am**

I post all the time.

Complete absence of friends and too much summer free time does that to a guy.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **July 20, 2010, 12:54:39 am**

*Agent dermonster was later found in a fetal position in a state of shock whimpering "I saw it with my own eyes—I saw it with my own eyes—I saw—" Agent dermonster was sent to psychological rehabilitation.*

Quote from: dermonster on July 20, 2010, 12:39:20 am

All further evidence of what happened is to be incinerated and this should really stop right now.

Oops. Missed that. But yeah, let's stop.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **July 20, 2010, 10:14:29 am**

???

So yeah, spiders and magma.

Crazy stuff.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **July 20, 2010, 11:22:34 am**

You guys are crazy.

I love you all

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **July 23, 2010, 11:32:04 am**

From the Log of Fori

What a greeting to have upon returning. The news that my friend Sibrek was dead. Fortunately I didn't see the beast myself, but to hear it described makes Lerdi pale in comparison. Attacking from shadows, spitting clinging webs, fangs dripping with poison. I know elves are supposed to respect nature, but by the spirits, I wish that thing were dead. But they told me it escaped. At least the dwarves gave Sibrek a proper funeral, and I sang a song of mourning for him.

But if Ibruk uses this as an opportunity to spout his nonsense about his gods' will, I'm going to punch him then and there.

But at least there's some good news. Derm and my expedition was a success. We returned, with me carrying a large satchel filled with new types of plants. Among them, the pig tails to make the cloth that the doctors needed. Rovod is being cared for now as I write. The news that Magma was discovered in the depths of the second pit was pleasing to everyone. Shin was already talking about using magma in new forges. I never knew that dwarves could use such a dangerous substance in such a manner. But I'm glad for it, they have discovered a means to work their metal without having to burn trees.

As for myself, that expideted was enough of an adventure for me. Though we discovered a new way down, I think I'll let Derm tackle it on his own. I've got work to do anyway. Lots of new plants to grow, and farmland to tend to. I think the dwarves will be glad for some variety in their diet. Even I get tired of plump helmets all the time. And I know the brewers are anxious to start brewing different kinds of drinks too. Plus, with Sibrek gone, I'm needed more than ever on the farms.

They aren't going to be the same without that dwarf. I think he liked the songs I sang while I worked. I pray his spirit rests well.

P.S. A thought occurred to me. The dwarves' mechanical ingenuity kept the defilers at bay, maybe it'll work on that cave spider too. If the spider could be lured somehow into a specific area, I wager the dwarves traps would make short work of it. Or perhaps it could be captured. I've heard talk of 'cage traps'. I wonder if those would work.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **darkwolf** on **July 28, 2010, 08:34:31 pm**

kinda... quiet...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **July 29, 2010, 09:26:34 am**

Yeah....You are right.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **July 29, 2010, 09:39:52 am**

It has been too long. Aequor has obviously been eaten by the giant cave spider after it killed our dwarves and the Nothing.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **July 29, 2010, 05:41:12 pm**

No worries guys he probably just got lost on the way to the shops.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **July 29, 2010, 08:39:30 pm**

I'm off to hide in my Thief's den. Tata.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **July 30, 2010, 04:55:08 pm**

Sorry for the wait guys, I got lost on the way to the shops and was then mugged by a giant cave spider. Luckily I managed to cleave it into two with a pig tail sock.

*Hematite 675*

Mysterydrip had still not been sighted again but the attack had brought changes to Nomekast, changes of the defensive kind. The entrances to the open space that the settlement occupied were being shut off by drawbridges, and what had become known as the Spider Maze to the west where the giant cave spiders bred had been completely sealed away from the fortress, the only way in was by going round through the labyrinth of caves and only Derm was confident enough to pilot his way through to the Spider Maze entrance. Torvold was busy tinkering to get magma pumped up to the upper caves to use in traps and defences, while the lower levels (or what had once been the lower levels before Derm and Fori had discovered even *lower* levels and what was now sometimes referred to as the 'Magma levels' or the 'Fiery Cistern') had still not had their magma touched after the initial expedition due to the fact that it was a veritable maze of pillars, dead ends and stone that confused everyone. Instead, work had begun cutting a wide open path to the magma pools of Derfori and the Molten Crater, the miners being guided by either Derm or Fori. The pitchblende that had adorned the entrance had been removed and under Ibruk's calls due to its position as a 'gods-cursed stone' was to be thrown away into the hole Hellbore to fall down into what was now the very low levels. Meanwhile, stills had been set up besides the farms and the communal bedrooms had been finished, Bounce's new open-air office was finished and furnished and work on Tarran's cottage was progressing smoothly. All that now remained on the surface level were a few



workshops, the hospital where Rovod still lay resting, an the barracks where the soldiers trained, always keeping an eye on the stone drawbridge that stood as the only thing keeping the Nothing out.

14th Hematite 675 - Early Afternoon

Rovod was propped up in the bed when his fellow militiadwarves arrived. Reg and Steve had sutured his leg and shoulders as well as dressed his wounds thanks to the pig tails collected by Fori.

"Well Rovod, how have you been?" Melagius asked, cracking open a barrel of ale they had brought with them to share between the five of them.

"Same as before, Reg says I'll be out soon." the marksdwarf replied, "How's the rest of Nomekast?"

Rion let out a barking laugh,

"Same as ever! Ibruk spouting religion at any turn, Kadzar following him suite and spouting more religion. The Goblin keeping Atis near him at all times, the Elf helping in the farms, Stas keeps disappearing whenever there's work to do, and Torvold seems to be trying to fill the caverns with a horde of plans involving magma." he snorted.

"At least work has begun on the magma forges." Tarran said, "That's always a good thing." There was a round of nodding and positive murmuring.

"I don't know guys, I've got this gut feeling-" Johann began

"Bad alcohol? I always thought hospital drink was too watered down." Melagius offered. The hammerdwarf shook his head at this,

"No, I mean...first the troll attack, now Mysterydrip, I just feel we're gonna get something bad happening soon."

Rion took a long draught of the barrel of ale,

"Something bad is always happening here. If you hadn't noticed the world outside is crawling with monsters." he said dismissively, "Whatever bad happens we'll just chop it up and leave it at that."

21st Hematite 675 - Night

The met in the night, in the cemetery garden beneath the temple. Stas, shrouded in the cave spider silk cloak that had seen more of the world than most Dwarves had, stood arms folded leaning on the gneiss wall. Bax slowly slid open the door with the faintest of creaks and spotted the Dwarf straight away. Atis stood behind the Goblin, clutching his cloak. Stas stood up straight as he saw him, Throatground could be seen on his wrist, he never took it off especially since Ibruk and Kadzar were intent on taking it since they saw it as a holy artifact like Slyshaken or Domas Eser.

"So you didn't like the troll meat?" Bax asked, humour apparent in his voice. Stas raised his hands unconcernedly,

"It's not my favourite food, no."

"So you're the one who stole the missing pick, I imagine? And the gems that Dwarf lady's on about?"

"Bounce?"

"Whatever her name is."

"Well, I'm sure *I* don't know what you're on about. I haven't *stolen* anything."

"Oh? You *borrowed* them did you?"

"You could say that."

"Ya know, Goblins don't care much about theft, its a personal matter." Bax said with a toothy smile. Stas' anxiety grew as he became worried that the Goblin might attack him for his attempted theft, "In fact," the greenskin continued, "I'd like to help you."

This caught Stas by surprise, and he immediately received mixed feeling. He had been looking for more recruits for his fledgling 'thieves guild' but a Goblin? Was that a good idea?

Bax continued, trying to win the Dwarf over,

"You'd be surprised how much I know. It's not because I no longer have slaves that I can't find some...interesting information."

"Well I-" Stas was immediately stopped as his wrist began shaking, slowly at first, and then uncontrollably. Throatground began to glow a dull grey light, casting shadows off the plant life. Atis shielded herself behind Bax as the Goblin's hand went immediately to his weapon,

"Wha-" he himself was stopped as a loud roar was heard through the caverns, echoing off the pillars of the western maze. Finally Throatground stopped its quivering, leaving Stas there, a terrified expression on his face. Then a whispering voice rang out from all around them,

The forgotten beast Thudel Usu Sut has come! A towering skinless tortoise. It has large mandibles and it has a bloated body. Beware its webs!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **July 30, 2010, 05:03:31 pm**

A skinless giant turtle? ???

If it wasn't for it's webs and large mandibles I'd not take it for much of a threat.

Anyway, everyone, to arms! ATTACK!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **July 31, 2010, 04:35:31 pm**

I really like how you use the Artifacts to predict forgotten beasts.

Also Epic update, as usual.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **August 02, 2010, 07:21:38 pm**

If I'm not mistaken that sounds like a roar of impending doom.  
Everyone grab something pointy and have at it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **August 05, 2010, 12:37:06 pm**

From the log of Fori:

By the spirits, that was frightening. The unearthly roar of some ancient beast reverberated through the stone walls. Those of us who were on the farm were compelled to drop our tools and cover our ears. It faded before long, but it left us frightened and rattled. I drew my sword, while my fellow dwarves grabbed their weapons, or shovels and rakes to defend ourselves if needed. It wasn't long before a cry was going around the fortress, another forgotten beast has come.

Needless to say, to be facing another such beast has me unsettled to say the least. But I should take heart. I recall the last time such a monster reared it's ugly head, and was slaughtered by the dwarves. I believe the stout defenders of the fortress can kill or drive off this one as well. Still, I'll pray to the spirits for the safety of the fortress. And if needed, I can lend my modest skill with the sword to the defense of the fortress. After my expedition with Derm to the deeper levels, and now leading parties down there on my own to the magma, I believe I can help face the dangers afflicting the fortress.

If I am called to fight, may I be forgiven for drawing blood.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **August 11, 2010, 08:48:55 pm**

21st Hematite 675 - Night

The roar had woken many up and roused the Dwarves from their sleep and to their weapons. Bax had realised it would be suspicious if he was found sneaking around the temple just as a great beast arrived, and so vanished into the darkness, leaving Stas at the temple steps waving his arms furiously at the approaching Dwarves. It took him mere instants to fill them in about the impending arrival of Thudel the Hollow of Bones and before long the rag-tag military had been assembled.

They didn't know where the tortoise-beast would emerge from, and so held vigil outside Tarran's cottage while the civilians locked themselves safely in the communal bedrooms.

"Keep an eye out, the beastie could pop out of the lake." Tarran advised his comrades as he unsheathed his sword. Melagius shrugged,

"Out of the lake, from the darkness; wherever he comes we'll be ready." he assured the smith.

"Do not be too overconfident, this is a monster of the gods." came a voice. The militia spun round to face the speaker. It was Kadzar, with two Dwarves at his side. They held iron spears in their hands.

"You should be inside, Kadzar." Rion growled. Kadzar shook his head,

"No, we will not stand by while another unholy monster desecrates the temple once more. These are forgotten beasts, cursed by the gods to live in the deepest depths of the earth, never to rise to the surface. We have trained; we...we will fight." he said, there was a definite slight anxiety to his voice, but he stood steadfast and not a tremble shook his hands.

"I-I don't think it's a good idea, it's not safe." Johann protested. Rion held out an arm, silencing the hammerdwarf. He stared Kadzar in the eyes,

"No, if he wants to. Let him fight." he murmured, "It's his temple he'll be buried under if he dies."

They stood there for a few more moments, before becoming aware of a deep rhythmic growl-like breathing.

"He's here!" Melagius yelled, swiping his sword into the darkness. A thin spit of web flew out of the darkness, covering one of Kadzar's warrior-priests. His fellow priests didn't hesitate, one cut through the webs with the spear-point while Kadzar prepared his weapon and faced Thudel. The hideous monster stepped from the darkness of the outer passages. It stood like a monument to some maddwarf's twisted imagination. Huge, with an insect-like face and a shell on its back, resting on a body bloated like some sea-puffed corpse but completely devoid of skin, showing the muscles tense and ripple as it prepared to attack. It let loose a deafening roar underlined with clicking from its mandibles, spraying web like spittle. The Dwarves stood silent for a few seconds, as if daunted by its appearance, then Melagius grinned and let loose a battlecry, charging at the beast. The rest followed him.

Thudel swiped its mandibles at them but missed as the Dwarves dodged. It sprayed more web, covering another priest, before Rion slashed his axe into its front left leg, and it reared up with the pain. A fatal mistake, Kadzar stabbed up with his spear, piercing one of the beast's lungs. It fell down, onto Kadzar, pinning the Dwarf's legs under one of its legs with a terrible cracking noise. Johann followed swiftly

through, slamming his hammer into Thudel's insectoid head with a noise like a tree ripping clear of its lower trunk. The tortoise-monster began to thrash, sending Johann flying backwards. That was when Tarran struck, like a banshee he gave a yell and stabbed his sword into the beast's side, piercing it's muscles. One of its arms went flailed a second, smashing into the swordsdwarf, and then went dead, its muscles severed. Now weak from pain and loss of blood Thudel gave a keening, clicking sound, trying in vain to move. Johann looked away,

"Finish it now, put it out of its misery. I can't bear to see-" he was interrupted by a crunching sound. Melagius had stabbed his sword down into Thudel's insect head. But still Thudel try to flail, despite the oozing blood and pierced brain. Rion gave a look of disgust, and sliced down with his axe, severing the head from its bloated body. Finally the beast died.

For a long while there was no sound, then there was a loud groan as the stone doors to the communal bedroom were opened. Muenster poked his head out,

"Safe yet? I have windows to make." he asked. Melagius gave a wide grin, holding up Thudel's severed head, which caused Johann to duck out to the lake with nausea. Reg moved out, a frown on his face,

"Well? Who got hurt?" he demanded. Instantly he spotted Kadzar, unconscious from where Thudel had fallen on him, and swooped down on him, "What were you doing here? Hmm, a broken leg leg, possibly broken ribs. Ouch, definitely one broken there. Steve!" he called. Doc. Steve peered out of the bedrooms, Reg pointed down at Kadzar, "Get him to the hospital, I'll go see Fori for some more pigtails to weave into cloth for dressings and sutures, she'll probably have some more grown by now. Let's just hope it doesn't get infected."

---

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Tarran on August 11, 2010, 10:32:13 pm**

That went well. I mean, our only casualty was Kadzar, and even then he was only lightly wounded. I mean, what's a broken bone to a dwarf?

Oh wait...

Anyway, keep up the updates.

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**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: MetalSlimeHunt on August 11, 2010, 10:36:57 pm**

No one can say he wasn't warned.

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**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Kadzar on August 11, 2010, 11:50:55 pm**

It's nice to know you guys care so much for me. :P

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**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: SethCreiyd on August 11, 2010, 11:56:03 pm**

Posting to follow, I must read this later.

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**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Tarran on August 11, 2010, 11:57:09 pm**

Quote from: Kadzar on August 11, 2010, 11:50:55 pm  
It's nice to know you guys care so much for me. :P  
You're welcome. :)

---

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: MetalSlimeHunt on August 11, 2010, 11:58:26 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on August 11, 2010, 11:57:09 pm  
Quote from: Kadzar on August 11, 2010, 11:50:55 pm  
It's nice to know you guys care so much for me. :P  
You're welcome. :)  
Now hurry up and get eaten by the Giant Cave Spider so I can claim your socks.

---

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: darkwolf on August 12, 2010, 03:27:02 am**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on August 11, 2010, 11:58:26 pm  
Quote from: Tarran on August 11, 2010, 11:57:09 pm  
Quote from: Kadzar on August 11, 2010, 11:50:55 pm  
It's nice to know you guys care so much for me. :P  
You're welcome. :)  
Now hurry up and get eaten by the Giant Cave Spider so I can claim your socks.

Yeah! Make way for manly... er... elves...

\*embarrassed coff\*

\*shuffle away slowly\*

EDIT: It says a lot about my state of mind this morning that I immediately thought "Elves love having wood... hur hur hur..."

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**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Kadzar on August 12, 2010, 10:55:40 am**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on August 11, 2010, 11:58:26 pm  
Quote from: Tarran on August 11, 2010, 11:57:09 pm  
Quote from: Kadzar on August 11, 2010, 11:50:55 pm  
It's nice to know you guys care so much for me. :P  
You're welcome. :)  
Now hurry up and get eaten by the Giant Cave Spider so I can claim your socks.  
But these were a gift from my grandfather!

...

Okay, they may not have been gifted to me, so much as I simply pulled them off his feet when he was killed by a troll. But you can't just take my socks. This was a very different situation; he was family!

...

Okay, it wasn't actually my grandfather; it was just some old guy.

...

And he might have just been unconscious.

---

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Aequor on August 13, 2010, 09:53:07 am**

Right then peoples, I'll be gone the next two weeks on holiday, so there'll be no more updates until then. If this is somehow hazardous to your health then I apologize in advance and claim your socks. :P

---

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: helf on August 13, 2010, 10:04:14 am**

nooooooooo! Take a laptop :D I wish to be dwarfed when you get back.

Name : Helf  
Personality : Introverted but laid back and easy going  
Story : Can't remember much. Been wondering around avoiding these weird black tentacle thingies. Wish he knew where that bump on his head came from.

---

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Mangled on August 13, 2010, 10:56:01 am**

Two weeks of us lot bantering back and forth should be fun.

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**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: masam on August 14, 2010, 04:29:35 am**

I've been gone for far too long...meunster wouldn't still be alive would he? and if he is, he wouldn't happened to have begun training in the art of warfare would he?

---

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: ProZocK on August 17, 2010, 10:19:18 am**

I love this thread. Bax is SUREly getting some meat for that. The hearth of a forgotten beast! At least a cut for him and Lil'Beardy.

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**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Aequor on September 01, 2010, 02:04:52 pm**

OK peeps, I'm back from that *wonderful* holiday in Wales in which I was kindly accompanied by the rain. Expect to see an update tomorrow (or maybe even today if I can be bothered :P). Oh, and Helf, welcome to the fort, please wait on line in the orderly queue, the one with the elf and human, while we await for (living) migrants.

---

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Kadzar on September 01, 2010, 02:35:52 pm**



Too bad we didn't get in any bantering while he was gone. It's a good thing he's back now.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **September 02, 2010, 12:47:51 pm**

Yeah I intended on having a conversation about something or other but decided against it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **helf** on **September 03, 2010, 07:33:40 pm**

...and I've been busy with family and forgot about this thread :) Yay, cant wait for updates to get posted.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **September 04, 2010, 05:18:11 am**

Hmmm...may i be "dwarfed"? by that i mean...kobolded 8)

We have an elf and a goblin...so i want a kobold :D just to be a bit different...make it a farmer and super friendly. (the **anti kobold** if you will)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **September 04, 2010, 11:16:45 pm**

An Elf, A ~~Jägerkin~~human, and a kolbold. best immigrant wave ever.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **September 04, 2010, 11:24:08 pm**

What Xenos posted:  
Quote from: Xenos on September 04, 2010, 05:18:11 am  
We have an elf and a goblin...so i want a kobold :D just to be a bit different...make it a farmer and super friendly. (the **anti kobold** if you will)

What I saw:  
Quote from: Xenos on September 04, 2010, 05:18:11 am  
**I AM A COWARDLY KOBOLD AND AS ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS OF MY RACE I WANT TO STEAL YOUR PRECIOUS VALUBLES BECAUSE WE ARE A RACE OF KLEPTOMANIACS WHO WILL NOT BE MISSED WHEN THE NOTHING RENDER US EXTINGT.**

Result:  
Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on September 04, 2010, 05:18:11 am  
Never! I will stop thee, skulking filth! The riches of our fortress belong to us! I shall enjoy cutting you up and making you watch as I throw your pieces to the Nothing! My axe will be very dull for this occasion!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **OmnipotentGrue** on **September 04, 2010, 11:53:21 pm**

Watching for lulz

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **September 04, 2010, 11:58:18 pm**

Bunch of interested posters-Check.  
Extremely promising and well detailed fort and story-Check.  
Custom hyper lethal mod-Check.  
Authors promise of many updates-Check.  
Magma-Check, Check, and Check.  
Author-Not Check.

RAGE

The word Check seems kinda wrong now. It's like I'm seeing a not-word. read it like thirty times in a row and you'll feel it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **September 05, 2010, 02:37:18 am**

but, i want to be a non klepto kobold! I can be a kobold with a serious mental disorder (for kobolds not stealing is a disorder. it would be akin to a dwarf who dislikes alcohol. *And doesn't slow down*

Or make a me a spearkobold...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **September 05, 2010, 06:00:20 pm**

masam - Forgot to answer you, sorry. Muenster's done some training in macedwarfship, he's only dabbling at the moment because I've had him busy making some windows for Tarran's cottage along with helping in the new magma forges.

Xenos - A kobold? But-but-but that's insane! But so are two Elves, a Human and a Goblin, so sure thing! As ever, please wait on line for the next surviving immigrants. We haven't had immigrants for some time now, so there'll hopefully be some soon.

Dermonster - It's not my fault! Well, yes it is, but, erm, I RESIGN!

Malachite 675

The Dwarves (and Elf and Goblin) had made much progress since Thudel's death. Kadzar had been treated by Reg, the hospital was moved to the caverns after his discharge. Furthermore they had had no trouble except for a single giant olm that had swiftly been dealt with by Rion. A few enterprising Dwarves had also begun collecting cave spider silk, weaving it into thread and cloth. But perhaps more important to the survival and prospering of the community were the magma forges. Shin, being an ex-Royal architect, had not gone for a simple design, but what she termed to be a 'Dwarven' design, and few people argued with her on it; not just because she was violently proud of her work, but because it was. The way to the magma pool of Derfori had been cleared and the pool sealed off from the rest of the caves to avoid a replay of Mysterydrip's attack. Torvold had expressed a desire to use the second magma pool, the Molten Crater, for various traps and devices, but for now it was sealed away.



With the forges done Tarran had begun the arduous process of smelting all of the ore that had been mined, and then forging armour for the militia. When the smelting of iron and copper had finished, the galena and native platinum they had found were smelted into shining bars of silver and platinum. Ibruk and Kadzar had expressed the desire to see this wealth added to the temple, but most Dwarves agreed that that would be a waste. For now though the precious metals were stacked away and seeing no use.

But perhaps the most significant achievement had the renewed interest in the 'lighthouse'. Though the first incarnation had been destroyed by the Nothing who had smashed through the window, the Dwarves had not given up the idea of building a window that would allow them to look out across the valley and spot possible refugees. Though everyone agreed it was risky, they also knew that lives were possibly at stake, and it was important that they could see what the Nothing were doing. And so Muenster was contracted once more to create gem windows. This time four would be made, one in each direction to give total view over the valley. The window would be placed up on a tower, where the Nothing couldn't reach it.

5th Galena 675 - Morning

"Alright then, get ready. Something tells me the Nothing won't just watch us." Rion told his fellow militiadwarves. They had all gathered up in the lighthouse, Kadzar and his warrior-priests were also present, as

was Muenster with his mace; even Fori was there, with her delicate sword forged for Elven swordelfship. Bax was slouching at the back against the wall, a disinterested look on his face. They had no idea how strong the Nothing could have become while the Dwarves had been secluded, and so any who could wield a weapon had been conscripted. Spartan, Urist, Shin and Delta were also present, with the stones needed to build the strong Dwarven walls of the new lighthouse. Once the lower walls were made, the windows would be fitted, out of reach of the Nothing to prevent a replay of the previous attempt at windows.

"OK? Are we ready?" Urist asked, "We remove the wall, you leap out and kill the Nothing, we build the walls and the stairs, and then close the wall back up again."

"Easy-in, easy-out. Darksquids aren't much compared to what we've faced recently." Spartan nodded.

"Let us pray that's true." Kadzar murmured. Taking a deep breath, Delta and Spartan moved to the single shale wall that kept the Nothing out, and with their picks began to dig away at it. Soon bright sunlight filtered in.

"Augh, I think I'm gonna be sick." Melagius groaned, shielding his eyes,

"Better get use to it, we need to move out." Derm said, "It's no brighter than magma."

The militia, backed with Fori, Bax, Kadzar's priests and Muenster tramped out. Though the Dwarves' eyesight was briefly impaired due to the bright light and the growing cave adaptation, Fori and Bax's Elven and Goblin eyes took charge.

"There!" Bax growled, pointing at the other side of the valley. Fori nodded, spinning round,

"And there!" she cried, pointing up at the rising slope behind them. Nothing were slowly undulating down the slopes, while more were crossing the river Squeezemunch to attack.

"Go, go, go!" Rion yelled, motioning for Delta, Spartan, Urist and Shin to move out. The four charged out, arms loaded with stone. They immediately begun building the wall, while Spartan took his pick and began digging stairs out to down below. By the time the Nothing's arrived one wall was already built to impenetrable Dwarven standard, while the military Dwarves had got used to the brightness and the beating sun, and so prepared their weapons. One Nothing reached them ahead of the others, it didn't stand a chance as Rion promptly hacked a limb off, followed by Fori slicing another tentacle off with a twirl of her arm and finally Melagius stabbing his sword straight into it. The Nothing hissed, falling down and dissolving into black mist. But more were arriving,

"Hurry with those walls!" Bax snarled, the greenskin having been assailed by a Nothing. Three Nothings moved in now, one on Bax, one on Muenster and one on Johan. Once again the superior numbers on the Dwarven side made short work of them, but over a dozen were climbing up the slopes towards them, and more were still crossing Squeezemunch.

"Ok! That'll do it!" Shin yelled down at the soldiers, carefully affixing the last stone slab in the wall, "Let's get back in. Now!"

The four civilians hastily made their way back inside the lighthouse, while the military brought in the rear. Before the Nothing could arrive, the opening to Nomekast was sealed once more.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Everyone breathed a sigh of relief. The Nothing couldn't climb walls, and so would not be able to reach inside. But the work had only begun - though the hardest part had been done. Muenster would now need to fit the windows in, while the Masons would need to roof the tower.

"Well, I'm gla-" Derm begun, before suddenly stopping. He glanced at the pieces of rock lying on the floor, picked one up, examined it, smiled and suddenly shot up, running off.

**Derm Planter is taken by a fey mood!**  
**Derm has claimed a Mason's Workshop**

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **September 05, 2010, 06:07:52 pm**

Well, thank goodness Dermonster picked a mason's workshop. Rather than a damned craftsdwarf workshop. He'll likely make something useful, instead of the useless junk that always comes out of the craftsdwarf workshop.

Can't wait to have a fey mood myself. Then I'll be making amazing weapons so fast you won't know what to do with them.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **September 05, 2010, 07:14:29 pm**

I rested against the freshly made cool wall.

"Good job everyone," I heard in a bit of a daze. "Those nothings are becoming, though little, less of a threat by the day."

"Well," I say, "I'm Gla-" I cut off as a see a spark of green near the floor. I bend down and pick up a simple rock.

It is a common stone around here, but I could see no indication of what-

*My child...*

I start as I realize that I am no longer in the tower base.

I am above the fort and as a start moving I rush ever higher and I see a billion realms I See endless suns I rush toward and distant spirals in a never ending cascade of twilight and silence and I see a world of light and sound andIcannotstopIammovingsofast *Iamgoingtocrash*

And I stand and stare in the temple of the gods.

*My child...*

I see in front of me in the blinding radiance my patron god.

"You-"

My head echoes as a voice of endless power encompasses my soul.

*Silence child. Your time to speak will come.*

*I have a task for you.*

"A task?" I ask as the walls of runes glow bright and I can barely keep my sanity from breaking from looking at symbols Dwarf was not meant to know.

*Yes. A work of art. Of magnificence. To fill the void.*

A tendril of light shoots out and it touches my head-

*A thousand lifetimes pass and a thousand more continue I see the creation of dawn and at the end of dusk the world shall burn in waters so sweet the rivers are red but the skies purest blue the darkness encroaching upon my soul my hand I am working the light shines out a new day begins.*

-and I understand.

"Why me?" I croak out as everything fades.

*Because you are the one to drive back the dark. You may not understand. You may be angry or confused. But in time it will become clear.*

*Go now. Uphold your duty and defend the light.*

The tower fades in, I stare at the rock.

I smile, then head off.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kadzar** on **September 05, 2010, 09:45:36 pm**

Whatever you make, I'm going to have it put in the temple. Even if it's just a door. No, especially if it's a door.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **September 06, 2010, 01:18:09 am**



From the log of Fori

For the first time, my sword has drawn blood. If that vile fluid running through the defiler’s veins can be called such.

It started with the plans to rebuild the lighthouse, to let us see the outside world. I had been a big supporter of it, it would let us see any immigrants seeking refuge, and any defilers on the move. And it would let me see the beloved sun again, after so long. Has it truly been more than a year? But the dwarves were concerned, we would be emerging blind to the defilers’ numbers, so the dwarves were preparing for the worst. Given my training with the sword and my armor, I was asked to accompany them.

It was a trying experience, but I’m glad I helped. I didn’t have much time to appreciate the sun, as it was up to my elfish eyes to spot any defilers that would come, while the dwarves recovered from surface blindness. There were dozens of them, trampling delicate grass and plants I had not seen in months. As swift as the dwarves’ building was, one of the defilers reached us before they had finished.

I had seen these beasts so far only while fleeing them. This was the first time I laid eyes on them standing firm and armed. It was terrifying and exhilarating at the same time. To be able to stand my ground and defy these monsters of nightmares was not something I ever thought I could do. Even now the battle, brief yet furious, sticks in my mind. As the defiler charged three of us, I remember the fear gripping me. I felt frozen, as still as the stone the dwarves love. As it reached out it’s tentacles and claws for us, my body suddenly seemed to move on it’s own accord, acting on hours upon hours of training unconsciously. My eyes spotted an opening, and with a speed no heavy dwarven blade could match, my sword darted in, and neatly severed a tentacle reaching for me. A split second later, Melagius dispatched the monster with a powerful thrust.

But even then I could not stop. As we finished off that one, three more came. Without thinking, I charged with a group of dwarves to fight them off. My rapier darted in and out, piercing through narrow openings, and skewering one of the monsters through an eye. The next moment, Shin was shouting for us to come in, and seconds later, I was safe underground with a dwarf sealing away the sun again. I was left standing there, breathing hard, and staring down at my sword covered in black defiler ichor.

It was about then my mind caught up with what I had just done. I, Fori, the lone elf in a fortress of dwarves, had killed defilers with my own hands. That very act robbed the monsters of much of their terror. They were still powerful and numerous, but no longer were they these unassailable monsters that could only be fled from. They weren’t invincible, I had disproved that! Twice even! And they hadn’t even touched me! I couldn’t help myself, I began laughing like a mad elf from the sheer relief I felt. My only regret is that they did not leave a corpse to cook and eat, as was elf tradition. But I made do with licking a little of the ichor off of my sword, to the startled stare of many of the dwarves around me. It tasted vile, but it was worth it.

That evening, as expected, the dwarves opened up the booze stockpile to celibrate. It didn’t take me much cajoling to share in the drinking, and this time, exaggerated stories of my own joined those of the jolly dwarf braggarts. They earned much laughter, drunken congratulations, and titles such as ‘the dwarfiest elf’ and ‘nothing eater’. I knew I was going to wake up with a splitting headache, but I wouldn’t miss this for the world.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **September 06, 2010, 10:05:49 am**

Bax's War Journal

Dear War Journal

We had fun today. Its a shame we cant really eat nothing though...

It's almost time to my new meeting with that shifty Dwarf, so Ill keep on writing later.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **September 09, 2010, 01:19:15 am**

Steves scribbblings.

Ah bloody hell that sounded fun. Sonner I get my crossbow fixed the better I feel bad for not being there to help the Gore Squad the other day. Although from the sounds of it they probably didn't need me jumping about shooting bolts and chucking sticky plasters at them. But still, I'm getting rather bored here if Derm and Fori decide to go wandering about underground again I think I'll go with them. Should have done that anyway when they went looking for pigtails but as mentioned some bastards done the off with the firing mechinism for my crossbow and I've had neither the time or the skill to get it fixed.

So yeah, if Derm wants to go strolling about in the underground again have Steve go with him and also replace his crossbow or I fear he'll keep moaning about it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **September 10, 2010, 01:14:30 am**

Muenster's Brick: Perhaps pulling a double shift is wearing on me. I'm not as young as I used to be, though bashing in the heads of those squidily folk does make the joint pain go away for a while...My craft is finally useful again. I may spend nearly as much time atop that tower as I can. May not be the dwarfiest thing I could do, but the sun is a sight once in awhile. It'll be hard to defend this place if we get too used to the tunnels. Stopin any of them outside is the best bet for us...they get inside...well I don't want to think about that, bad memories and such.

Poor Brie... and Cambridge too. Good kids they were. Best children a dwarf could ask for. Eh, great. Now i've got myself reminiscing and such. I mis ya madzie... Take care of them until I can meet ya there alright? I'm doing what you said and lookin forward. And i've taken a liking to(The tablet is broken here, and continues on seemingly a few paragraphs later.)

dows though...they'll be some of the finest dwarfdom has ever seen! and if I can swing it past the zeal..er..pastor here, maybe I'll be able to add some fine inlay along the edges. To family, and to startin over, and I know one of the dwarfiest women in this mountainhome to court. Better find some spare gems...i know i have some small pieces laying around from the window...see if she'll like some flowers outta stone. heh, these ones'll never wilt

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **September 10, 2010, 01:25:38 am**

Aequor, I'd like to request three lead chairs, one lead table, and two lead statues, all in a dining room (for myself) with a lead door whenever I'm not doing anything important. It would make use of all the lead you get by smelting all that galena, and get me some training in metalsmithing. Plus, It would give me a semi-nice dining room.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **September 10, 2010, 02:01:06 am**

Yes.....soon the hilarity will increase....(my kobold gets a silver war hammer ;) )

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **September 10, 2010, 09:07:37 am**

Quote from: Tarran on September 10, 2010, 01:25:38 am

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Thinking of playing with the Uranium now are we?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **September 10, 2010, 03:50:55 pm**

Quote from: Mangled on September 10, 2010, 09:07:37 am

Quote from: Tarran on September 10, 2010, 01:25:38 am

Aequor, I'd like to request three lead chairs, one lead table, and two lead statues, all in a dining room (for myself) with a lead door whenever I'm not doing anything important. It would make use of all the lead you get by smelting all that galena, and get me some training in metalsmithing. Plus, It would give me a semi-nice dining room.

Thinking of playing with the Uranium now are we?

What? There's no Uranium in Galena. What are you talking about?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **September 11, 2010, 01:25:44 am**

He was commenting on how you want tons of lead. Lead blocks radiation pretty effectively and I assume there must be some pitchblende in the fort somewhere...I WANT A PITCHBLENDE ROOM! :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **September 11, 2010, 01:56:57 am**

Quote from: Xenos on September 11, 2010, 01:25:44 am

He was commenting on how you want tons of lead. Lead blocks radiation pretty effectively and I assume there must be some pitchblende in the fort somewhere...I WANT A PITCHBLENDE ROOM! :D

I'm pretty sure only the 206Pb, 207Pb, and 208Pb isotopes of lead are radioactive (at least, that's as much as I can put together from what Wikipedia had on the main lead and lead isotope page), as they're part of the decaying process of radioactive materials. 204Pb, on the other hand, is entirely primordial and not from radioactive decay (once again, that's based on what I could put together from the two Wikipedia pages). So the only possible way to get radioactive lead is to have it decay from radioactive material. So unless there's some Pitchblende or some other radioactive stuff mixed in with the Galena, that lead's not radioactive.

Of course, if anyone can and wants to prove me wrong, please do (no, really, I like to learn new things). Just remember I won't believe it unless you have a link to a page that says so.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **September 11, 2010, 01:59:32 am**

Perhaps I'm just misinformed, but isn't Galena an ore of *Silver*, and not Lead?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **September 11, 2010, 02:06:17 am**

Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on September 11, 2010, 01:59:32 am

Perhaps I'm just misinformed, but isn't Galena an ore of *Silver*, and not Lead?

Nope, it's a lead ore. It just contains significant amounts of silver with the lead. Go ahead and read the page (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Galena>) if you're interested.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **September 11, 2010, 10:48:34 am**

Quote from: Tarran on September 11, 2010, 01:56:57 am

Quote from: Xenos on September 11, 2010, 01:25:44 am

He was commenting on how you want tons of lead. Lead blocks radiation pretty effectively and I assume there must be some pitchblende in the fort somewhere...I WANT A PITCHBLENDE ROOM! :D

I'm pretty sure only the 206Pb, 207Pb, and 208Pb isotopes of lead are radioactive (at least, that's as much as I can put together from what Wikipedia had on the main lead and lead isotope page), as they're part of the decaying process of radioactive materials. 204Pb, on the other hand, is entirely primordial and not from radioactive decay (once again, that's based on what I could put together from the two Wikipedia pages). So the only possible way to get radioactive lead is to have it decay from radioactive material. So unless there's some Pitchblende or some other radioactive stuff mixed in with the Galena, that lead's not radioactive.

Of course, if anyone can and wants to prove me wrong, please do (no, really, I like to learn new things). Just remember I won't believe it unless you have a link to a page that says so.

I wasn't talking about radioactive lead silly I just assumed that since you were wanting what basically looked like some sort of lab made of lead that you were planning to mess about with pitchblende. As someone said I was lead (lol) to this assumption since lead is an effective way of blocking radiation. Usually.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **September 11, 2010, 01:04:36 pm**

..Where did radioactive lead come into this??? I was talking about leads ability to block most radiation. (excluding neutrinos. ;))

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **September 11, 2010, 01:50:12 pm**

Quote from: Mangled on September 11, 2010, 10:48:34 am

As someone said I was lead (lol) to this assumption since lead is an effective way of blocking radiation. Usually.

Ahhhh.

Quote from: Xenos on September 11, 2010, 01:04:36 pm

...Where did radioactive lead come into this??? I was talking about leads ability to block most radiation. (excluding neutrinos. ;))

Errr... That was a amazing misread on my part. Whoops. :P

At least you guys now know more things about lead than you knew before! ...Right?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **September 11, 2010, 09:25:34 pm**

Every day is a school day on this forum.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **September 18, 2010, 03:18:50 pm**

Tarran - Sure, but if you get lead poisoning then it's your fault :P.

Also, sorry to all those waiting to be Dwarfed/Elfed/Humaned/Kobolded, but apparently;

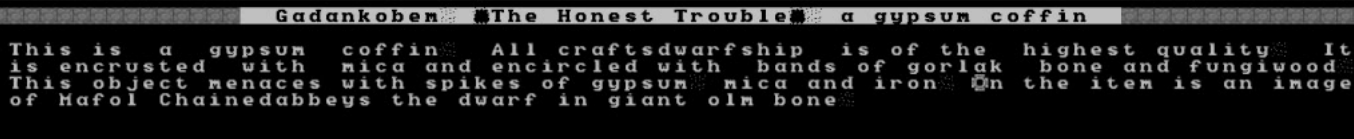
**No one even considered making the journey to such a cursed death-trap this season.**

I'm afraid you may have a longer wait before you :-\.

7th Galena 675 - Morning

Derm continued working for the next two days, stopping only to chew on a plump helmet or to down a tankard of Dwarven beer. Inspired by whatever he had seen, he single-handedly hauled a huge block of gypsum rock up to the workshops, then took an iron bar, a fungiwood log, some mica and more gypsum, as well as giant olm and gorlak bones. Then he ushered everyone out of the workshops, claiming to need peace and quiet to work. Then he spoke no more but got to work, a smile on his face. Two days afterwards he waltzed out, calling everyone to see the masterpiece that the gods had inspired him to make,

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"A coffin?" Tarran asked disbelievingly. Rion glanced sideways at Ibruk,

"Well, my dear prophet, what are the gods trying to tell us now? That we should prepare our tombs?" he said slightly mockingly. Derm spoke before Ibruk could interpret anything. He pointed at the coffin,

"I remember flying above the world, out into the stars, and seeing the temple of the gods. And I remember Dustik, my patron goddess speaking to me, at least I think it was her that spoke to me!" he explained excitedly.

"You mean you actually saw the goddess speaking to you!?" Kadzar asked, awed. Derm gave a nod,

"Well, not exactly, but I heard her and saw her temple! I don't remember everything but..." he trailed off here.

"Who's this?" Torvold asked, pointing at the image of the female Dwarf in giant olm bone.

"Mafol Chainedabbey's." Derm answered automatically.

"Who?" Torvold repeated, the name unfamiliar. Derm shrugged,

"I don't know, I just know that it's Mafol Chainedabbey's."

"I've heard that name." Bounce piped up, "I think she was the outpost liaison for the Grizzly Vessel."

"This must be moved to the temple." Kadzar said firmly, interrupting their musings. Ibruk nodded,

"The goddess herself knows that hard times are ahead, and has prepared a sarcophagus to remind us of this." he said solemnly, "This holy artifact, Gadankobem - The Honest Trouble, must be kept safe within the temple."

"And why *must* it be in the temple?" Reg demanded to know.

"Because these are sacred artifacts inspired by the gods - and thus should be housed within the temples of those gods." Kadzar said firmly, giving Stas - who wore Throatground on his wrist - a pointed stare.

"It's Derm's coffin, let him decide where it goes." Urist ventured. The group rounded on Derm, who glanced at The Honest Trouble, perhaps realizing the meaning of its name.

"Well-" he begun, "-the goddess Dustik inspired me to create it, so I suppose it should be in the temple."

10th Galena 675 - Midnight

Once again they met in the dead of night, this time besides the wall that led to the Spider Maze. Stas was leaning on the schist wall, his mind deep in thought when Bax arrived, Atis trailing behind the greenskin.

"Well? Have you thought 'bout my proposition?" Bax said immediately, not wasting any time for pleasantries that Goblin society didn't even have. Stas cleared his throat, standing up fluidly,

"Well-" he begun, "-it should be against my better judgement to accept a Goblin. But you've proved that you're not some backstabbing monster, and your abilities will be a great boon." he said. Bax smiled toothily,

"I'm glad to hear that. You'll see, there's nothing better than life in the home-towers to teach you valuable skills in...what would ya call it? Subterfuge, that's it."

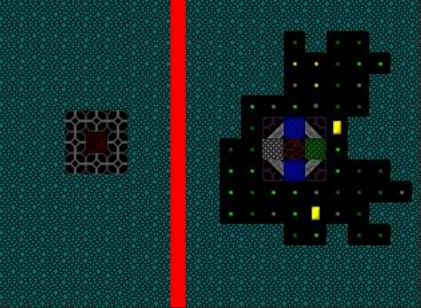
Stas gave a smile,

"No doubt. With your skills added to mine, hell's the limit. And it just so happens that silver bars have been minted in the forges..."

Limestone 675

The month of Limestone passed quickly, and without any of the tribulations that usually marked the months, the worst being Bounce still not finding where the missing gems had vanished to, a fact that bothered the dutiful bookkeeper. The harvest was brought in, ensuring food for the rest of the year, while the surplus was brewed into fine Dwarven beer, ale and wine. Between shifts at the magma forges Tarran had toiled on his cottage, with most of the flooring for the second storey finished. Everything - including the workshops - had now been moved to the caverns, only the militia barracks remained on the upper levels. Tarran and Muenster were both still hard at work forging all the metal ores that had been mined out into valuable copper, iron and silver bars, along with zinc and lead. Gadankobem had been moved down into a special section in the temple underground, where it was daily anointed by Kadzar and his fellow priests. Peace settled once more in Nomekast, not only could they now see out into the outer world, but thanks to the stairs, they could even stand on top of the lighthouse and breathe in the fresh air. This meant that in clear weather they could stand on the top of the lighthouse, while in rain they could still see out thanks to the windows.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



8th Sandstone 675 - Noon

As Limestone passed and the community moved into Sandstone, work began to slow. With the increasingly festive mood growing as they drew closer to Obsidian and the New Year there was less incentive to work quite so hard. They had enough food and drink, and safe walls to protect them from the hostile creatures of the deeps, along with a militia that was now well-equipped with copper and iron equipment if any occasion should arise that needed violence. Tarran had claimed several lead bars to build himself lead furniture for his dining-room for reasons not quite understood; thanks to the fact that he had forged the bars himself, coupled with the general uselessness of lead itself, there was little opposition to his taking of the lead. His cottage, drawing increasingly-closer to completion over its year of construction, had made many wish to emulate it and build their own little houses in the caves.

Taking a break from the tiring fieldwork, Derm decided to go down into the temple's underground section, to see Gadankobem, his creation. The vision he had seen still when he was first inspired by the gods to make it haunted him still. He had come to definitely think it was Dustik Egebbler, goddess of the rain and of plants who had spoken to him. She was his patron god, as decided by his lineage after all, but he wasn't certain. Some details had faded from his memory, but he still vividly remembered passing through the endless realms of the gods, and Dustik's last words still echoed in his ears,

*'Uphold your duty and defend the light.'*

He had no idea what exactly she meant, possibly she meant 'fight off the Nothing', possibly she meant 'do some great act like the heroes of old', he wasn't sure. Gadankobem stood by itself in its own chamber off the cemetery, Derm approached it, admiring its details. He was still amazed that his own hands had created it, and since its creation, he had indeed been excellent at any kind of masonry, just as Ibruk and Melagius had become great at bone-carving after the creation of their own artifacts, Stas also possibly had become a master at stonecrafting or masonry or suchlike, but the Dwarf was almost never seen at work so he had no idea if it was true. Derm laid a hand on the gypsum coffin, feeling the completely smoothed rock. He looked at the image of Mafol Chainedabbey's. And then froze, his eyes glazing over. All the



sounds of the world phased out, then the lights until he was left in a featureless void, and then came a great booming voice,

The forgotten beast Amas has come! A towering hairy crab. It has a spiral shell and it has a bloated body. Its indigo hair is patchy. Beware its webs!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **September 18, 2010, 03:33:09 pm**

A giant enemy crab. We are seriously fighting a giant enemy crab. Just...what!?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **September 18, 2010, 03:35:09 pm**

I love the write up.  
Also,

Hit its weak point for **MASSIVE DAMAGE.**

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **September 18, 2010, 03:39:19 pm**

Oh shit...  
Quote from: MetalSlimeHunt on September 18, 2010, 03:33:09 pm  
A giant enemy crab. We are seriously fighting a giant enemy crab. Just...what!?  
Not just any crab, a crab that's hairy with patchy indigo hair and can shoot webs like a GCS. We are so screwed.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **September 18, 2010, 03:54:03 pm**

I AM.  
The voice comes from everywhere.  
THROUGH LICENSE OF HE WHO HAS NO NAME I HAVE COME.  
It echoes in my mind as a terrible visage attacks my senses.  
THOUGH MY TEN LEGS HAVE NEVER TOUCHED UPON THE HOLY SURFACE I HAVE COME.  
A great monstrosity unfolds upon my eyes.  
YOU HAVE INTRUDED UPON HIS LAND AND I SHALL BE THE ONE TO DRIVE YOU OUT.  
I scream as I feel Webbing surround my body.  
I AM THE BEAST OF TREACHERY! I SHALL WRAP ALL OF YOU IN A COCOON OF YOUR OWN DECEIT.  
He lowers his gaping maw towards my head.  
I AM THE LIES OF HE WHO DOES NOT EXIST.  
He Bites.  
I AM AMAS.  
I wake up.  
I HAVE COME.  
I run.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **September 18, 2010, 04:22:39 pm**

I have been searching for signs of another warren for weeks now... Ever since my home had been razed by the elven whores (not all of us kobolds are thieves! Damn those who had stolen the elves +rope reed thong+...) I have been looking. And all I have found is Nothing. Nothing in the mountains, Nothing in the plains, Nothing in the forests, great swarms of Nothing where Mountain Halls, Retreats, Warrens, and Citadels once stood. At least the home of the elves had been destroyed as well...They might have lived had they not chosen to kill us in their misguided hunt for revenge. \*ptah\* nothing to do but keep walking, keep looking, and find somewhere to live. Somewhere safe from the pointy eared butchers and from the Nothing which was consuming the world.  
OOC: I recently had a Kobold camp get razed by the elves (Kutebolds ftw) the Dwarves were also at war but they did not attack, so I dont hate them. Just distrust. Goblins were wiped out in my world so, I will have no opinion there. Same with the humans. :D  
if possible, could I sneak off to a small corner of the caverns away from the main activity area (but still safe) and start a small farm maybe confuse the bookkeeper as too much food comes in or something. I am seriously playing the honest kobold. XD Additionally, I view kobolds as very intelligent, but weak physically and their speech is less developed than other races (similar to the effects of RL Wernickies Aphasia) so they are considered stupid. Sorry about the longing explanation.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **September 18, 2010, 05:45:01 pm**

From the log of Fori  
Another forgotten beast has reared its ugly visage to trouble our fortress again. Two already have left their bones in our stockpiles, and their meat salted and preserved in our barrels. What drives these creatures to attack us? Does our survival enrage them enough to attack, despite the earlier failures? Do they come out of vengeance for the deaths of the two other beasts? Or do they simply seek out settlements to attack by instinct, and come to us since we're one of the few that are left?  
It doesn't matter. The dwarves have killed two such beasts now, and many defilers too. This one will be no different. The monsters do not hold the same terror for me they once did, even if they are still feared. That has done much to lift me out of my depression, the resolve that these things can be defeated even by the likes of me. Or it could be the completed lighthouse too. Now that it's done, I often go there to look out into the forest, and breathe the fresh air. Being able to see my beloved forest again after so long has done wonders for me. But I haven't stayed there as much as I originally thought, as I've also come to love the wilderness down beneath the earth too. I've become a being of two worlds now, a steward of two forests.  
There is a third reason though, defilers, lighthouses, and forgotten beasts aside, the dreams continue to haunt me. But they've changed. In the dreams, I still walk through the forest of black corrupted trees, beating leaves like defilers' tentacles. The other elves are still in the distance, who either act as if I do not exist, or regard me with contempt. What has changed though, is me. I no longer walk timidly and afraid. I stand straight and proud, wearing the dwarf armor and carrying my sword in my hand. I notice it is always stained with defiler blood. Again, as I walk through the evil forest, I see the oasis of green and purity, and the ancient elf there who alone regards me with kindness. There's a hint of a fathers pride in his gaze too. However, as before, whenever I approach him, the trees turn to defilers, and swarm me. This time I hold my ground, fighting to get through them, but I am brought to a halt. At least I no longer dream I'm fleeing them or being struck down by them though.  
While this is a curious change, and possibly a hopeful one, it leaves me wondering still. Who is that ancient elf? I'm beginning to get a few ideas though. Recently, Derm had finished his project, and claims a dwarf goddess had directed him. Are the elf gods trying to do the same to me? Even after I abandoned the life of an elf to live below the earth with the dwarves? I'm not certain, but I don't know what is going on. I've been spending more time at the temple as of late trying to figure it out. At least while that zealout Ibruk isn't there.  
One thing I have noted though. The statue of Dustik Egebber, the dwarf goddess of plants and rain, bears a remarkable resemblance to one of the goddesses I used to worship, back in the retreat.  
((There's many nameless dwarves in the fortress, isn't there? Couldn't the people on the waiting list have them?))

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **September 18, 2010, 11:56:22 pm**

Well, the people who want to be dwarfed could have them. But it wouldnt make sense for those who want to be Humaned or Kobolded (me) or Goblined (if there is another)  
But that is alright, I am fine with waiting (just dont let dwarves die for a bit, hopefully a merchant can get in...Also, does Nothing have trapavoid?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Gutanoth** on **September 19, 2010, 03:53:58 am**

Hey, this looks like a pretty neat fort. 'Specially with the crazy at the head of it.  
I would like the be dwarfed  
Name: gutusp  
Sex: female  
Personality: Goblin-like. ridiculously so. Also quite insane. so much that goblins look at her and think "damn, is that what we look like to the rest of the world" shortly before she starts demanding they stop thinking, as she can hear it. Also has a Slight god complex, which explains her name.  
Other info: She was kidnapped by the goblins at a young age. She learned goblin as her first language. She would have stayed a slave were it not for her master having an "unfortunate accident". Which involved a large amount of ballista arrows. In his bedroom. From there on she developed a more goblin like attitude and personality, to the point she dyed her hair red. With her great skills in Goblinhood she grew quite high in the ranks of the goblin army, to the dislike of few goblins. It used to be many, 'til she found out.  
She can only speak goblin, for added Fun!  
She's basically a copy of my char from the other fort I'm in which I really liked but doesn't seem to be going anywhere  
Do you have any plans for the origins of nothings, or is their story just about them being there.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZock** on **September 21, 2010, 06:06:53 am**

Quote from: dermonster on September 18, 2010, 03:54:03 pm  
THOUGH MY SIX LEGS HAVE NEVER TOUCHED UPON THE HOLY SURFACE I HAVE COME.

Crabs have ten legs.  
What?  
Your post was just too epic for me not to mess it up with that!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Gutanoth** on **September 21, 2010, 11:03:40 am**

Quiet you! this is a forgotten beast. he may have as many legs as he likes. provided he reminds no one.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **magmaholic** on **September 21, 2010, 11:08:09 am**

dwarf fortress is EPIC.  
you can be darn crazy,and nobody gives a shit.  
so,i joined the forum when i found this thread.  
i wanna be dorfd.(pick a random dwarf who tends to avoid crowds,or has wonderful imagination)  
name:Arsethotheles(nickname is Arsh)  
sex:male  
Proffession:philosopher  
"you want to be a PHILOSOPHER?Are you insane?"  
"Actually... I'm 99% insane. That last 1% of sanity helps me admit it.Being one is a common way of us,dwarven inviduals"  
"oh."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Gutanoth** on **September 22, 2010, 07:31:04 am**

How come no one is posting anything? it seems like a ghost town.  
  
or are we all just waiting for the next story post?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **September 22, 2010, 01:00:05 pm**

waiting with extreme anticipation. :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **September 22, 2010, 05:22:32 pm**

Fortis and Xenos - We have four unnamed Dwarves, two of which are priests in Kadzar's squad, and two who are invaluable members in the militia whom I'm unwilling to spare. At the risk of making people have to wait, I'm gonna wait for migrants (hopefully the 'despite the danger...' bug won't stop people from coming).  
  
Gutanoth - Welcome to Nomekast! Please join the queue with the others. :P While I won't reveal anything, I can say that this will eventually go into the origin of the Nothing, but not until the fort's a bit more settled.  
  
magmaholic - A philosopher? That's just what we need, another useless layabout to join Stas in doing nothing! :P Buts anyways, welcome to Nomekast, please join the queue, no pushing, no shoving, etc.

8th Sandstone 675 - Noon

"So another forgotten beast is coming for us?" Delta asked incredulously, "I swear someone must be sending them."  
  
"Mayhaps the go-" Ibruk began, before Tarran cut him off,  
  
"Derm, where did you say that Amas was coming from?" he asked.  
  
"It's on the Fiery Cistern." Derm replied.  
  
"Excellent, that should mean our walls should keep it out while we get everyone together, and if all else fails we can collapse the passage and block it off below."  
  
Ibruk cleared his throat, clearly unhappy at having been cut off.  
"Good, well then pilgrims, let us get the righteous militia together to slay this beast."

The militia, once again joined by Kadzar and his priests, gathered at the magma forges. Doc. Steve and Rovod were also present, crossbows ready, while Bax had been allowed to join the group. Not a word was spoken between them, silence filled the air as Delta removed the stones of the wall that kept Amas out. Once the wall was done, the soldiers tramped out. Amas itself was nowhere to be seen, but the Dwarves had faced enough forgotten beasts that they knew it would be drawn to the scent of their flesh. All they had to do was wait.

Seconds felt like minutes and minutes like hours as they waited there, patiently and silent save for the occasional cough or sneeze. Finally, after a half hour they had had enough,

"This is silly," Melagius complained, "I have better things to do." He turned to leave, and that was when the clicking started. Rythmic clicking, like that of...claws! With a roar, Amas burst from the shadows. It was every bit as horrific as Thudel and Lerdí had been. A huge crab, covered with hair and topped with a spiral shell, much like described in the vision Derm had had. No one moved for a few seconds, then with a collective cry, the Dwarves save Rovod and Steve charged. Amas didn't have a chance to react in time as two bolts plunged straight into its great bloated body, spilling its white ichor. The crab charged at Tarran, sending the swordsdwarf flying through the air. With a swipe of its claw, it knocked Rion into a rock column. Johann sent his hammer crashing onto one of its right leg, wincing as a great crack was heard. Kadzar managed to pierce the beast's side with his spear but lost control of the weapon and was sent flying by a swipe of Amas' claw. Cursing, Melagius turned to Bax,

"Bax! We need to attack its head directly, give me a boost!" he cried. The Goblin took a moment to understand, before sheathing his weapon and holding his hand out together. Melagius leapt onto the greenskin's hands and Bax tossed the Dwarf into the air, sending him sailing towards Amas. The beast was too busy to notice the swordsdwarf; Rion had managed to cut one of its legs off, while Derm had sliced into its body. By the time it saw Melagius it was too late.

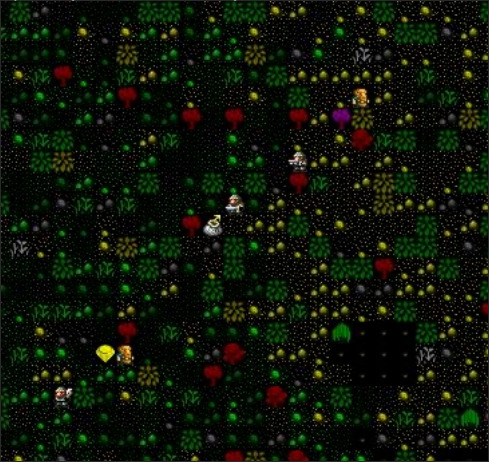
The Swordsdwarf stabs The Forgotten Beast in the head from the side with his iron short sword, tearing the muscle and tearing the brain!

The effect was instantaneous, Amas gave a keening cry and began to thrash uncontrollably, sending several Dwarfs careering to the ground from the force. Then it fell still, dying silently.

24th Timber 675 - Early Morning

The Peasant Urist Obokimaz from Enoleral has arrived.  
A caravan from Enoleral has arrived.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The caravan wound its way across the valley, donkeys loaded with precious items, gems, exotic woods and metals, all from the furthest colonies and trading partners of the Grizzly Vessel. The destruction of several mountain fortresses, the razing of Human towns and the burning of Elven forests had not stopped the constant flow of trade between the Dwarven, Human, and Elven empires. The bulk of the attacks had been in the north, with the southern cities untouched, and those who lived in the remaining cities still wanted their goods, and the leadership wanted its luxuries. In fact, the Ilral Dynasty of the Grizzly Vessel had expounded much money in ensuring trade continued, if resources became scarce the population might no longer be placated, but be pushed to open revolt by the fear of Nothing attacks creeping closer. Urist Obokimaz had been placed as chief liaison to the colonies of the Grizzly Vessel's state merchants after the death of Mafol Nicatkulet, better known as Mafol Chainedabbeyes. The single trader Ezunam who had barely escaped with his life from the Swamps of Tunnelling two years ago had reported that she and the entire trade caravan had been wiped out by Nothing. Obokimaz had been given direct orders to see if there were any goods to salvage, and to bring back the bodies of the killed traders to their families.

So now here they were, moving across the valley. Smoking an ivory pipe, Obokimaz, who had been oft-spoiled daughter of a Count back in the Mountainhomes, dawdled sometime apart from the caravan. As she walked, her foot suddenly caught on something and she tripped over. Cursing to Id, she picked herself up and looked to see what had tripped her up.

It was a skeletal arm. Immediately she gave a cry, reaching for her handkerchief and pulling it up to her nose as a matter of course rather than for any practical reason. She moved the overgrown grass away.

Yes it was a skeleton. A Dwarven skeleton, possibly one of the traders from the caravan in 673.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



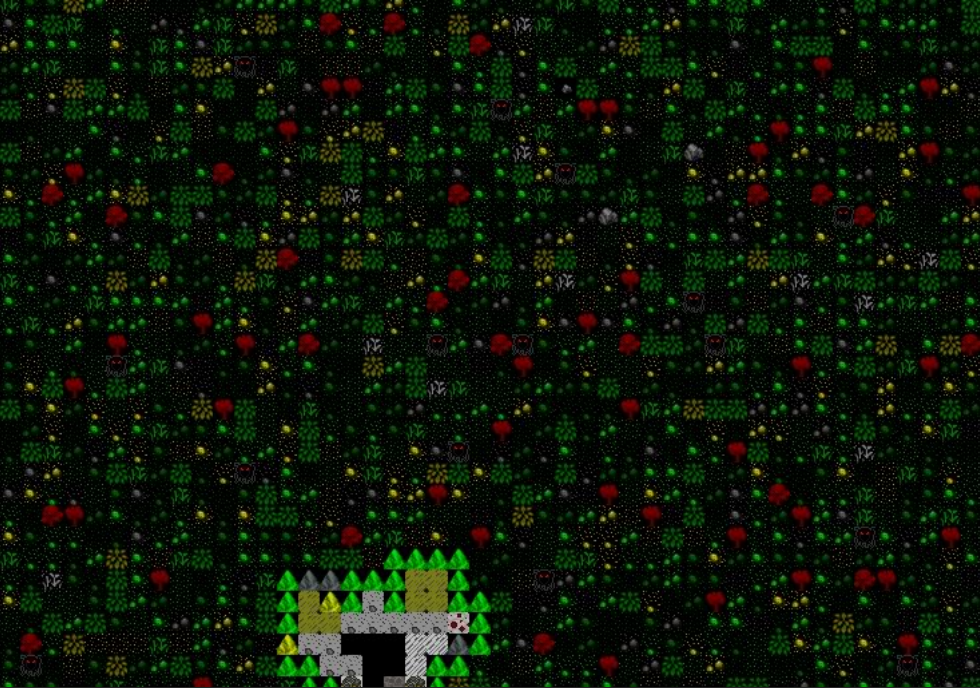
She waved the rest of the living traders and guards over.

"You there," she said, pointing imperiously at an axedwarf, "Put this horrid thing in the bag, the rest must be around here somew-"

"Nothing! Nothing!" a trader suddenly wailed, pointing out to the other side of the valley. That once innocent, now terrifying, word caught their attention at once, and their eyes moved to where the Dwarf was pointing.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)





"Urist! Ezunam mentioned that there was a possible settlement near here! We should-"

"There! A tower, and a bridge, they must be inside the valley side!" a marksdwarf shouted, pointing at Nomekast's 'lighthouse', whose windows shone in the sunlight. Obokimaz wasted no time, already running down the valley toward the river to get across, still holding her handkerchief to her nose. As she ran, she noticed a large hole in the ground, leading down into its depths. She hesitated for a moment between crossing the river and going into what had to be an artificial entrance to the ground, before deciding to take a chance and go down into the earth.

-----

Fori had been in the lighthouse that morning, sitting at the open top, breathing in the fresh air and admiring the sunlight that flooded the valley from the east. The Defilers ruined the view somewhat, but she was still glad to be once again able to breathe in fresh, natural air, and admire the green plant life, even if she could not frolic amongst it. As she sat there, she became aware of movement on the opposite side of the valley. At first she thought it was Nothing, but she soon realised that the figures were humanoid, and quite short. Dwarves. They moved across the valley, then stopped for a while, before, apparently noticing the Nothing that were soon to be bearing down on them, moving down the valley, one moved particularly quickly, speeding ahead of the others.

Clearly they had seen Nomekast, as well as the Nothing, and were moving down to seek sanctuary. She swiftly left her seat, hurtling down the stairs to tell the Dwarves of the newcomers and to have the corridor entrance opened.

-----

Urist Obokimaz found herself staring at a moat and a rock wall. A wail left her lips as she realised she was in a dead-end, with Nothing probably coming for her as she stood there. A noise made her almost fall into the moat, and she spun round to see the rest of the caravan arriving.

"It's closed you fools." she said, as though they had made some mistake she hadn't. However, the moment she had pronounced these words, the drawbridge clattered down, leading them into a corridor. Once again Obokimaz didn't wait, swiftly moving across to safety, the caravan followed after her. At the end of the corridor several Dwarves stood waiting for them,

"Is that all of you?" one asked. They nodded, the Dwarf moved to a set of levers, pulling two of them. At the entrance to the hallway the drawbridge slammed shut, followed by the sound of a second one.

-----

Ibruk stepped forward now, leaning on his cane,

"Welcome pilgrims. You have travelled far, please, what may we do for you?" he asked gently.

Urist Obokimaz cleared her throat,

"I am Urist Obokimaz, state liaison to the colonies of the Grizzly Vessel and daughter of Count Risen, you may called me Lady Obokimaz. I am here to ask you...people for shelter while we prepare for our journey back to the Mountainhomes." she stated proudly. Ibruk frowned, recognizing the name of Count Risen,

"Ah, oh, alas, I fear they may be a problem. For you see, we are a community of pilgrims led here by the gods to escape the punishment decreed upon the Ilral Dynasty and the mortal empires for their decadence. We cannot harbour the daughter of such a sinful Dwarf as the Count unless she confesses."

"Insults! Are you refusing to help us!?"

"Certainly not, but lest you repent, you cannot stay."

"I wouldn't *want* to stay in this muck-ridden place."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **September 22, 2010, 06:05:54 pm**

I take it I didn't get hurt all that bad despite being thrown? Whew, I could have gotten really unlucky and have a bone smashed apart and then have it infected (possibly leading to my death).

Anyway, that fight went really well for a FB that could shoot webs. Hopefully our luck will continue.

Also: Are you planing on getting another map up Aequor?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Gutanoth** on **September 22, 2010, 06:08:17 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on September 22, 2010, 05:22:32 pm

Gutanoth - Welcome to Nomekast! Please join the queue with the others. :P While I won't reveal anything, I can say that this will eventually go into the origin of the Nothing, but not until the fort's a bit more settled.

Queue? Of course I can! We English invented queuing.

But yeah, like how you handled the traders. And the story so far

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **September 22, 2010, 06:27:07 pm**

It was not a pleasant battle at all, I reflect, as I watch the caravan unload.

The vision was a nice warning, yes, but these words that the beast spoke...

They weren't Standard. They weren't Dwarven either. They weren't any of the varied languages I'd studied.

So that meant that forgotten beasts had a language of their own. A language that only I can understand. The beasts death cries were... horrible to say the least. And never say that they can't come up with creative tortures and insults.

But think of what we could learn! The mysteries of the deep are long sought after, but any glimpse of the truth is therefor followed by blood and death. I must convince the others to try to trap the next one that comes along. For if we are to survive, we must know of our enemy. This "He who has no name"... "He who does not exist"... He must have been the one to send down the Nothing. What better name for a creature made by a non-existent being? I must tell the others.

I must find the Truth.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **September 23, 2010, 11:52:42 am**

Fori grunted as she set down the crate of trade goods at the depot. She wasn't as strong as most dwarves just yet, but there was no denying that she was stronger than most elves she had known. Most elves never had to do labor of this sort; it really was a good exercise. She was rather proud though, that she managed to retain her grace, agility, and flexibility despite this.

Despite her improved physical ability, she still needed to pause and rest a moment. Leaning against the cave wall, she listened in on Ibruk discussing with the liaison. Not so much 'discussing' as 'spouting more fanatic nonsense' Fori revised, after a moment. It had taken just a few moments before the Count's daughter became offended. Fori didn't pretend to know who this Count Risen was, and why Ibruk didn't like him, but didn't that nutcase know that we had enough enemies at the present? We didn't want to add a slighted Count to the hordes of defilers and the constant stream of forgotten beasts. Fori just shook her head.

In the meanwhile, as she rested, she was getting a few odd looks from the traders and the caravan guards. (She was glad Bax didn't decide to come up) But oddly, they didn't seem as surprised as she expected. Eventually, she worked up her courage to head over the caravan. She decided to avoid the Lady, as chances were, she'd be offended somehow by an elf, but she went to the traders. She looked over the goods a moment, noting the variety of dwarf products. There were a few human goods mixed in with them too, acquired during their trade missions.

Fori let out a sudden gasp, and quickly seized a small wooden recorder from amid a neat array of instruments. She didn't recognize the regional style, but it was elven make! She spun to one of the dwarven traders.

"Where did you get this?" She asked suddenly, clutching the recorder to herself.

"Th' southern forests, we 'ad stopped there to trade with the elven retreat over a-" The dwarf began, but was cut off by a sudden un-elf like whoop from Fori. She shoved several stone crafts of Nomekast's make into the traders hands, in all probability worth several times the recorder's worth, and had run off singing a joyous song taking the recorder with her. She wasn't the last of her kind as she had feared! There were other retreats that weren't overrun! Before long, cheerful music from the recorder began filling the tunnels and caverns of Nomekast.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **September 23, 2010, 09:49:18 pm**

Bax War journal

Too busy to write, crab for dinner and goods to "acquire".

Lil beardy sure likes crab cakes tough!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Gutanoth** on **September 25, 2010, 07:05:26 pm**

Would i be able to have a captured child from my tower too (not too concerned if there isn't any spare)?

They would be an elf child. Gutusp would actually have worked them as a slave/assistant in her tower, but when they had to escape, she kept it because it was hers, dammit! when they were out, the child wouldn't have acutally been of that much use in the world, but they were dragged along for when she reached her next home. after a while she stopped being so harsh on it and did effectively a resigned sigh on the whole situation, and decided to teach them how to actually be useful in the outside world. The child has done things no elf should ever do. like make a fire - out of natural wood [/drama]. Gutusp will always refer to the child as a girl, and wil do so until told otherwise.

posting really late over here, so sorry if it sounds rather stupid. (i know its unoriginal too)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Areku** on **September 26, 2010, 09:46:20 am**

Well, I reckon that hairy crab must've left quite a big shell, no? And with a legendary bonecarver around... I'm just saying that Delta wouldn't mind having a +Forgotten Beast Shell Helm+, if you get what I mean. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Gutanoth** on **September 26, 2010, 10:26:45 am**

do crabs leave shells behind at all?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **September 26, 2010, 12:21:06 pm**

I bet it leaves at least 350 hair, when butchered.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **September 26, 2010, 12:41:43 pm**

Hair should be able to be spun into yarn at the loom...that would be very nice :D (maybe allow leather to make ropes?)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **September 26, 2010, 12:44:14 pm**

We should construct a perimeter wall around the entrance to the base and station marksdwarves up top to take pot shots at any Nothing stumbling too close to the entrance. Not only would this be great training for our military, but any migrants who show up might a better chance at surviving the mad dash to the entrance.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **September 27, 2010, 04:57:31 pm**

My goodness, I totally forgot about this!  
just skimmed through the entries that I missed and will look at them in more detail when I have more time  
but it seems we've got a green skinned demon on our hands! I'll prepare my olivine jokes soon.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **rogejun** on **September 29, 2010, 07:54:43 pm**

hi i want to be a human, great story by the way and sorry for my english.  
Name: good side: Sandra/evil side:Ryva  
Gender: Female  
Profession: Swordwoman( two handed sword if possible)

Past: born a human, lived as monster, sinse as kid she was trained to kill, but she escaped from her masters with 9 years, she did bring with her some amor and a long sword she did not know about the world,ethics and others stuff so she did eat everything when hunger(note she did have eat almost every creature in the world including elf, goblins,dwarfs,etc), as the years pass she learned all the languages but a lot of people hated her and tried to assassinate her, and so she defended herself aganaist everything send to kill her, until one day one hammerman got a luck shot and have hit her head, the good side she always survived and become stronger, the bad...now she have Personality Disorder and kill for FUN and give blood for Armok, she have a bad reputation and only some dwarfs know about her.

Personality:  
good side : A very happy person, have almost no enemies, will be best friend with Fori, Bax, Stas and Xeno,she want only live her life, always helping someone (and working in almost everything) be it something normal like farm , evil like stealing or hard like build a temple alone. She is very inteligent and loyal and don't think before helping the others, she is calm and have patience, drink and eat everithing.

evil side: She is really evil, more evil then all the goblins,Demons and Nothings together, she love lick the blood of her enemies, lazy, like to challenge the others around her but help then like her good side, she is really agresive and Berserk, drink and eat everithing.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **September 30, 2010, 10:02:51 pm**

Oh it felt good to finally shoot something again.  
That may have came out wrong but damnnit theres something helpful about inflicting violence on something when you've been stressed out for ages. Maybe I should have a chat with Reg about having the more antsy folk here wait on each other with toy swords for a while, see if that helps any. At the very least it'll keep them out of the more balanced folks way for a while although I'm probably going te see a lot of splinters and poked out eyes as a result. Something to ponder for a bit I guess.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 01, 2010, 04:22:10 pm**

Tarran - No, you had some bruises, but they healed up quickly. You're not dead yet.;D I'll get another map up when the year ends, so by the next update or so.

Gutanoth - If a kid survives I'll let you have them. Do you want the elf kid to be a boy or a girl?

Areku - Sadly, it doesn't seem like our friend the crab left a shell behind, there's none listed in stocks, and any attempt to get a shell helm made simply results in a cancellation due to no shell. :(

rogejun - Welcome to Nomekast. You're number 7 in the queue of waiting migrants, so please take a seat. :P Unfortunately, friendship enhancer doesn't work with 31.14, and it's quite unstable.

With the caravan actually managing to escape, we should hopefully be getting migrants soon. :D

24th Timber 675

After the traders had unpacked their pack-animals, Bounce managed to successfully negotiat trade, despite Nomekast's little wealth. In exchange for a few rough gems that the miners had found, the traders gave them barrels of Dwarven beer, rum and wine to help last them through the year until the next planting season. Meanwhile Lady Obokimaz and Ibruk had sequestered themselves by the temple.

"This is completely ridiculous! An Elf living amongst Dwarves is permissible, it's happened before, but a Goblin!? What madness has possessed you to think that a greenskin in a Dwarven fortress is a *good* idea!?" Obokimaz raged. Ibruk leant on his cane, face expressionless,

"My Lady Obokimaz, the gods themselves dictated this Goblin's arrival, and he has proven himself a valuable member of our community. And surely the great gods know better than the daughter of the Count nicknamed the Dense?" he said calmly. At the mention of her father's 'nickname' Obokimaz's face went redder than ever before, she held up a threatening finger to Ibruk,

"My father-"

"Is not here, nor is his authority - or yours - above that of the gods. Now, I suggest you rest the night, and be on your way tomorrow."

4th Moonstone 675 - Morning

The traders ended up staying more than a week, happy to be out of the cold and away from the Nothing. And the people of Nomekast were only too happy to host them in exchange for news of the outside world. The caravan had brought an aura of happiness to Nomekast. For once, the inhabitants felt like they weren't the only people left in the world of Omon Rabin. The traders shared stories of exotic lands over tankards of ale, explaining how the Grizzly Vessel still held firm, despite having lost two mountainhomes up in the north, as well as several colonies. Meanwhile the Elves had retreated to their forest retreats and only a few of the more 'sociable' Elven communities still sent trade caravans. The Humans, like the Dwarves, were holding firm, despite heavy losses, however civil war had exploded in the sprawling Empire of the Humble Nations, as local warlords took advantage of the Nothing attacks to stage an attempted coup last year that had quickly devolved into protracted fighting. No one had seen a Goblin since the Nothing began attacking, and many blamed the Nothings' attacks on them, though explorers reported seeing Dark Fortresses swarming with Nothing, but no Goblins, not even corpses or decomposed skeletons. As for the Kobolds, no one had seen any of them, but that wasn't unusual, most people supposed they had hidden in their secret caves, or been wiped out.

The traders were happily waved off, while Lady Obokimaz stood at the head, glad to see the back of the place. After they had departed, several Dwarves went to the lighthouse to see them make their way out of the Swamps of Tunnelling. As the caravan climbed the sides of the valley, a swarm of Nothing approached. Quick as a flash the guards charged in.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





Several Nothing were slain there and then, while the traders and Obokimaz fled for safety as their escort fought off the beasts. Eventually the military Dwarves had hacked, cut and shot the Nothing that had attacked them into whatever afterlife these things had, and sprinted after the traders off into the distance.

Moonstone 675

With the traders gone life re-settled in Nomekast. Tarran had begun work on the second floor of his cottage, the militia trained, the priests trained, and Bax and Stas planned their silver heist. Life in Nomekast settled into a semi-idyllic, simplistic existence, and the rest of Moonstone passed without much happening of note.

8th Opal 675 - Noon

Opal had arrived without fanfare. For the first week nothing had happened, life had just progressed as normal, and then, on the eighth day;

"Yeah, down to the lower levels!" Derm said excitedly over lunch, holding up a tankard full of Dwarven rum. Several Dwarves were clustered around him. He had just declared his intent to go explore the lower levels of the caverns, the ones glimpsed from the pit of Hellbore. This had drawn much excitement and enthusiasm from other Dwarves. Steve, Delta and Bax had already offered their help in their upcoming expedition.

"Fori, are you going to- Fori?" Derm asked, concerned. The Elf was stood there, a glazed look on her face.

Fori. Elf has been possessed!

"Fori, I-"

Fori held up a hand to silence the Dwarf. When silence fell she proclaimed in a voice that was not her own,

The forgotten beast Ongas Anarusmo Csnust Akon has come! A gigantic hadrosaurid with external ribs. It has thin wings of stretched skin and it undulates rhythmically. Its purple scales are blocky and overlapping. Beware its deadly dust!

Obviously the possession and the forgotten beast didn't happen exactly at the same time ingame, but they were so close that I thought it'd be best to combine them.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
Post by: Tarran on October 01, 2010, 04:54:57 pm

Oh ffffffffuuuuuu-...

Guys, we're facing a dinosaur (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hadrosaurid>) that blows dust. While the type of dinosaur isn't all that scary, the fact that it can breath dust(which, if I remember correctly can knock us around like a cave-in for you guys that don't know) makes it extremely dangerous if it gets it's breath off.

Aequor, please for the love of Armok don't fight it near walls or other hazards. Fight it out in the open.

Oh, and have our mason start carving coffins will ya? I don't want to decompose before I get one. :P

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
Post by: Dermonster on October 01, 2010, 06:34:51 pm

"Fori are you going to- Fori?

She had a far away look in her eyes, and a prickling feeling ran up my spine.

"Fori, I-"

She Held her hand up, brushing my nose-

**I AM.**  
I Start as I notice the world fall away from me.  
**THROUGH LICENSE OF HE WHO HAS NO NAME I HAVE COME.**  
I scream as a gigantic living fossil Comes out of the darkness.  
**THOUGH MY FOUR LEGS CAN NEVER TROD THE HOLY SURFACE I HAVE COME.**  
His ribs suck in stolen wind.  
**YOU HAVE POLLUTED HIS LAND WITH YOUR FOUL AIR AND I SHALL BE THE ONE TO DRIVE YOU OUT.**  
He roars and a pink coating flies off his pallid purple wings.  
**I AM THE BEAST OF WIND! MY ANCIENT BREATH WILL ROT YOUR BONES.**  
I scream as I feel my insides burn.  
**I AM THE BREATH OF HE WHO DOES NOT EXIST.**  
My eyes melt as my flesh sloughs off onto the floor.  
**I AM ONGAS**  
He roars and feasts upon my blistered remains.  
**I HAVE COME.**  
I gasp for air as the vision ends.

"Fori!" I yell as she runs off to who knows where.  
A chill runs up my spine.  
"Hurry! Get the military! We cant let this beast into the fort!"

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
Post by: Gutanoth on October 01, 2010, 06:56:33 pm

Quote from: Aequor on October 01, 2010, 04:22:10 pm  
Gutanoth - If a kid survives I'll let you have them. Do you want the elf kid to be a boy or a girl?

Whatever comes along. She'll refer to it as a girl anyways, until someone tells her otherwise, since all elves look the same to her.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
Post by: ISGC on October 01, 2010, 08:55:10 pm

"I KNEW IT!" reg screamed as he slammed a mug onto the table," I knew the sun dweller would bring death to this fortress! Has us digging half to hell and when something big 'n scary comes squirming out, she's the first to know?! I'm not one for religious babble, but it's too clear to ignore it. She's cursed, eh! Even Ibruk 'nd all his wisdom can't ignore it now! When we firs' got here we were fine, diggin' for our meals and we didn' get no monsters 'er nothin' (well, plenty of Nothing, but you get my point). But then this ELF shows up 'nd she warms up nice 'n well ter the folk (but I's always kept my suspicion!) and she teaches 'em to clean and cook and grow, yea, teaches 'em to be ELVES. Then good old Armok sends us a message, he does; a creature of the deep, eh, though one easily dispatched, so's we don't see it as a warnin' yet (though I knew it weren't no coincidence), then another 'nd another (yet we still didn't see the SIGN) 'nd now we've got a green skinned little demon scrapin' 'is scales round our halls! Aye, the elf's been touched by the gods, yea, she 'nd that goblin are a CURSE on our fortress, boys! If I weren't a doctor bound by my oath, I wouldn' go anywhere near either of them rancid hides. I say we toss 'em both into the pit with that there monster 'nd floor it up like nothin' happened. Then...." Reg let out a deep sigh, after yelling himself red in the face, and his voice dropped to a whisper," then, maybe we will be free of these nothing. Then maybe we c'n go home and rebuild, start new families, do what dwarves are meant to do! but that ain't gonna happen, is it" Reg leaned back in his chair and took another swig of his drink," no one listens to poor old Reg, anyhow. Well, can't say I never told em." Drunk out of his mind, Reg rambles on without any spectators.

~edit: errors

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
Post by: Fortis on October 01, 2010, 11:16:22 pm

From the log of...Fori? Engas? Both? Neither?

How can I endure this? IT never leaves me... IT constantly demands of me... Before food... before rest... even now, I feel IT's impatience as I write. IT wants me to leave, to carry out IT's wil...

The pressure is horrible... my mind feels like it's freezing...It's maddening!

IT shows me things... things that an elf should not know. Glimpses of beings far more twisted and alien than the defilers and the forgotten beasts. Glances of realms that defy all logic, and just looking at them makes me question my sanity. Faint wisps of the divine and the demonic, meshed together in a horrible kaleidoscope of sensations that taxes my brain to the utmost to even begin to comprehend. And I see my dreams in my waking hours, the defiler trees, the scorning elves, but no one else can. Why can't they see them? Why just me!?

The pain... I wish it would stop...

IT has a task for me. I dare not refuse... But IT's instructions are incomprehensible. I'm fumbling in the dark, and I burn my hands ever time I reach where I shouldn't. I saw what it did to Derm. I didn't want to hurt him. But IT did something... I couldn't stop it. I was like a spectator, as my body moved like a puppet on unseen strings. I'm sorry Derm... I tried to stop it, but IT punished me... I must do what IT

wants... I needed a workshop... I took one. The owner protested, but I picked him up with a strength that was not mine, and simply threw him out. I gather things...but for what I don't know...

So hungry...but IT does not even give me time to find something to eat.

Please... leave me alone. Find someone else...

If I succumb, and someone reads this, please tell the dwarves thank you for me, for letting me stay in their home. I must go now. IT says it is time...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **magmaholic** on **October 04, 2010, 11:34:05 am**

Quote from: Aequor on September 22, 2010, 05:22:32 pm

magmaholic - A philosopher? That's just what we need, another useless layabout to join Stas in doing nothing! :P Buts anyways, welcome to Nomekast, please join the queue, no pushing, no shoving, etc.

@ Aequor-you get bonus points,when im blind:P

**Thoughts and adventures of Arsethotheles, 8th Opal 675**

"...sand....rocks..."  
There was a lone figure stumbling on the sunset fields.  
"..oho!Prickle berries!OMNOMNOM....."  
Arsethotheles the Blind\*  
"...boulder...bull-crap!!#x%&x!!!\*\*"  
But that didnt stop him wandering in the wild,in midst of the Nothing.  
"..TENTACLE RAEP!!!"  
As he is REALLY fast on feet  
"BYE,FEKCETS!"  
He had heard about a fortress with a shiney lighthouse,when he met a passing trade caravan.  
Arsethotheles was tired of hermits life,where Bullshit often lied on the trail.  
He thought that going there would be a good idea.  
  
As the sun was slowly touching the horizon,a dwarven silhouette was dissapearing behind the hill.  
Tears were dropping from his eyesockets.He was truly happy.  
  
\*-he saw Nothing raping and pillaging his home.To not see horrors anymore,he sacrificed his eyes to Armok.  
\*\*-Violently immature dwarven language.Belive me,it Will Hurt your feelings.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 05, 2010, 03:42:50 pm**

*8th Opal 675 - Noon*

Fierce shouting broke out following Fori's apparent possession (and prompt departure and taking of a mason's workshop) and Reg's angry speech. It took Johann slamming his warhammer onto the table (causing a crack to appear in the gneiss in the process) to silence them. The usually calm Dwarf glared round at the assembled people,

"Fori is not some cursed monster." he said emphatically. Reg protested at this,

"Welll o' course you'd defend the Elf!" he shouted drunkenly. Johann gave the doctor an efficient glare,

"Reg. Shut. Up. I won't let you split this community apart just because of some racism."

Urist broke in at this point, clearing his throat before speaking,

"The obvious fact is this. No matter who or what is sending these beasts, if anyone is, the important thing at the moment is that we need to deal with Onga, or Engas or whatever before we do anything else."

"Get the militia." Muenster agreed, "I'll get my mace."

"We don't even know where the beast is." Steve protested.

"On the Fiery Cistern." Derm suddenly said, "When Fori touched me I shared part of whatever she saw, it's down on the Fiery Cistern."

"Gentledwarves," came a smooth voice. Stas stood at the back of the crowd, shrouded as ever by his cloak, "Why are we even bothering to attack it? It can't destroy our walls, just let it roam the caves."

"It can fly." Urist butted in, "Walls are no good."

"Ok." Johann said conclusively, having taken charge of the situation, "Get anyone who can fight together. We'll need to get ready, quickly."

-----

Soon the militia, joined with Kadzar's warrior-priests were at the ready. Also present were Muenster, Rovod, Steve, Bax and Derm. All of them were decked in iron armour that had been laboriously forged by Tarran, Muenster and Johann over the past few months. At a first glance, they could easily be mistaken for a real Dwarven squad, and not a rag-tag group of militia. As per usual, it was Rion who took charge,

"Right. Our dino friend is beyond that wall. And something tells me it isn't going to be happy to see us."

Behind him, Spartan, Delta and Urist were laboriously taking down the wall that had been built to block off the magma forges from the rest of the Fiery Cistern, where wild creatures roamed. Once the wall had been removed, the group moved out into the cavern. There was no sound, and no sign of Ongas.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Where do you think it is?" Muenster whispered over to Bax. The Goblin shrugged,

"Beats me," he growled, "damn thing can fly anyway."

A roar punctured the silence. A huge form flew overhead.

"There's the beastie!" Rovod yelled, raising his crossbow. A sudden voice made him stop before shooting.

*YOU ARE TOO LATE*

It wasn't a physical voice, but one that echoed throughout the minds of every Dwarf and Goblin that stood there. It seemed to come from the hadrosaurid itself. The beast alighted on a mound of dirt, it wings waving slightly as if in a breeze as its glowing red eyes stared down at the group,

*HE HAS SENT THEM*

Kadzar was the first to speak,

"Dwarves, let us not falter! We must kill this unholy monster!"

*THERE IS NO MORE HOLY  
THERE IS NO MORE UNHOLY  
THERE IS ONLY NOTHING*

*HE HAS SENT THEM  
THEY HAVE COME*

The group stood there in complete silence as Ongas watched them. This was the first forgotten beast to speak directly with them, before that, there had only been glimpses of some eldricht language scried by those who had received visions from the artifacts warning of the arrival of these monsters. Never had it been so clear a voice, and so obvious a source.

"What-what do you mean?" Muenster asked tentatively. The reptile turned to face him,

*IT IS OVER  
THE GREAT EXPERIMENT HAS RUN ITS COURSE*

*I AM BUT AN ECHO  
YOU ARE THE DEAD  
DREAMING OF LIVING*

"What do you want!?" Tarran suddenly cried, exasperated at these cryptic words,

*I WANT TO SURVIVE*

Ongas then gave a roar, launching himself at the Dwarves. Sheer reactions saved them as they threw themselves out the way. Rovod and Steve leapt into action at once, both launching bolts at the hadrosaurid.



Rovod bounced harmlessly off its scales, but Steve's punctured through. The moment Ongas landed he was swarmed with the melee Dwarves. Kadzar stabbed him straight through the chest, piercing a lung, Melagius and Tarran together managed to hack off several toes, Rion swung his axe into his side. Bax stabbed up into his throat, Muenster slammed his mace onto his skull. A veritable constant stream of bolts struck the hadrosaurid continuously from Rovod and Doc. Steve. Ongas was quickly beaten, unable to take the strain of all the many Dwarves and Goblin fighting at once. In his death throes he roared,

YOU WILL....DIE TOO

Several of his scales flipped open like hatches,

"He's gonna spray his dust!" Melagius yelled, remembering the warning from whatever had possessed Fori.

It was then that a bolt went flying straight through Ongas' eye, lodging itself in his brain. The hadrosaurid instantly went limp, dying at once. Rovod had fired his last bolt, and it has been the decider, killing the dinosaur before its foul dust could be spread. Silence once more filled the cavern, the Dwarves and Bax stood still, still shocked by the forgotten beast's ability to speak. That had made it more than the others, more than just some monster that had come to threaten their home. Bax was the first to speak,

"Well, we should get this thing slaughtered. I'll have its heart, Lil' Beady needs to have her nutrients."

1st Granite 675



The layout of Nomekast as of 1st Granite 675 (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-9677-godsaved>)

This chapter took me three tries. The first time Ongas slipped past the military, and wiped out most of the fort, the second time he wiped out the military because half of it was off drinking, and then the rest of the fort, leaving only Atis and Urist alive. It's really lucky this time he died before spreading his dust, it turns out that being coated in the stuff causes the entire dwarven body to rot.


Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **October 05, 2010, 03:48:49 pm**

Sweet! One forgotten beast down, a horrible....broken....doomed...world to go.... :-\

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **October 05, 2010, 04:23:27 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on October 05, 2010, 03:42:50 pm  
It's really lucky this time he died before spreading his dust, it turns out that being coated in the stuff causes the entire dwarven body to rot.  
Oh wow, that's nasty.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **October 05, 2010, 04:32:53 pm**

Oh god! These updates!  
I just...  
I just...  
  
All stupidity aside, This is by far the best community fort of our time.  
Also, when the next beast comes, Stas will hide in his lair.  
Speaking of which, the lair should be expanded so it could have a treasury, a living/meeting room and a bedroom or two.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Gutanoth** on **October 05, 2010, 04:44:12 pm**

neat! the forgotten beast is dead! I never doubted you guys one second I swear!Well, not enough to gamble anything away on it...  
Good update, nice action. uhm... can't think of anything to beat the previous poster really...  
well...  
anyways. What idiots arrived this time round?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **October 05, 2010, 05:14:03 pm**

So, Fori isn't possessed anymore?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 05, 2010, 05:27:17 pm**

Quote from: Fortis on October 05, 2010, 05:14:03 pm  
So, Fori isn't possessed anymore?  
Yeah, that magnetite grate is hers. It'll be more narrated in the next update, I just didn't want a whole 'nother section after the killing of Ongas.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **October 05, 2010, 05:47:59 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on October 05, 2010, 05:27:17 pm  
magnetite grate  
Oh, I missed that, well, that reminds me...  
\*Ahem\*  
MAAAAGGGNEEEETIITTEEE GRRRAAAAAATTTEEEE!  
Well, at least it's somewhat useful. Compared to the utter uselessness of the iron idol and bracelet.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **October 05, 2010, 06:39:02 pm**

Fantastic!  
so should I take the fight as a huge challenge or was it rather easy?  
would the dwarves tell reg about what they had heard? somehow, I doubt it. also, I hope there aren't any humans/kobolds/whatever in this refugee wave. Before we know it, the fortress will no longer be dwarves offering their hospitality and it will become a mish mash of inferior peoples willing to house a small group of noble dwarves! That simply will not do.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **October 05, 2010, 07:06:48 pm**

"You made a grate."  
Fori looked up to see me coming into the room. I smiled.  
"Yeah... Not really useful, is it?" She said, slipping a bit lower into her mug of strawberry wine.  
"No, no, It can be used for a lot of things! We could place it in the cavern and let the Marksmen fire through it, We could put it over one of the magma access holes so various magma creatures can't crawl through it, we could pump water through it so beasts couldn't move into a well. There's a lot of use for a grate."  
"I suppose."  
A brief silence passed.  
"Listen, I'm sorry about the-"  
I help up a hand, halting the elf in her tracks.  
"Don't be. By sharing the vision with me, I was able to pinpoint the location of Ongas, or Engas, and ready the military. It could have barged into the temple or some such while we were milling in confusion otherwise. Yes the vision was painful, as much as being eaten semi-alive can be, but we're still here aren't we? No lasting damage was done. And we got a neat grate and piles of meat out of it too."  
She nodded. I cracked a smile.  
"So, why don't we go and get some of the rum, eh? You need better booze than that to drown your sorrows in."  
She protested as I pulled her by the arm, "But I can't handle the rum very well!"  
"All the more to be wantin' to drink it, eh? C'mon, high priest will be wanting to see you in the morning. What better time to get smashed off our gourds?"  
We were found about three hours later. I was dancing on a table and she was talking up a bucket with a barrel on her head.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **rogejun** on **October 05, 2010, 07:12:02 pm**

Tommy (Diary from Ryva), 8th Opal 675 - seconds after the death of Ongas.

hehehehe ... you have always been arrogant Ongas, you should have learned from the mistakes of those who came before you, yes i can be dead and prisioned in the body of a human but I'm still on this plane while the dwarfs (and other creatures) eat your body, I only regret not be there to see you die ... Who knows if we (me and girl) run, we can get in time to eat your heart or brain ... I always wanted to taste your meat or the meat of Amos... Crabs are delicious. Gotta go, the girl is waking up. She is so cute, she still think i am her other half... oh oh need go, bye Tommy

Edit:Some wrong words that i used

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **October 07, 2010, 11:36:50 am**

Meinhard checked his gear. One steel shield, one bronze spear, iron chain legs, iron high boots, iron chain shirt, iron gauntlets, iron helm, and a leather scroll case containing "the legacy". He also counted the nothing in front of him. 74.

"Goot, not too-many."

He made for the wall he saw in the distance. Maybe there was some one there.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **RenderRar** on **October 07, 2010, 07:38:48 pm**

I would like a dwarf. Male please.  
Name: Rar  
Profession: CrossbowDwarf (Or Mechanic)  
\*Waits patiently for his character too be added in.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Fortis** on **October 07, 2010, 07:59:50 pm**

From the log of Fori

Finally, thank the spirits, it's over. That thing has finally left my head. I was afraid I was going to go mad from the constant pressure. The relief I felt when it finally departed, it was almost euphoric. It went into that grate I built, and as far as I know, still resides there. But why did it choose the name Ctostastel? The Contained Ally? Does it want to help us? It certainly didn't seem so when it was possessing me. On the other hand. I thought I did feel a brief sense of gratitude from it as it left me. I don't know, I'm just an elf. I'm just glad it's out of my head. Ibruk can have the grate for his temple. Or melt it down to recover the iron ore for all I care. That thing is just the manifestation of a bad memory for me.

But the spirits bless Derm. I knew I did something, but I had no idea it was so painful. Eaten alive? I was worried he would hate or fear me after what I did while possessed. But he forgave me. But what he told me about what that monster said. It chills me. Who had sent the nothing? Does some god wish to destroy us? Do they all turn their backs to us, or are some still benevolent to their creations? What of the spirits of the woods? Are they to be destroyed too? Or was that just the work of some demon trying to deceive us? That's probably what Ibruk will say. But if the gods truly have turned against us, what should we do? What can we do but soldier on, on our own as we have always done?

Either way, Derm had the right idea. I needed to get drunk. Naturally, I don't remember much of it, I drank so much ale. I vaguely recall dozing in an empty barrel again, and being carried back to my room over the shoulder of one of the dwarves. Nothing like a powerful hangover to get the thoughts of Armageddon out of one's head.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Gutanoth** on **October 09, 2010, 03:48:16 pm**

Five days since the tower got overrun by the black beasts.

"stranenngut , musptonspe smangesostdu!" Gutusp demanded of the child.

She had only brought her along as a tool, to be used, but soon realised how useless she truly was when it came to things not inside a well defended, powerful tower. She couldn't even make a fire, the simplest sign of the towers deity. Or chop even down the wood for the fire for that matter. She had decided that there was no way they were going to continue this marching and searching for a new tower without some rest.

She had decided that the best course of action was the make sure none of the beats came near when they slept, thus. set fire to the forest. step into the middle of the ring of fire. sleep. simple! Smangesostdu had already decided where to sleep, so Gutusp simply set fire to a nearby tree, dragged her slave to the ashes after it burnt out and there were fires burning nearby, and slept.

She was woken up by the child's screams. Which were soon followed by her going into shock.Then crying.

Gutusp left her there with an axe pointing to where she was headed. She had no time to waste on weaklings.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Gutanoth** on **October 12, 2010, 05:30:58 pm**

bump.

Sorry for the double post. any idea when the next page is coming? I can't wait.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Dermonster** on **October 12, 2010, 05:42:45 pm**

god *damn* you for getting my hopes up :(

I will eat your socks. all of them

Your punishment is eternally cold feet.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **ISGC** on **October 12, 2010, 06:02:03 pm**

that is a fate worse than death.  
be patient, he'll update when he wants to  
quality over quantity

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Aequor** on **October 13, 2010, 02:55:07 pm**

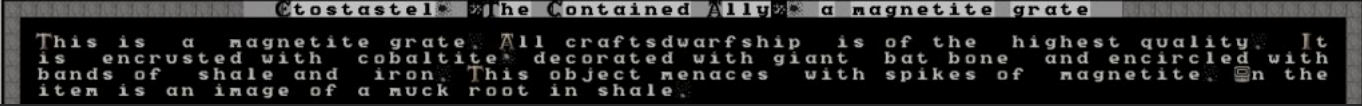
RenderRar - Sure thing, any particular personality for Rar?

Also, everyone who was waiting to be dwarfed/humaned/elfed/kobolded has been added! :D The profiles are up on the first post, as ever.

*1st Granite 675 - Dawn*

Fori had worked tirelessly over the past two months, stopping only to drink, sleep and eat. At times she was quite lucid, able to mumble a few words, but mostly whatever had possessed her was in full control, refusing to allow the Elf to talk to the Dwarves or do anything but work. It had hoarded magnetite, iron, shale, cobaltite and giant bat bone, and begun work at the stroke of Ongas' death, continuing over the rest of Opal, and then through Obsidian. Apparently the possessor was a perfectionist, as many times it had destroyed its work, shouting that it had been ruined by some tiny imperfection. Finally as the sun began to rise into the valley of the Swamps of Tunneling on the 1st of Granite, 675, it left Fori's body, and she was finally back in full control.

At once much of the fort came to see, both to check up on her (Reg had grudgingly accepted to do a check-up, and had spent most of it loudly proclaiming about how as far as he was concerned, she should have been thrown out the moment the possessor had appeared), and also to see what she had created.



Once the preliminary examination, and praising of the craftelfship had been done, the crowd turned to Ibruk, knowing that the prophet would, as ever he did, declare this a sign from the gods, despite it being a clear possession, not some god-struck inspiration. True to the expectations on him, Ibruk did just that,

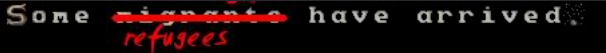
"This is a sign from the gods!" he begun, prompting a combined groan from Reg and Rion, Ibruk plowed on nonetheless, "This grate, Etostastel, 'The Contained Ally', is a clear sign that the gods wish us to seek more allies to defend us against the demons who lurk the great caves of the world."

"It was a possession..." Urist began, Ibruk stopped him,

"One sent by the gods. Who else but the gods could send a spirit to help us?"

As the crowd argued between Ibruk's supporters and his opponents, one of Kadzar's priests came in, moving over to the zealot. The priest leant into Kadzar's ear, whispering something. Kadzar's eyes went wide and he uttered a silent prayer to the gods. Then he raised his hands, calling for silence. After a while, he got it, and he turned to Ibruk,

"Master Ibruk...it-it is like you prophesied, more pilgrims have come!"



They made a rag-tag group, eighteen refugees from varying places. Fifteen Dwarves, an Elf, a Human, and what was apparently a Human, but had a blueish-green skin, and sharp teeth and nails. Of the Dwarves, one had been found wandering the wilds, his eyes ripped out, he had later elucidated that he himself had plucked them out. All of them had lost their homes to the Nothing, and slowly their group had grown as more refugees were met on the trail. The ongoing civil war in the huge Empire of the Humble Nations had also caused the surroundings lands to become more lawless than ever, and the Imperial patrols that had once kept the roads safe were now all gone, called to war, and that meant that if there were no Nothing roaming them, then there were bandits. After crossing miles of open land, the group finally found themselves standing above the valley of the Swamps of Tunnelling. Arsethotheles, the mad philosopher they had found, had indicated this as the location of a hidden Dwarven outpost, that accepted non-Dwarves as well as Dwarves.

"Iz dat it? All hy zee iz a shmall wall and a tower." Meinhard asked, shielding his eyes from the glare of the sun as he scanned the valley.



"I didn't lie! Arsethotheles only lies when he wants to AND I DIDN'T WANT TO!" the philospher cried indignantly.

"There's probably more under the hill?" Sandra ventured.

"We won't know until we go." Loral the Elf nodded.

"Then for Armok's sake let's go!" Rar cried, bringing a nod from Helf. The six of them were stood apart from the rest of the group. They had pretty much been adopted as the unofficial leaders of the refugees, even though one of them was an Elf, two were Humans (and one freakishly mutated at that) and another was a mad Dwarf who had ripped out his own eyes, indeed, if it wasn't for Helf and Rar, then the refugees might not have accepted them as the leaders.

"Yeah, if dat's it, den let's go." Meinhard agreed, motioning to the rest of the group to get ready to move. There was little ground they needed to move over, but there were several Nothings milling around on the other side of the valley, and the moment the refugees moved, there was no doubt the tentacled beasts would move in after them.

"Hey, there, that's the hole the traders must've mentioned." Helf said, pointing out the entrance to the trapped tunnel into Nomekast.

"We need to get there before the Nothings move in." Sandra said. The group nodded, moving off to tell the rest of the refugees that their troubles were soon over.

The refugees were soon ready, and threaded down the valley, keeping an eye on the Nothing on the other side of Squeezemunch. The Nothing didn't move for a long while, then suddenly swarmed down the valley sides towards the group.

"Move faster!" Rar cried, pushing several Dwarves onwards down into the entrance to Nomekast. Once inside the cool dark, they saw that the residents of the fortress must have seen them coming, for the drawbridge was down, and a group of armed and armoured Dwarves stood at the other side,

"Get in! Quick!" one yelled.

Soon sixteen of the various races had made it in, but a couple had been left behind, as Nothings came to attack the two. The husband, grim determination on his face, pushed his wife off into the tunnel, and then drawing up his fists, charged like a true Dwarf into battle, using hand and foot to fight the beasts off and let his love survive. His wife could only watch from the bridge as he was torn to pieces and the beasts turn their attention to the tunnel, and then the drawbridge rose and clunked to a stop, sealing them out and the refugees in. The wife drew a large, raking sob, tears flooding down her face. Her arms fell uselessly to her sides, and she collapsed crying on the floor.

Kegan Enshai's Bone Carver is stricken by melancholy!

"Oh gods, what is that? Another Elf? And two Humans? Reg is gonna have a fit." one of the soldiers remarked.

Before anyone else could say a word, a small Dwarven girl came running up to the armoured Dwarves, whispering something to them. Their leader nodded,

"Right, all of you move off, someone'll take you down to the meeting hall where you can rest, we need to open the drawbridge again. Unless of course you wanna stay here and see what happens." he said, matter-of-factly. The sheer idea of the drawbridge being re-opened was enough to send them on their way down the corridor and into the fortress proper, leaving the militia Dwarves behind.

"What is it? What have we got?" Melagius asked Rion, preparing his sword.

"Three more. One with red hair, with a child coming in from the south, and what seems to be another child coming in from the other side." the axedwarf replied.

"Ikeng's bosom...some poor orphan on their own?" Rovod grimaced, invoking the Dwarven goddess of family, "I dread ta think of what they must've endured."

The drawbridge slammed down with a cacophony of grinding gears, letting light shine in once more. The Dwarves moved out this time, moving into the open air for the first time since the rebuilding of the lighthouse. They had little time to breathe in the fresh air however, immediately being forced to fight off the Nothing there were already there. It was easily done, there were not many, only about half a dozen, no match for the Dwarves' weapons. Once the beasts were dead, they looked for the refugees, true to Atis' message, there was a stout Dwarven woman with fiery red hair moving in from one side, with a child trailing in her wake, while a small figure was scurrying in from the other side.

"Esm romnu! Esm romnu!" the woman screeched at the Dwarves, moving past them into the passage without so much as a second glance.


"Hey wait-" Tarran said, stopping the child from following her. He took a look at the young boy, noting the ears, "This is an Elf kid!" the Elf looked fearfully up at the bearded Dwarf, and then pulled himself free, scurrying after the red-haired woman.

The last refugee had arrived now, the small child that had come in from the other side. The militia beckoned him towards them, retreating into the tunnel. Once they were all safely inside, the great stone bridge was raised, sealing them all safely away.

"Phew..." Rovod breathed, mumbling a quick prayer to the gods in thanks. There was a sudden sharp intake of breathe from besides him. Johann had moved to help what they had all believed was a small child, only to see yellow eyes and brown skin,

"This isn't a kid!" he gasped, "It's a Kobold!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **October 13, 2010, 03:14:21 pm**

 *This is the type of kobold I am...Just so you all have the right mental image ;D*

\*holds hands up, wide open, leaving my +copper dagger+ (can I get one? :D) at my side\*

\*mimes farming\*

\*cautious, expectant look\*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **October 13, 2010, 03:21:19 pm**

"I bet Nothings prefer the flesh of sapient. Kolbolds are sapient. Well, kind of. Still, looks like we've got ourselves some bait."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **October 13, 2010, 03:24:26 pm**

I've noticed on the map that there's some yellow metal to the left of the magma forges. Is it gold? If yes, I think we should temporarily knock down the wall, mine it out and smelt it for the luzl. I've also noticed brown metal near the yellow metal. If it's Cassiterite, we should mine it out too so we can make some bronze (for no real reason since iron is in many ways better, except for completeness of metals and because it'll give the miners something to do).

I'd also like to request a Cobaltite statue next to my cottage's entrance.

Also, I just noticed that my guy likes Raw Adamantine and eyeless demons. Heh.

Anyway, keep up the updates.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 13, 2010, 03:40:46 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on October 13, 2010, 03:24:26 pm  
I've noticed on the map that there's some yellow metal to the left of the magma forges. Is it gold? If yes, I think we should temporarily knock down the wall, mine it out and smelt it for the luzl. I've also noticed brown metal near the yellow metal. If it's Cassiterite, we should mine it out too so we can make some bronze (for no real reason since iron is in many ways better, except for completeness of metals and because it'll give the miners something to do).

Unfortunately that's orthoclase, not gold. The brown metal is cassiterite, and I'm pretty sure bronze weapons are better than iron now, so the miners will probably mine it so we can have better weapons, now that the community's expanded we might end up with Goblin ambushes or even sieges if our wealth gets too high.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **October 13, 2010, 03:51:03 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on October 13, 2010, 03:40:46 pm  
Unfortunately that's orthoclase, not gold.

No, I don't mean *that* yellow metal(stone) further then that, near the water, actual yellow ore.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 13, 2010, 04:04:35 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on October 13, 2010, 03:51:03 pm  
Quote from: Aequor on October 13, 2010, 03:40:46 pm  
Unfortunately that's orthoclase, not gold.  
No, I don't mean *that* yellow metal(stone) further then that, near the water, actual yellow ore.  
Ohh, my mistake. Yeah, that *is* gold.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **October 13, 2010, 04:06:37 pm**

We have a psychotic priest who thinks he's the messenger of the gods. And now we have gold. Do I even need to *tell* you what must happen now?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **October 13, 2010, 04:10:14 pm**

"My room, as the mouthpiece of the Gods, must be made of solid gold! Furnished with gold furniture! Except the bed...that must be *slade*."

Starting to sound like a regular noble ;D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **October 13, 2010, 05:40:40 pm**

oooohhhhh boy...

Reg stared in silence at the intruders his fellows had opened the doors for; his brow was knotted and his face stuck in an eternal scowl. He was at a loss for words; surely, they could see what creatures these were! SURELY they saw the folly in their ways. Was he the only sane one in the entire fort?! He'd braved death, starvation... Nothing, but for what? To walk amongst ANIMALS and green skinned beasts as if they are his equal! The death of the fort lays at his feet, shivering from the cold and looking upon the sympathetic dwarves with whimpering eyes, pathetic! They will let it all come down in flames, and as Reg treats the wounds of his comrades, he will remind them of who was RIGHT. Then they will see what they had done. THEN they will see the error in their ways, but there is no way to stop them now. As my grandfather always said: "Monsters may topple the strongest doors and even Kobolds may fell the largest tree, but only Dwarves could raze a mountain and set the magma flowing free!" Reg's time would come in the hour that they need him most. When the creatures that they allow to haunt these halls beg for his assistance. When they all look up and shout "save us!"

he'll look down and whisper "No."  
Bound by his oath as a doctor, he will continue to heal those who need it, but he is not a fool.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)  
~sorry for the blatant watchmen reference... I couldn't resist 😊

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kadzar** on **October 13, 2010, 07:34:18 pm**

I say that gold obviously is needed to stud the armor of the priests. Or we at least need them to be decorated with gems.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **magmaholic** on **October 14, 2010, 07:24:09 am**

[Quote from: Tarran on October 13, 2010, 03:24:26 pm](#)  
....Also, I just noticed that my guy likes Raw Adamantine and **eyeless demons**. Heh.....

@ Tarran:MWAAAAHAH!!!  
1st Granite 675-Arses conversation with somebody he cant see  
"where is the toilet?"Ars asked.  
"err."  
"WHAT?!! you mean,you have a fortress,but no toilet?!!MAN! I had to run arond TWO WEEKS without a proper place to unleash the &%\*#%"\*!!!  
"im not a man,you harlot!"  
\*slap\*  
"oh."  
"but i think you mean the magma dump near the magma pools."  
"thanks"

*a while later you could hear a wild cackling,and smell of something awful,near the magma pools*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Gutanoth** on **October 15, 2010, 02:15:38 pm**

Looking around, gutusp could see nothing. She wasn't sure why she was expecting to, since she was underground. Storming through the corridors with only the echoes of her feet to prevent her walking stright into a wall. She had an image to upkeep, after all, even if she was hid-

"Kanem ustab ulo sin."

She needed to sleep. Even with her ingenious tactic to keep the black beasts away, she didn't stay asleep for long. She could sleep through the screams (or the girl just stopped screaming), but the monsters were always there.

"ROSLENUL!"

Where the hell are the beds!? Going deeper into this hole this community had made she could hear confusing echoes that seemed to go on forever. Then suddenly there was a bright light at the end of a tunnel. Well, brighter than the dimmess of the rest of the tunnels. As she went near it she could see it grow and turn into a large expanse, glowing gently with various torches and the occasional mushrooms.

"Arstruksmosp dán." were her last words before she collapsed into the crevice at the side of the wall and slept in the soft mud.

Just lookin' at my character sheet - "her hair is clean shaven, find helping others rewarding and enjoys art and natural beauty" If I'm not being too picky, could you see if theres a better candidate for a crazy goblin behaving dwarf with red hair :-\?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **October 16, 2010, 08:10:58 pm**

Bax War Journal  
  
This place is getting a little bit too crowded. There are freaks everywhere!  
I tell you, No decency to be found on this accursed bearded fortress. I can respect the Beards, you know, they put up a good fight, and we have to... i mean, had to go out of our ways to get everyone riled up to siege them.  
Humies? Too easy. They leave their children everywhere, start an attack by getting them first and they lose all focus.  
Well, at least there is a Kobold for me to boss around and an elf kid to scare, I'll have a little more fun now.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **October 18, 2010, 02:33:30 pm**

oh hey its been two days, we're on the second page, and *this is completely unacceptable*

*And now to be an ass and make everyone hate me for thinking there's an update*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Burnt Pies** on **October 18, 2010, 04:52:59 pm**

I hate you, derm. I really, really hate you.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **October 18, 2010, 07:36:53 pm**

I hope aequor puts you on demolition duty  
oh what, another false update?  
SHAME.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **October 19, 2010, 01:10:23 pm**

From the log of Fori  
  
Lots of new faces have shown up today. A group of refugees has arrived, seeking shelter from the hordes of the nothing swarming the surface. Not just dwarves, there were humans in the mix. One of them looked very strange and rather unnerving though. But an elf came with them too! I had heard news of the elves' survival from the merchants, but to see one in person did my heart good. He may need my help in adjusting to life underground. At any rate, I want to talk to him, and see what news he knows of the other retreats. Oh, and the little child person, a kobold judging from the chatter of the other dwarves, he's a little funny looking, but in a cute sort of way. I'd like to meet him too. Either way, I'm going to be busy with farming enough food to feed all of new mouths.

But recently, I've been thinking. The only child I've seen here is Atis, the dwarf girl that the goblin is keeping. (I must admit, he is turning out to be a better parent than I ever expected.) We've been staring death in the face constantly with the defilers and the forgotten beasts, but no new life. No infants or children. I wish there were more families here. It would give some much needed hope, and a sense of purpose besides just existing or following Ibruk's fanaticism. I wish I could start a family...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **October 21, 2010, 03:27:59 pm**

[Quote from: Fortis on October 19, 2010, 01:10:23 pm](#)  
I wish I could start a family...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 23, 2010, 07:36:43 pm**

Gutanoth - Oops, should've noticed the complete opposite traits. I've changed them with the magic of Runesmith, she's still listed as clean-shaven, but the personality should be a bit more true to life. ;)

1st Granite 675 - Morning

"Please! Pilgrims! Pilgrims, please-" in vain Ibruk was trying to calm the Dwarves. After the refugees had arrived the entirety of Nomekast had gathered at the dining area to discuss what would happen. The refugees had brought in another Elf, but not only that, a Dwarf who acted like a Goblin and treated the Elf boy following her as a slave, a crazed philosopher who had torn his eyes out, a Human, what was apparently a Human but seemed mutated, and a Kobold. This had never happened in living memory. Each race kept to their own, occasionally you might get a Human living amongst Dwarves or even a Goblin outcast amongst Humans. But this wasn't just a single Human or Elf, this brought the non-Dwarven population up to a Goblin; three Elves, a Kobold, and two Humans, along with a Dwarf who might as well have been a Goblin, seeing as she did not even speak Dwarfish. That meant every sapient race now lived under Nomekast's stone roof. At the best of times Elves living amongst Dwarves was enough to cause a riot in a Mountainhome, but *three* of them, along with *Goblins and Kobolds*? Bax had been tolerated, but he had had to earn his place, helping to slay a troll and several forgotten beasts, and Fori had earned her place looking after the farms.

"Please! Listen!" Ibruk tried again. Reg's voice could be heard over the hubbub,

"We let them live here and we'll soon find ourselves enslaved or murdered in our beds! Mark my words! The kind of wounds I've seen Gobbos inflict to the innocent, or the bodies of brave soldiers chewed by Elves-" He had found a few people who agreed with him amongst the refugees, two or three. The noise of the crowd was suddenly cut off when one of Kadzar's priests slammed her copper spear on the table, making a loud noise that silenced them all, it was Nish, lover of the farmer Sibrek who had been killed by Mysterydrip the giant cave spider, and in solace had espoused Ibruk's doctrines with a fanaticism that almost rivalled Kadzar's.

"Master Ibruk is trying to speak, show respect." she growled. Ibruk nodded to her,



"Thank you Nish. My friends and fellow pilgrims, what are we accusing these refugees of? Of daring to escape from their doomed homes? Of daring to seek a better, more pious life here at the gods' chosen place? Who here can honestly say we'd have survived without Fori's farming skills? Who here can honestly say that Bax has not risked life and limb as often as our own militia, slaying unholy beasts sent by devils? If we had turned them away, would we have been the better for it? It is not up to us to choose who among the righteous we harbour, for the Gods have sent them all to us, so let us accept them and grow stronger for it. Dark days lie before us as the gods destroy this sinful world and then rebuild it anew for us, the righteous, the pious, the holy."

"Are you suggesting Kobold thieves and Goblin scum are *holy*?" Reg cried incredulously.

"What does birth-race matter? The gods are the gods, no matter what name different races call them they are still the same deities."

There was a murmur of agreement, both from Ibruk's supporters (and the more pious Dwarves among the refugees) and from those that agreed with letting the other races live here and remain here, even if they did not agree with Ibruk's reasoning for it. Reg threw his hands up in rage,

"Are you deliberately trying to kill us all!?" he shouted angrily.

"We don't need the other races to do that. The Nothing and monsters in the caverns seem all-too-happy to do it for them." Rion said, leaning on his axe, "Now if you don't mind, some of us just want to eat breakfast, so if you're going to argue, do it somewhere else."

Noon

Loral Treesinger looked out over the vast cavern the Dwarves had colonized and lived in the past three or so years. He was pleased to see the great abundance of plant life, these Dwarves hadn't choked the natural world as many of their kin did. But looking up he could only miss the wide open sky, with the moon and the stars shining down on the forests. Standing on the bridge into the caves he looked down, and saw the large farms down below. If nothing else, he would be able to help out there, though he had heard there were a great many of creatures that could be hunted within the caves, though the Dwarves seemed reticent to opening the bridges out into the wide passages, citing giant cave spiders and forgotten beasts that had ravaged them before. With his bow slung over his back, he decided to go down and have a look round.

He passed the temple and dining area, having already been introduced to them, and took a cursory look into the communal bedroom and the food stockpile, along with Tarran's unfinished cottage. Then he went down to the farms. He thought he saw a child working there, picking up a few plump helmets, but upon seeing the ears and skin he realised it was the Kobold that had escaped into Nomekast shortly after his own refugee group had. The Elf approached the rodent-like creature, supposing he might as well introduce himself. When the Kobold looked up from taking the plump helmets and saw Loral he jumped back, eyes wide with surprise, dropping his harvest.

"Calm down." Loral said in what he hoped was a calming voice, "I'm not going to hurt you." he wasn't sure if the Kobold could understand him, after all, nothing like regular speech had really ever been observed in Kobold society. He pointed at himself,

"I'm Loral. Loral." he said slowly. The Kobold nodded at this, relaxing when he saw the Elf was not one of those pointy-eared self-righteous ones that had razed his home. The rodent-like creature indicated itself, with a thump of the chest,

"Xenos." it said. Loral nodded,

"Pleased to meet you." he said. Xenos nodded, but said nothing more. Shrugging, Loral left with a goodbye-nod, leaving Xenos to pick up his plump helmets.

"So hoo here iz da shmot guy?" Meinhard asked Shin, stopping her in the hallway.

"The *what*?" she asked, staring up unimpressed at the tall, bluish green-skinned man,

"Da shmot Dwarf. Da one with da brainz." the mutated Human repeated, tapping the side of his head for emphasis, "Hy have to give dese to da shmot Dwarf." he continued, indicating the leather scroll case that held the schematics of his previous employer's work.

"Well there's Torvold, he's '*shmot*' I suppose, and then Reg is '*shmot*' in medical knowledge, Urist is '*shmot*' in mechanical matters and-"

"No, no," Meinhard said, holding up a finger to interrupt her, "Hooz the shmotest?"

"Just give it to Torvold." the architect said exasperated, walking off and leaving the Human behind. Meinhard scratched his head,

"But ver's Torvold?" he muttered, "If he's da shmot Dwarf he should have a lab."

As it happened, Torvold was the next person to stride down the hallway, plans tucked under one arm. Meinhard recognised what was on those plans, schematics for various devices, just as Dos Panzermench's own plans had on them.

"Hey!" he cried out, stopping Torvold, "Are hyu da shmot Dwarf Torvold?"

"Smart?" Torvold raised an eyebrow, before letting a rumbling laugh, "I'm more than smart, my tall friend! For you see, I have developed-"

Meinhard interrupted him, holding the scroll case out,

"Hy vas given dese by Dos Panzermench, the shmot guy at da court ov da Vimsical Convederacies."

Torvold took the case curiously, unscrewing the top and pulling out all the various plans and schematics Dos Panzermench had thought up and worked on. His eyes lit up and a manic smile grew on his face as he read them,

"Why, these are really quite amazing! And if I modify this with...yes!" the Dwarf gave a loud round of laughter, reaching up and clapping the Human on the shoulder, "Thank you for getting this to me, it seems your employer had some very...interesting ideas, ideas that may be very useful..."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **October 23, 2010, 10:25:33 pm**

I sit over on a small bench as the newcomers awkwardly situate themselves around a table as Ibruk gives his little speech.

Fori over on the right seems like she desperately wants to talk to the new elf Loral, but right now isn't the best time.

I frown as I chew the rubbery Plump Helmet. I always prefer them to be plucked a little earlier than usual. Gives them the texture and consistency that I favor.

The Dwarf over near the Elf child... Gutsup I think she was called. Red haired, More insane than Bax to be sure. Being raised by goblins isn't an excuse to be a narccissist. The elf girl looks a bit thin too.

I worship the god of Plants and Rain, (And after she gave me direct inspiration my faith has skyrocketed, but not to the level of Ibruks fanaticism. She made me make a *coffin*. I believe in her, but its just a neutral belief.) so I have a lesser dislike for Elves than the average Dwarf. I actually sympathise with them a bit, but the majority of them are still arrogant. Fori and (Hopefully) Loral are the exceptions, not the rule.

Back to my main point, the elf girl doesn't look abused or anything, but she still seems like she's been through harder times than a child should be, even accounting for the Nothing. Still seems exceedingly loyal to Gutsup. Maybe Fori should look her over.

The humans are a welcome addition. Most Humans prefer milk to alcohol, but quite a few Humans seem just like exceptionally tall dwarves at some points. The blue-green one worries me somewhat, but I dont seem inclined to find out exactly whats wrong with him. He seems like a nice one, if a bit dim.

I suppose I'll introduce myself to them at one point. My trip through the Hellbore could use some more volunteers. I don't know if Fori was going to come along, I should ask her again. Hopefully I won't get interrupted by a forgotten beast, which I still need to work out plans to capture one for questioning.

I suppose I should head off. Mushrooms eaten and Everyone is returning to their tasks or introducing themselves to others.

OOC: At least, I think I worship a god of plants and rain. I can't Find a list of Nomkast gods anywhere. Can you put a list of gods in the main post? Also my posting box keeps scrolling to the middle of my post whenever I Type something and it's really annoying cause I can't spellcheck as I type. I'm OCD about Spelling. I also Capitalize the first letter of random words And I have to go back and keep Fixing it.

I also seem to be completely Ignoring my prior character Discription. I listed Him as 'Overly bright and cheery' but I play him as 'Prone to adventure, occasionally given to bouts of introspection and is fond of being overly dramatic.'

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **October 23, 2010, 10:38:20 pm**

"I mean, really now. I try to get *anything* done and all of a sudden its everyone screaming about kolbolds and eyeless human philosophers and Reg freaking out about the newcomers *again* and goblonoid dwarves and the will of Ibruk's imaginary deity *again* and blah blah blah blah BLAH! *I just wanted some damn breakfast.*"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **October 24, 2010, 12:14:24 am**

"Dot vent vell. Now, hy neek to get ze job. Hy tink hy shood talk vith dot Yburk guy. He gotz to haz a job fur mie, jah."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **October 24, 2010, 01:20:02 pm**

Breakfast was over and most dwarves had begun their daily business, but some had made the mistake of lingering.  
"BAH! Just because an elf or a goblin could do somethin' doesn't mean a dwarf couldn't 'ave done it better! Aye, I've seen brave goblins rush into battle without a wiff o' fear (though dwarves always come out on top!) 'nd I've seen elven crafts that rival those of the greatest craftsdwarfs (but dwarven work will stand the test of time), but that's just it, yea. A victory for a goblin is a victory for GOBLINS! A master craft made by an elf is an ELVEN craft. This isn't the dwarven way, it's the elven way, goblin, human... KOBOLD way! I'll be a dwarf for as long as I live, 'cause I'll never need the help of greenskins and sun dwellers. And I'll die before I see this fort I helped raise from the ground degrade into a generation of half-breeds and mutts. Listen to me, brothers and sisters, we're the dwarves of Nomekast, a strong and proud generation! If these creatures must seek refuge in our halls, so be it, but don't let their outlandish ways TAINT the dwarven code." Reg scanned the dining hall for any of his companions who would stand by him, but he could tell they thought him a fool.  
"'tis a sad day for our kind when a dwarven fort falls without a fight..." he whispered, staring into the bottom of his empty mug,"a sad day indeed.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **October 24, 2010, 01:53:21 pm**

\*There was a load thump behind Reg. A sound heavy bronze on stone\*

"Hoo do hyu tink hyu are! Asousink dot garbage.DIS FORT NEVER FALL! not while Hy'em here. Hyu bettah remember not ta offen da honor of da Jager, cuaze vhen hyu be all halone and da big shpider come, iz gonink ta be mhy spear dat getz 'im, right battveen da pelpitz."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **October 24, 2010, 02:39:23 pm**

I am currently moving to an apartment and might not be around for a while.  
Which saddens me.  
Just letting you guys know.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fisher-Risen** on **October 24, 2010, 05:49:01 pm**

I want in on this.  
Race-Goblin  
Gender-Female  
Proffesion-Wandering Paladin  
Name-"Hammer of the Gods" AncientArmor<---Put last name in dwarven  
Bio- An Goblin Outcast for believing and worshipping the Dwarven Gods. An officer in the military before being thrown out, she took to wandering the wilderness, slaying and sacrificing wild beasts to the gods, always trusting in her warhammer. When she makes it to the colony, she would most likely become the rightchous(so spelled wrong xD) protector of the Prophet.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **October 27, 2010, 11:59:22 pm**

I apologize for my absence from the adventures of the cheese themed glass maker. Real life unfortunately got in the way and i've just started back into the thread. anyone willing and able to give a quick summary of what's happened? Muenster hasn't died yet has he?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **October 29, 2010, 05:10:14 pm**

Quote from: masam on October 27, 2010, 11:59:22 pm  
I apologize for my absence from the adventures of the cheese themed glass maker. Real life unfortunately got in the way and i've just started back into the thread. anyone willing and able to give a quick summary of what's happened? Muenster hasn't died yet has he?  
So far we've begun a more culturally diverse fort, including more elves, a goblin, some humans and a kobold. I believe you were here for the only death this fortress has seen (to my knowledge). Basically, the usual stuff a fort goes through: titans, forgotten beasts, useless migrants ect. ect.  
though you should read all the posts, they truly glorify the mundane times of DF.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **October 29, 2010, 08:13:31 pm**

We now have 6 or more votes in the Hall of Legends.  
  
Good job everybody, we now need a Blurbs, And we shall be told in tales forever more!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **October 30, 2010, 06:43:35 am**

Quote from: Fisher-Risen on October 24, 2010, 05:49:01 pm  
I want in on this.  
Race-Goblin  
Gender-Female  
Profession-Wandering Paladin  
Name-"Hammer of the Gods" AncientArmor<---Put last name in dwarven  
Bio- An Goblin Outcast for believing and worshipping the Dwarven Gods. An officer in the military before being thrown out, she took to wandering the wilderness, slaying and sacrificing wild beasts to the gods, always trusting in her warhammer. When she makes it to the colony, she would most likely become the rightchous(so spelled wrong xD) protector of the Prophet.

This is going to be fun muahahahahahaha

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **magmaholic** on **October 30, 2010, 09:12:32 am**

looks like somebody has an addiction to green goblinite ore.  
i usually make furniture out of it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **October 30, 2010, 03:12:30 pm**

So we need a summarization of the fort. A 'blurb' to attract attention.  
  
hmm...  
  
'They spread like a wave. They infest every crevice of this once beautiful realm. The non-creations of the end have overrun most of the world. They are the Nothing. And they have only one goal: To kill every living being in what remains of the world. The gods themselves have shown to be no match for the great destroyer. Ibruk thinks differently. A priest of almost insane devotion to the gods, he plans to set forth and thrive in the face of destruction. Refugees from the world over will come to seek refuge in one of the last remaining bastions of power in the world. But the Nothing are feverent. And incursions from the Great Destroyers Lieutenants and Generals From the deeps and the surface will not make it easy. Interracial living has stressed tensions to the breaking point as all five races unite under one banner, separated by suspicion, treachery, sabotage, and greed. Divine interferences mark the beginnings of something greater, but for now we wait. We will persevere.  
We are Nomekast,  
And we are Hiding From Nothing.'

A worthy Blurb for the Hall of Legends? Y/N?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **October 30, 2010, 03:18:35 pm**

Yes, that works well.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 30, 2010, 04:37:09 pm**

dermonster - That synopsis is great! :D I couldn't have done better. Also, I've updated the first post with Nomekast's pantheon.  
  
Fisher-Risen - Welcome to Nomekast! ;) Your character is up on the main post.  
  
masam - Welcome back. Muenster's not dead yet, he's made windows for Tarran and for the new lighthouse and since then has been training with his mace. There's not much more I can say beyond what ISGC's said, only to mention that Muenster helped fight the last forgotten beast.

*1st Granite 676 - Evening*

The two didn't meet until evening. Loral had spent most of the day exploring Nomekast, while Fori had had to work on the farms (and had also met Xenos there, apparently the Kobold was also a farmer, a surprise considering Kobold society seemed mostly hunter-gatherer). But eventually the two Elves crossed. Their eyes crossed and an unspoken bond of kinship passed between the two. Fori sat herself down on a ledge above the farms, inviting Loral to do the same.

"It's been long since I've seen another of the People." Loral said warmly, using the ancient Elven name for their race. Fori smiled,

"Same here. I had begun to despair that the Elven race had been destroyed. The traders had said otherwise, but I couldn't shake the feeling."

"Oh we're surviving." Loral said grimly, "But barely. The Nothing are a like a plague. Like the Goblins but in a vast unending swarm. The flatten entire forests, killing the life within. Sometimes they even - life knows how - manage to set the forests aflame, killing the trees in agony."

Fori sighed sadly at this,

"That bad..." she murmured. Loral nodded,

"You know the Amazing Vegetation?" he asked. Fori nodded, every Elf had heard of the Amazing Vegetation, they were considered the very pinnacle of Elven society in terms of strength, a legendary Elven Queendom that had thwarted the Excavated Confederation's empire-building ambitions at the Battles of Gutissharislu and Gencesh Otir both in which the Humans were completely crushed. The Excavated Confederation's defeat had forced them to end their expansion, hemmed in by Goblin Empires to the north and west, the sea to the east, and the Amazing Vegetation and its ally the Beast of Stances to the south. Though the war had only ended thirty years ago, it had gained huge fame amongst the Elven race, spreading out across the world as a tale of Elven power against the Human encroachers, becoming more and more unbelievable, to the point that some versions had as little as one hundred Elves fighting back as many as a thousand Humans.

"Well," Loral continued, "their Queen was forced to flee Themiyimelara, the entire retreat was razed."

Fori frowned sadly, she knew it was bad when the most war-like Elven nation had abandoned their capital, leaving the trees to die,

"What do you think will happen?" she asked grimly. Loral shrugged,

"Either we all die, or the Nothing just vanish like they appeared, only nature will know."

-----

"No problem with him, just a bit of malnutrition." Steve affirmed. Rovod nodded,

"I just thought I better have you give him the once over, just in case, Doc." he said. The marksdwarf had brought the Elven boy that had come with the red-headed Dwarven woman to the hospital for a check up. The woman had shouted angrily in an unknown language, until Bax who had been passing, informed him it was Goblin, and then had promptly spoken with her. The two had spoken at length for some time, and then the woman - who Bax said was called Gutusp - had thrust the Elf boy into Rovod's arms, and muttered something which apparently meant 'take her to hospital then', upon being told it was a boy, she shrugged and apparently said something along the lines of 'they all look the same anyway'.

"So what's your name?" Steve asked the Elf. The boy looked fearfully at the Dwarf, perhaps overwhelmed with the alien look of the beard, "Name." Steven repeated. He pointed at himself,

"Steve. S-T-E-V-E."

The boy seemed to understand, hesitatingly he pointed at himself,

"Smangesostdu." he said. There was a long laugh, and then,

"Smangesnux." came a voice from the stairs. It was Bax, the Goblin had a grin on his face,

"*Smangesostdu* means 'slave-girl' clearly because Gutusp thought he was a girl. *Smangesnux* means slave-boy."



Rovod frowned,

"Grammar doesn't matter," he said, "This boy isn't a slave."

"He's property of Gutusp. Hell, he just called *himself* a slave."

"Because he doesn't know better. He's not a slave."

"Whatever, take it up with Gutusp. Usually, kids that have been 'napped are slaves, I don't know how Dwarves organise it."

It was at that moment that Gutusp appeared, she strode down the stairs, moving towards the Dwarves,

"Zos?" she asked impatiently, pointing at the Elf. She seemed to be asking if the boy was fine. Bax nodded,

"Zos is an affirmative, it can mean good, yes, fine, understood. Here she means 'is he fine'." he confirmed, clearly delighted at knowing more than the Dwarves. Steve nodded at her,

"Yes, *zos*, *zos*, but you can't treat him like a slave. No smangesnosmu, or smangesostux or whatever it was."

"*Smanges* is a slave, *nux* is boy, *ostdu* is girl. Oh, and *snuto* is no, or not." Bax corrected. Rovod shrugged,

"*Snuto smanges*." he said to Gutusp, echoing Steve. Gutusp looked affronted. She drew herself up,

"*Smanges ngogngo! Ngogngo!*" she growled. Bax grinned,

"And now she's saying the slave is hers. I warned you."

Rovod looked adamant,

"*Snuto smanges. Nux, snuto smanges*." he repeated calmly. He looked to Bax to see if this sentence made any sense, the Goblin nodded. Gutusp turned to Bax, chattering angrily in the greenskin's native tongue. Bax shrugged. Gutusp gritted her teeth,

"Zos," she spat, "*snuto smanges. Nux ngogngo*." and with that she grabbed the poor Elf boy by the wrist and led him out of the hospital.

8th Hematite 676

Life had returned to the familiar routine of Nomekast's existence. There had been no more attacks by ancient beasts, or even local wildlife. The crops were planted and growing for the harvest in autumn. There was a surplus of booze, and water for the non-Dwarves. On the shadier side of things, Stas and Bax together had expanded the hide-out to include a room to hide the silver they were planning to steal, as well as a second bedroom and a kitchen if ever they should have to lay low.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



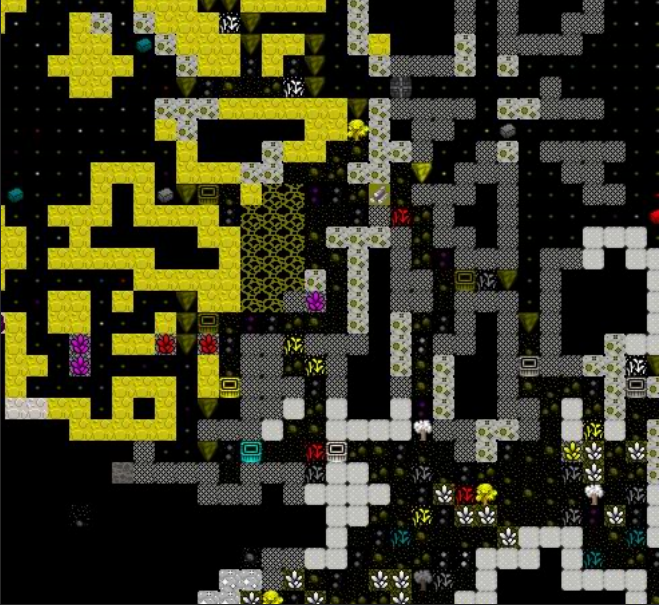
Tarran had led a group of people east of the magma pool of Derfori, where they had found cassiterite, precious gold and an abundance of silver.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



This had led to an expansion of the enclosure on the Fiery Cistern which had greatly increased space to build, indeed, Xenos, the Kobold, had made his own secret little farm in a corner of the cave, where he was starting to grow his own crops.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Evening

Rar strode happily down the stairway, moving towards the caves and the dining-area for dinner. He had got used to the general quiet of Nomekast. This wasn't one of the great mountainhalls of the south, where traders would be bustling in and out, nobles would be being escorted along by guards, people would be hawking their wares, and more. No, this was much quieter, more dignified one could say, a bit more lonely another could say. He had quickly gotten use to life here, he had been training, crossbowdwarves were held to be very much useful here. They could attack without fear of being attacked back, and if the harvest

should ever fail he had no doubt he, Rovod and Steve would make for good hunters. He passed Sandra in the stairs, giving her a warm smile. She smiled back, Sandra scared him at times. She was a very kind-hearted girl, but there was just something about her..

It was at that point that he heard it, a muffled thump just as he passed the trap corridor to the outside world. He looked down it but saw nothing. The thump came again. Sandra had heard it too, and doubled back to see,

"What do you think it is?" she asked curiously.

"Maybe someone outside?" he ventured. She nodded determinedly,

"We have to let them in, they might be being attacked!"

"Wait! What if its Nothing!?" but it was too late, the Human had already started towards the levers, reading the runes on the labels on them, she pulled two, and the bridges crashed down. For a while nothing happened. Then around the corner came slowly striding an armoured figure, holding a hammer. Sandra closed the bridges behind the newcomer.

"Hello?" Rar ventured. The figure said nothing. As it came closer they made out that it was Goblin, and a female one at that. She stopped in front of them, her armour and hammer were caked in blood,

"I come seeking the holy prophet. Where is he?" she asked. It was at that point, as if by divine intuition, that Ibruk arrived,

"Ah, Sandra, Rar, you're missing the plump helmet roasts...oh, greetings, pilgrim." he said, surmising that the Goblin must have just arrived. The Goblin opened her eyes wide, dropping to one knee,

"Your holiness! Thank Id I have found you at last. I have followed the rumours all the way from the ruins of the capital of the Gross Ruthlessness."

If Ibruk was surprised at a Goblin invoking the supreme deity of the Grizzly Vessel, he didn't show it. Instead he merely nodded, looking solemnly at the Goblin,

"Kol bless you, pilgrim. You have travelled far, but now you have arrived. What is your name?"

"I am Zustashtosid, Hammer of the Gods."

"You have a Dwarven name?" Rar asked, curious. The Goblin looked at him, nodding,

"Yes, I am *mak*."

"Mak?" the Dwarf asked. Sandra nodded,

"It means 'lost' in Goblin, it's what they call outcasts. I met a *mak* from the Infamous Plagues, he'd married an Elf, so they skinned his wife, made a coat out of her, and threw him out with only that."

"You must be tired and hungry from your pilgrimage." Ibruk said, interrupting the Human and taking Zustashtosid by the arm, "come, we are just about to serve dinner."

---

If anybody still wants to join Derm's expedition to the third cavern level, now's the time to say it. ;)

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Gutanoth on October 30, 2010, 06:27:37 pm**

Sitting in the throne, Gutusp pondered to herself

Very well, if the child is in fact male, no matter. A mere grammatical mistake.

However who is he to deny me my slave? I could have been rid of he-him at any point on my perilous journey here. Not to mention the difficulty of obtaining an elven child. Especially one from a dead nation. Do those count for nothing?

Picking a hair out from her root, holding it near the torch, she noticed the root was showing quite a bit. Perhaps anoth-

The door opened. "Smangesost- esnux? is, asaka."

"Oh. It's you. Of course." Resigned Reg. Pointing towards the door, he simply commanded "Go." No response. Indicating the whole room then himself he said "Mine." This did the trick, after pointing her at the door again.

As he was watching her walk out he simply muttered "Disgraceful."

"Smangesostdu!" A flame came out of the darkness. "Lasut? Zos buru. Uben." This seemed to make the child smile a little. Strange things.

Without any clue as to where she was going, Gutusp headed towards where the dyes would be. This is more important. She'll leave the child's renaming for later. Still, that dwarf back there. Quite the forceful personality. Must find more out about him...

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Tarran on October 30, 2010, 08:30:36 pm**

Sign me up for the expedition.

\*Ca-THICK\* Went the miner's pickaxe.

\*Ca-THUNK\* And the silver fell out, glittering in the little light the cavern had to offer.

"Looks good, that silver will last us quite a while. 'Right boys, that's enough!" Tarran said.

The miners left, silver crunching beneath their boots. Tarran stepped over to the fallen silver and stared at it for a few seconds.

"Looks like a bunch of people are going to be happy soon." He was about to leave for his forges, when he thought he heard the squish of a boot hitting mud.

"Hello? Anyone there?" Tarran said, looking around. He waited a few seconds, shrugged, and pocketed a small bit of silver. "Might as well keep a souvenir."

He then walked back to his forges.

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: MetalSlimeHunt on October 30, 2010, 08:38:18 pm**

Count me in. Got to get some axwork in...

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Xenos on October 31, 2010, 12:56:29 am**

Hmmm...Could I begin training as a spearbold? :D I would like to join Derm in the exploration of the third cavern if I am able to train up to a somewhat adequate level before then. If not, I will just start training to defend the fortress. (Do we have a danger room?)

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Kadzar on October 31, 2010, 05:09:35 pm**

Quote from: Xenos on October 31, 2010, 12:56:29 am

Hmmm...Could I begin training as a spearbold? :D I would like to join Derm in the exploration of the third cavern if I am able to train up to a somewhat adequate level before then. If not, I will just start training to defend the fortress. (Do we have a danger room?)

If the small one desires training in the Way of the Spear, I would be happy to instruct him. This is a good opportunity to make sure he is properly indoctrinated into the faith.

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: magmaholic on October 31, 2010, 08:01:56 pm**

This time,the philosopher was meditating.  
He was trying to clear his mind,but always,ALWAYS he started to think about the unused magma pool.  
Then,he got a mad idea.As he always does.  
"How about builing an obsidian factoreh...and dropping the unmined stuff don..  
if repreated...i cul dig a home dun der!  
den i can get tha obsidiaan magma towa!  
duing faarms and workshoppe can be hard tough...under-maggma obsidiaan factoreh is even `arder."  
then,he smiled,like a maniac.  
"Am so tottaly do dis..."

*NOTE-before you start making that hermit-hole,that has saved three of my forts from invading clowns, make my dwarf working alone.nobody HAS to know,what he does with that obsidian. and you could also drop a huge chunk of ceiling into the pool.so he could have something to mine,when he reaches down.but be sure to build stone dams,or you flood the caves.It might be too much wussing,so you dont have to do that,if you dont want to.It could also lead to too much spoilers.*

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Xenos on October 31, 2010, 09:17:23 pm**

The small one wants to join the military of the Fortress. ;) My Kobold is not religious...(points to entire home being slaughtered by elves)

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Kadzar on November 01, 2010, 12:41:18 am**

I'm not asking you to join the priesthood. My priests are the best spear-users in the fortress, and I am offering you the opportunity to train with them. All I ask in return is that you hear what I have to say. If my message agrees with you, great! If not, well that's okay too. So, what'll it be? Are you ready to become the best spearbold you can be?

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Fortis on November 01, 2010, 12:04:35 pm**

From the log of Fori

I finally met Loral today. I almost wish I hadn't. The news he brought of the outside world was grim, very grim. Of all the retreats that I know of, I never would dream Themiyimelara to fall. The very center of all that is elven! Now abandoned, the once majestic forest left to the flames and the defiler's bestial and destructive instincts. And now, they've been setting the forests ablaze? Have they learned how to breathe flame like dragons now? The queen still is alive at least, but a queen of what? Ruins and Ashes? Our culture will never recover from this I fear. Are our choices really just die or hope the gods, gods



whom the forgotten beast claims have abandoned us, remove the defilers? I refuse to accept that. There must be something we can do!

But I must tend to myself. This news came as a shock and a blow, and I don't want to fall into another spiral of depression like before. There's only so much sorrow that the dwarves' ale can drown, and that is a temporary solution at best anyway. As fortune or fate had it though, Derm had announced he was making another expedition to the lower caverns. Being in the nature of these caverns proved to be helpful to me before, I decided to ask him if I can come with again. With my sword and armor crafted by the dwarves, I think we could handle whatever we found down there. Besides, the harvest was bountiful, and we've had more help in the farms. The cute little kobold, I believe the dwarves call him Xenos, is quite the green thumb. He's been a big help in minding the crops of mushrooms.

If I am going to join the expedition, I better go and get my equipment ready. I hope I can find some new dwarven plants or mushrooms I can grow. Though, at times I wish I could get some old fashioned wild strawberries, fisher berries, or whip vine flour bread. Hearing about the elven retreats from Loral made me long for some of our traditional foods.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **November 01, 2010, 01:09:38 pm**

Meinhard walk into the dinning hall, he moved to the center of the room and brought the butt of his spear down to the stone with a load clunk.

"Hookay! Effreybody lisen op! Hy'm startink a new unit. Hall does dot vant to learn to fight like real Jagers, hyu come to me. Hy train hyu hall prooper like. So, if hyu gotz de gutz ta fight and keel da beasties of da dark, hyu come to me. Oh, and brink at least two weepens and a shield, jah."

Meinhard then left to wait in the training area he had prepared.

(Can everyone say "Unit of ambushers", I knew you could.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **November 01, 2010, 02:42:44 pm**

Reg kneaded his brow as he sat in the hospital. All the beds were empty and Steve was out hauling, leaving Reg alone to hold down the fort. He had received word that ANOTHER goblin now haunted the halls. Another creature to destroy and degrade dwarven tradition. He couldn't see why Ibruk and the others allowed them to stay; Reg knew best of all the evil that were capable of. He'd seen dwarves come back from the field, simply TORTURED, having long lost the will to live, it was a relief to them that Reg could do nothing to save them. Countless times his brethren were struck down in cold blood by these creatures they so nobly invited under their roof.

Reg had heard that Derm was planning an excursion to the third cavern, and he nearly volunteered to go (after all, he IS incredibly tough and strong, even if he isn't proficient with weapons), but when the kobold and goblin signed up for the task, he decided against it. There was no way he could trust those creatures to watch his back in those dark passages. Derm is a good, hard-working dwarf, but if those things get him injured (or, Os forbid, KILLED) there would be hell to pay!

Reg entertained several thoughts after that, mostly to do with the torture or punishment of the land-dwellers should Derm be hurt, but also thoughts about breaking off to start a new CLEAN fort or him becoming mayor one day and ordering the things to be thrown out in the cold! He may allow Fori to stay, simply because some of the dwarves actually enjoy her company (for what reasons, he would not be sure) and she had proven her worth to the fort, but the other green skins and little devils would go straight to the Nothing. Sure they would be angry at him, maybe even throw him out of office, but in the end they know he was right. After all, a dwarven fort is best left in the hands of the dwarves.

Reg jumped and dropped the scalpel he was holding when Steve put down his mug on the stone table; he was so absorbed in his thoughts he hadn't noticed Steve walk in. "oh, sorry, didn't mean to scare ya."

"S'fine, need somethin' to get the heart pumpin', ya know?" Reg said as he slapped his chest. He then got up and began to walk for the door.

"eh! now where do you think you're going?" Steve yelled, he didn't wish to be stuck in the hospital all by himself.

"just, er..." the dwarf stroked his beard as he looked down the hallway," just going for a walk." And then he strode out the door and out of sight, leaving Steve alone. He let out a sigh and mumbled as he looked to see if Reg had done any of the recording for the manager about recent diagnostics.

~~~~

NOTE: Os is the god that Reg worships (a THUNDER god :D)

Also, he has now written off Fori as the lesser of two evils. She's essentially proven her worth to the fort and he's moved his opposition to the new comers, mainly the humans and goblins (because cutebolds are so damn cute).

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **November 01, 2010, 02:51:41 pm**

Quote from: ISGC on November 01, 2010, 02:42:44 pm

~~~~

NOTE: Os is the god that Reg worships (a THUNDER god :D)

Also, he has now written off Fori as the lesser of two evils. She's essentially proven her worth to the fort and he's moved his opposition to the new comers, mainly the humans and goblins (because cutebolds are so damn cute).

Yeah son! That is the Kobold's primary defence, their cuteness. Apparently, it is of no use on elves. xD

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **magmaholic** on **November 01, 2010, 03:50:52 pm**

Ars was back at the magma pool,empty eyesockets staring the magma.  
He felt warm.  
he picked up a nearby pebble,and threw it foward.  
he heard a small !!PSST!!  
and he still couldnt belive,that he was standing by the pool of blood,from the one he sacrificed his eyes.  
He came to a conclusion.  
He wants to friggin` LIVE here.  
Not by the pesky temple-faith-lunatics,but by the FLAMING PROOF.  
he didnt say,what he thinks of their "god".And he was not going to.  
Otherwise,huge scandal would be unleashed.

And,if he really creates something "Ultimately from gods",he WILL NOT give them the pleasure to begin yapping their fairytales.It will be HIS stuff.  
Even when their sick bastard exists.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **November 02, 2010, 02:50:59 pm**

muenster is looking to take his mind off of things, he'll join derm.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **November 02, 2010, 02:57:24 pm**

What is *half the fort* coming?

...

good. More distractions.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **November 02, 2010, 03:22:25 pm**

I resent that! I've learned my way around a mace pretty well, and I look forward to pulling your ass outta the mouth o what ever down there decides your gonna be dinner for the cave beasties tonight!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **November 02, 2010, 03:31:36 pm**

I've been down there for longer than you have.

Without me you wouldn't HAVE magma!

It's perfectly feasible for me to go down there alone and survive, but it would just be damned *stupid* of me to do so.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **November 02, 2010, 03:56:19 pm**

An it'd be damn stupid o the fort to let you, not to mention the eh..irritation a few members might feel if you went and got yerself killed. And don't toot yer own horn too hard there, we're dwarves. Just cause I prefer to fiddle with glasswork, don't mean that any dwarf in here wouldn't drop there work and pick up a pick axe. It's what were made for, just like the humans are made to blow themselves up with their curiosity, and the elves for huggin trees. And the gobbos for splattin. No offense to any o' ours here, you're all more than dwarven enough.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **November 08, 2010, 05:07:17 am**

"Bloody hell Reg, what now?"  
Not expecting an answer Steve sat down behind the desk him and Reg shared for paperwork and started writing up a medical history for the new people to the fort and aside from probably having to ask that long legs why his skin was blue he didn't forsee any health problems in the near future. (Aside from the usual day to day type problems anyway.)  
-----

Been gone a while but I'll write something else once I've caught up :D

Also, since it seems half the forts going I'll be going with Derm on his lil trek as well :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fisher-Risen** on **November 08, 2010, 08:35:57 am**

Hammer of the Gods sat alone in her room, carefully cleaning her armor and hammer, both made of the finest iron goblins could get their hands on. Carefully crafted onto her breastplate was the sigil of her personal goddess, Lal the Shield of Safety,(a goddess of fortresses) in cobaltite. Her hammer, which was currently being shined to perfection, was studded with red steel. (hopefully you don't mind me using genesis mod materials). She sighed as she remembered the dissension she felt in the dwarves of this Holy Fortress. Someone should be keeping the peace, She thought to herself. She murmured a quick prayer, before returning her attention to her gear.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 13, 2010, 04:08:17 pm**

Xenos - No danger room I'm afraid, a dangerous room bristling with spike traps is a bit hard to rationalize as something a group hiding would do.

ISGC - Interestingly, 'Os' means 'death' in goblin. So Reg worships a god which goblins call death. It's almost like the game wants him to be anti-goblin. :P

Fisher-Risen - On the contrary, feel free to use genesis materials, it won't be that ingame obviously, but it adds to the story, making the world a richer place. ;D

OK, the final roster for the expedition is;  
Derm  
Fori  
Muenster  
Rion  
Delta  
Steve  
Xenos  
Bax  
Tarran  
Sandra

15th Hematite 676 - Dawn

The expedition met at dawn. A new bridge had been built allowing the rest of the Fiery Cistern to be accessed without having to tear down and then later rebuild the wall that blocked off the forges from the wildlife roaming the caves.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Furthermore, Delta and Spartan had carved a straight staircase down to the third level, right besides Hellbore. That was where they met, all ten of them.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



"OK, is everyone here? Fori? Tarran? Muenster?" Derm asked, rattling off the name of everyone on the expedition. Bax rolled his eyes,

"Ten of us signed up to this, and there are ten of us here. Yes. We are all here."

Derm shrugged,

"We don't know what's down there, best to be careful."

"There's a difference between being careful and nannying."

"Well-" Derm began, before being cut off by Delta,

"Oh for heaven's sake, let's go!" he said, exasperated. The group carefully made their way down the rough-hewn stone stairway that led down to the lower levels which before had only been glimpsed from the lip of Hellbore.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



"What is this..?" Fori wondered, running her eyes over a large tree with blood-red bark.

"Never seen one before." Tarran said, running a hand over the trunk, he sharply drew his hand back, "Ow! Thorns!" he exclaimed, showing where the thorns had scratched his skin, glistening drops of blood already forming.

"Blood thorns." Muenster said suddenly, reverence in his voice, "These are blood thorns."

"What?" Rion asked, brows furrowed.

"Don't you know the story? They say that one day, Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror made a bet with the King o' Hell, betting that the demon couldn't make a better tree than him. The King o' Hell took a Dwarf and pulped her flesh and with it made a tree. The soul o' the Dwarf, seeing what had happened to her body, wept, an' the tree became saturated with her tears, mixing in with her blood, making it heavy. The King o' Hell delighted at this, an' took her teeth, sharpening them an' placing them as thorns on the tree, an' cursing them to prick her soul, so that she could never reunite with her body. The Perplexing Mirror on the other hand, took a blizzard man an'-" he stopped, peering into the darkness, "-yes! There." he pointed out a tree further on, dark indigo in hue, and with frost on it, "Nether caps, trees as cold as the blizzard."

"Amazing..." Fori said awe-inspired, "Such amazing trees."

"When Id saw the results of the bet, he took both trees an' threw them down into the depths of the earth, declaring that neither side should win a bet that had caused the death an' eternal suffering of a Dwarf." Muenster finished, "I mean, I just thought it was a story, but ta see both trees down here, it's unbelievable." Sandra nodded at this,

"If I remember, it was said Ngostong, the God-Law-Giver of the Humble Nations had a throne of 'blood wood from the underworld', it must have been blood thorn." she said, remembering her brief visit to the capital of that vast empire.

The group moved on, cautiously moving through the darkness. There was no sound at all, no cry from any creatures, it was quiet, almost too quiet. The soon arrived at a lake, and so followed it's shore down. After more than an hour's walking it emerged that there was no way to continue onwards without crossing the lake. They looked for an easy crossing point, finding one where there was a nearby spit of land, but they'd need to build a bridge to get to it.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)





With Delta there, this was little trouble, the miner soon had an ample supply of schist dug out and within an hour, the Dwarves, Elf, Goblin and Kobold had put up a make-shift bridge across the gulf.

"It's gotta be about lunchtime now, no?" Tarran asked. There were murmurs of assent, and the backpack containing the food was opened up, the plump helmet biscuits made the day before shared out. A simple meal, but a satisfying one, the group rested as the gourd of Dwarven beer was passed around. Xenos meanwhile had gotten up, and was looking around. While he was no typical Kobold, he still had the curiosity that was inherent in all members of his species. Right besides where they had just had lunch stood a great wall of some midnight-black rock. The Kobold put a hand on it, and then withdrew it immediately, letting a slight surprised call out. This brought the rest of the expedition coming.

"What is it?" Muenster asked. Xenos struggled to find the words,

"Stone...stone-" he tried to mime something but no one seemed to understand. Giving up his attempt to communicate verbally, the Kobold simply pointed at the wall.

"Wait...that's obsidian!" Tarran suddenly exclaimed. He put a hand to it, before withdrawing it like Xenos did, "Yeah, the stone is hot! This must definitely be one of the magma pools behind here."

"If that's one of the magma pools, the other must be nearby." Derm said, excitedly "If we find it, that'll give us a rough estimate of where we are."

"Ok, here's what I suggest," Steve said, "We'll split up into two groups of three and one of four and each go separate ways. We'll meet back here in about...one hour? Make sure to mark which way you go."

"That way will be faster for finding the other magma pool." Sandra agreed. Derm nodded,

"Ok, me, Fori, and Muenster will go this way. Rion; you, Delta and Steve go that way. And Xenos, Bax, Tarran and Sandra can go that way. Are we agreed?" Everyone nodded as one, and each group went their way.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Derm, Fori and Muenster made their way slowly through the passages. They had had the misfortune of ending up with a steep climb upwards, and there were no obsidian walls that told of magma pools in sight. Finally the three arrived at the crest of the underground hill, falling down on the rocks and breathing hard.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



As they lay there, Derm was suddenly aware of what sounded like footfalls, he grabbed his axe,

"I think I can hear something." he whispered. Fori grabbed her sword and Muenster his mace. The noise stopped soon after, and silence returned.

"We're gonna have to be more careful, there must be some kind of wildlife in here." Fori said, also whispering. Muenster nodded,

"There's stories 'bout the kings o' old who visited the depths o' the world, they met all sorts of monsters. We haven't seen anything yet...it's almost unsettling." he agreed.

"Let's get moving, and let's keep an eye out." Derm assented, getting up. He stopped a brief second, "Actually, keep both eyes out, it's safer."

He started down the slope, Fori following him and Muenster bringing up the rear. As he and Fori reached the bottom of the hill, he heard a sudden crack, like rock breaking. His eyes immediately went upwards, his Dwarven instincts kicking in as he heard the sound of rock...

The sound of rock breaking off and falling.

"Cave-in!" he cried, as he and Fori were buried by the rocks, leaving Muenster standing there, mace in hand, backpack on his back, eyes wide open with shock at what he had just seen.

Wait, cave-in? What the heck?

Anyway, nice update.

Also, I hate you for leaving us on a cliff hanger. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **November 13, 2010, 04:56:13 pm**

They say that when you are close to death, when the body's instincts go far beyond fight or flight, the world slows down and you remember.

You remember life.  
You remember joy.  
You remember Death and sorrow.  
You remember hate and bliss and everything in between.

Your life flashes before your eyes in a whirlwind of emotion, to spur the body to act. To move and avoid the danger.

To remember exactly why life is worth living.

And I remember. I remember the good times. I remember the bad. I remember the early days, and the latest. I remember my parents. I remember my siblings, long deceased. I remember the raid on my first home. I remember the death of everyone I knew. I remember wandering and finding a new family, if only for a short time. I remember the Nothing, and I remember wandering once again.

I remember Nomekast. The laughter. The sadness. My first expedition. The praise. The Second Expedition with Fori. The Celebrations.

I remember the coffin. I remember the beasts and their foul agenda.

But the most important, I remember my friends. And I know that I want to remember things that have yet to happen.

The rocks were falling now, Slowly. As though in a haze I took in the surroundings. We were directly underneath the falling ceiling. Muenster to the right, Fori to the left. I had to act.

I give out a cry and tackle Fori to one side as the rocks came down upon us. Muenster would be fine, He's a good lad.

As the dust settles, and as I vaguely register some pain, I look to the side, and Fori is unharmed at a glance. I crane my neck to the rocks, and at the top, right before a boulder blocks off the hole completely, I see an eye.

It hates.

The pain intensifies.

I black out.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **November 13, 2010, 05:07:24 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on November 13, 2010, 04:08:17 pm

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OK, the final roster for the expedition is;  
Derm  
Fori  
Muenster  
Rion  
Delta  
Steve  
Xenos  
Bax  
Tarran  
Sandra

snip

Well, it could be a mechanics training area/study area (like to show the new guy "here you can see how to connect mechanisms.) one day someone gets locked in and the fortress discovers that it is effective to train people in there ;D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **November 13, 2010, 05:08:58 pm**

\*CRASH\* Cave-in!

"Did...did anyone else hear somthing just then?"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **bayar** on **November 13, 2010, 05:43:34 pm**

Could I be kobolded ? Siege engineer please. Also would like to dig a hidden cave somewhere where a cobalt statue would stay. A symbol of the ascended ones.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **November 13, 2010, 06:32:39 pm**

From the log of Fori

Even as I overcame my terror of the defilers, the fates curse me with a new one. Even the forgotten beasts could not match this feeling. The thought of being trapped who knows how many miles beneath the surface is staggering. Me, an elf, isolated in the deepest recesses of the earth. And with Derm depending upon me as well. I don't know what happened, but he passed out shortly after saving my life. I think one of the falling rocks hit him on the head.

I have no idea how many tons of rock block off the path back home. I only pray to the spirits that Muenster survived, and is able to get word back to the fortress. Hopefully, they'll be able to dig us out. But for all I know, the good dwarf is dead beneath the piles of stone and boulders. I tried to shout for help, but I couldn't hear anything in return through the blockage. Or maybe the other expedition members will find us.

But now, the responsibility for Derm's life rests on my shoulders. For an elf, I'm very knowledgeable about caves and the underground, but it doesn't compare to a dwarf's innate knowledge. Still, I thought it best to carry Derm away from the weakened portion of the cavern, lest more rocks fell. I used my sword to etch an arrow in the wall, so if any rescuers do come through that way, they can find us. I did what I can to clean and treat his injuries, relying on the old dwarf trick of using a little wine to disinfect the wounds, and used strips torn from my clothes to bandage them. The bleeding is slowing down at least. And I don't think any bones were broken.

At least starvation won't be an issue. This area of the caverns is rich with life, no matter how strange it is. With my innate skill with plants, I'm sure I can find some that are good to eat. I'm pretty sure I can find water too. No, what worries me is encountering some strange and deadly creature. The forgotten beasts have always come from the depths of the earth. And there was the giant cave spider that killed my friend. It's roaming around in the caverns as well. I only hope my skill with the sword is enough to keep whatever monsters that dwell down here at bay.

I'm as well prepared for such a trial as any elf can be. What can anyone do, but do what they can, and leave the rest to fate? But, Spirits grant me strength and luck. I just know I'm going to need it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **November 13, 2010, 10:16:32 pm**

Reg paced in his office, poised and ready for the group from the caverns to break into the halls and rush over to him with a dwarf for him to save. He would try his best to keep them alive; he would do all within his power to help them, but as any doctor knew, some could not be helped. For those he had a special batch of brew; a barrel so potent that it would leave the dwarf hospitalized for a week! But these dwarves needn't worry about tomorrow's problems. And while they sat in their beds, dazed and unaware, their caskets would be chosen and their tomb would be placed and, before the night was out, they would be gone from this world. It was Reg's job to watch this; he'd seen it play out again and again, exactly the same each time. Although he knew it was inevitable, for every fortress had its disasters, he was anxious to see if tonight would be the first. So he ran the procedure in his head and went over his practice like he was an apprentice again. Though weapons may fall in battle, at least **he** would not be caught unprepared.

~~~~~

But he had no reason to worry! Ten dwarves are more than capable of handling most of what you would find down there, and it's not like they would, oh maybe, split up or something. Let alone put all the capable fighters in a single group and leave the rest to fend for themselves without weapons or armor. That would be silly! :))

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **November 13, 2010, 11:12:42 pm**

Quote from: bayar on November 13, 2010, 05:43:34 pm

Could I be kobolded ? Siege engineer please. Also would like to dig a hidden cave somewhere where a cobalt statue would stay. A symbol of the ascended ones.

WOOOO!! Go CUTEBOLDS! :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **November 14, 2010, 07:42:22 pm**

Thanks for including Bax on the expedition, I was traveling and had no internet connection for some time.  
And I am ecstatic about how you are writing about Bax exactly like I imagined him. I am proud to be a little part of this Tale.

Nomekast rocks.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **November 15, 2010, 03:02:50 pm**

Turnss out bringing one of the docs was an al right idea then?  
As Prozock said, well done on the characters I'd imagined Steve to be fairly quiet but a right cheeky git when needs be.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **masam** on **November 18, 2010, 10:59:40 pm**

Oh of course. We head off. The only other dwarf in the whole damnable city with a thing for taller lasses picks me to join him. I hope she got those gem flowers...ah well it'd take a blind old man to not see somethin the way they're standin so close...What was that? Couldn't be nothin... where was I? Ah right...well i'm not that old. Hmmph don't see what she'd see in me anyway. Gods i need to focus. we could be jumped by anything down here. Ah there's that noise again....what's this hitting me, gravel? Gravel...oh no...The scream that Derm let out only gave name to the danger they faced.



Stumbling backward and rocking to his feet again as tunnel exploded into activity, Muenster looked as Derm dove in an attempt to get the elven woman out of the way. Hesitation only lasted a few seconds before he turned and started calling for miners and a rescue team. He may have been to old to start anew completely, but he'd be damned if he would allow those two to miss their chance...no one deserved to feel the sadness of what could have been. Most o the fort had already felt that loss. Not again. They'd be safe or he'd die tryin...maybe the family'd be waitin with a mug o mead for him.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 21, 2010, 08:27:07 pm**

Xenos - I suppose that would work. I'm not promising anything though. :P

bayar - Sure thing! ;) I'll put you in the moment the expedition is wrapped up. Out of interest, what are the ascended ones?

ISGC - Actually the three most competent fighters are Rion, Tarran and Derm, and they each had a group, I figured it would be too dangerous to pull a Scooby-Doo and put all the competent people in one group. :P

ProZock - I remember you mentioning you wanted to join the next expedition, so I decided to enroll you. And thanks! ;D

Mangled - Thanks! :D

15th Hematite 676 - Afternoon

For a long time the dust filled the air, and tumbling stones could still he heard, falling onto the already high pile. Stones tumbled down the slope where Fori and Derm had fallen.



Still on the other side and having called down for the others, Muenster took to his mace, pounding at the stone, making the cavern echo with the loud thumping of metal on rock.

"Derm? Fori? Can you hear me!?" he shouted through, stopping his attack on the rock wall as he realized how useless it was. A miner with a pick would need to clear this out, and Delta was off with Rion and Steve. He hesitated, he could go back, and follow and find Rion's group, but doing that would be leaving here, which felt like abandoning his two friends.

Were they even alive though? He didn't want to think about it.

He had no choice though, he needed to go find the others, there was no way they could have heard his shout, he had to go fetch them. He could do nothing here, the boulders were too heavy, his mace was useless at anything less than chipping the rock away flake by flake, and every second he wasted was a second that could bring Derm or Fori closer to death. He shook his head, and spun round, running haphazardly down the slope back to the agreed meeting-point.

-----

Fori sighed sadly as she sat besides the lake, a hand on the hilt of her sword, and another on the muddy ground below. Derm lay resting behind her, she had made a make-shift bed with some plants. It wasn't much, but it was the least she could do for him after he had saved her life.



As she sat there, she became aware of a strange noise, a sort of splashing, but not quite the same. She peered into the cavern gloom, but could see nothing. She instinctively grabbed ahold of the hilt of her sword, drawing the blade out a bit, ready to attack anything that might appear. For a few minutes there was nothing, then suddenly she saw them, blobs floating on the surface of the once-still lake. They were bobbing up and down, moving towards her. As they got closer, she could see they appeared to be moving by spinning on the surface of the lake, like a waterwheel but more circular in shape. She had to assume whatever these strange things were, that they were hostile.

She took a step back, moving away from the lip of the lake. The blobs bobbed up to the edge of the water, and then rolled onto the land. It was now she got a better look at them. They were formless, they just seemed to be sacks of orangey flesh that quivered and changed shape. They seemed to be covered in a oily substance that they left trails of, like a snail leaving a trail. One rolled right up to her, Fori whipped her sword out, pointing it down at the thing. It didn't attack however, it just moved away, and it and the three others disappeared away into the darkness. Fori sighed in relief, sitting down to breathe,

"Thank the spirits." she whispered. It was at that point that Derm stirred, she rushed to his side,

"Oooh, damn, what happened?" the Dwarf mumbled. He suddenly bolted upright, "The cave-in!" he began, Fori stopped him,

"It's alright, we're safe, a rock must have hit your head, it knocked you out."

"And you're fine?"

"Perfectly." The Dwarf felt his head, it still hurt, he felt the bandage that the Elf had wound around the wound, and saw her torn clothes,

"Fori, did you-"

"I couldn't leave it to bleed, I disinfected it with some wine too." Derm smiled at this,

"Thank you." he said sincerely. There was a brief silence, and then, "And Muenster, where's he?"

"Still on the other side I think he's safe, I heard some dull thunking from the other side of the fallen rocks, I imagine it was him. He'll warn the others and they'll dig us out."

"Hmm," Derm surveyed the cavern passages that led off into the darkness, "One of these might lead around the rockfall and back to the meeting area."

"That or we might get lost." Fori said grimly, "We'll have to mark our way. At any rate, I don't think you're in any shape to go anywhere, especially is there's life here." she told him about the shapeless blobs that had just visited her before leaving. Who knew what other deformed or monstrous creatures lay down here?

"Fori..." Derm said suddenly, recalling a memory, "the cave-in, I don't think- I- I saw someone, an eye, when the rocks were falling."

"An eye? But- but that would mean-"

"Yes, I don't think the cave-in was an accident."

-----

"We've walked for more than half an hour and not seen any obsidian. Derm said the magma pools were only fifteen minutes apart or so. I don't think the magma pool is this way." Sandra remarked, as she, Tarran, Bax and Xenos stopped for a breather. Tarran nodded,

"Aye, we should probably make our way back." he said. Bax gave a short laugh,

"Really? And there I was about to suggest we keep walking in the wrong direction." he said.

"Shhhh!" Xenos said suddenly, cupping his Kobold ears. Bax bristled angrily, unhappy at being told to be silent by a skulking rodent, but before he could say anything he heard what had made Xenos silent.

Footsteps, many of them.

"Wha-" the Goblin began, before being stopped as the group caught sight of what had been making the noise. It was a small reddish creature - smaller even than Xenos. It had large claws, and two horns on its head, like some tiny demon. "That's all?" the greenskin scoffed.

That was when the rest appeared. There had to be more than two dozen of them, encircling the Dwarves, Kobold, Human and Goblin. Tarran drew his sword,

"Get ready." he warned the rest. Xenos readied his spear and Bax and Sandra their own swords. The creatures leapt at them, Xenos immediately speared one through the chest, and with a heave sent it flying into a wall. Tarran beheaded another with a single slice. Sandra however, stood there, not moving, eyes closed. One of the creatures came hurtling towards her, claws ready. Her eyes snapped open, and a feverish look lay in them. She spun, sending the sword slicing through the air, and opening the creature belly-up.

"Pathetic." Ryva spat, having retaken control of Sandra's body. She twirled round, cutting another of the creature's hand off, then the other hand, and then finally decapitating it. She gave her bloody blade a lick, and then grinned, jumping into the fray. Like a fury Ryva cut through the creatures, and under the combined assault of Tarran, Xenos, Bax and now Ryva one of the creatures - ostensibly the leader - gave a keening cry and the survivors fled into the darkness, abandoning their wounded and dead. For a few seconds no one moved, then Ryva started to move about the battle-site, finishing off the wounded with a savage pleasure. Only Bax seemed impressed.

"The hell is with that lass?" Tarran asked Xenos as the two watched her work. The Kobold gave a shrug, the motivations of Humans wasn't his concern. Having finished the wounded Ryva came back,

"I think we were going back?" she said, her voice without Sandra's softness, "Or have you all been terrified by these midget monsters?"

-----

"Where the hell are the others?" Rion grumbled.

"Don't get yer beard in a knot." Steve said, sat down on a boulder, "You just want to brag 'cause we found the magma pool."

"Both groups are late." Rion said, "That doesn't bode well. They must have been attacked."

"Nothing proves that." Delta said quietly.

"It's too quiet. There must be *something* skulking around." Rion said, a hand on his axe.

It was at that point that Tarran and his group arrived. Steve sat up,

"About time. Any longer and Rion would have gotten neurotic." he smiled. Rion shot him a dirty look.

"Sorry, we were held up." Tarran explained, holding up his sword still dripping with blood.

"Obviously that's less important than you having to wait for a bit." Bax remarked. Any other words that could have been said were drowned out suddenly by Muenster's arrival,

"Delta! Delta, get your pick! TherewasacaveinandDermandForiarestuckand-"

"Calm down or shut up." Ryva piped in, earning her a grin from Bax. Muenster took a moment to catch his breath,

"There was a cave-in! Derm and Fori are stuck, I don't even know if they've survived! Delta, you're the miner, you need to dig them out!"

"A cave-in? The hell..." Delta mumbled, looking up at the ceiling, "Cave-ins are normally artificial, how could there have been..." he shook his head, grabbing his pick, "Whatever, lead the way!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **November 21, 2010, 08:37:34 pm**

"Told you all so."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **November 21, 2010, 10:42:47 pm**

"Yeah you'll get a prize once we dig the poor sods out or scrape them off the floor, lets go."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **bayar** on **November 22, 2010, 06:25:44 am**

The ascended ones are kobolds that gained considerable power through one way or the other. There's the legend of Kurtulmak, the one who first led his kin, and which got the powers of a diety to save his people after a deadly cave-in of their mine. Then there's Pun Pun, who used his knowledge to exploit the laws of the multiverse to become the most powerful entity ever. And then there was Meepo, who manipulated nature to duplicate himself, entangle victims in webs, travel quickly from one place to another and crush his enemies into the ground with his pick.

AKA kobold shamanistic legends.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **November 22, 2010, 02:51:55 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on November 21, 2010, 08:27:07 pm

ISGC - Actually the three most competent fighters are Rion, Tarran and Derm, and they each had a group, I figured it would be too dangerous to pull a Scooby-Doo and put all the competent people in one group. :P

yea, I looked back after I made that comment and realized this anyway, it's shaping up to be an awesome story! don't know how much Reg can say this time, but keep up the good work :)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenos** on **November 22, 2010, 03:13:20 pm**

Quote from: bayar on November 22, 2010, 06:25:44 am

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AKA kobold shamanistic legends.

And what did they ascend to? Cobalt? ;D (I thought you were implying that Cobalt was the essence of the Kobold soul after death in a somewhat heroic way. I.E. Cobalt is the Kobold holy metal akin to cotton candy. Mainly because of the name. Anyway...)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **bayar** on **November 22, 2010, 04:02:53 pm**

Quote from: Xenos on November 22, 2010, 03:13:20 pm

Quote from: bayar on November 22, 2010, 06:25:44 am

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Well, Cobalt b/c it's the reason they are called kobolds (german legend about the metal IIRC). And they simply became all-powerful and left this world to other more exotic planes (or a cocktail in Sigil).

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **November 22, 2010, 10:40:46 pm**

Bax's War Journal

What a good day I had today. Scratch that, what a GREAT day.  
Those caves reminded me of my travels trough the Underground trails my clan kept leading to our prey. Felt like home.

I was pleasantly surprised two times as well, first when the cave-in occurred and that elf, Fori, got lost. Gotta enlist with the rescue team, it has been a long time since I had some elf meat, with a little bit of luck the treehugger is dead and I can score some.

But best of all, I got to see that Human female, Ryva, acting like a real warrior today. The pleasure in her eyes as she slowly killed those little red bastards down there was great, but when she started to go for the wounded, ahh, that was gold. I'll be spending some more time with her for sure, maybe even get her into the "Association". She's got potential that one, and she's a good model for little beardie too.

Who knows, with all the freaks that are getting inside, I may even make a good Dark fortress out of this place yet. Just a matter of getting the right people together, just a matter of time. And I got all the time in the world...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 25, 2010, 06:26:53 pm**

bayar - Ah, ok, thanks!

ISGC - Thanks! ;D

15th Hematite 676 - Evening

"But who would have caused the cave-in?" Fori asked incredulously.

"Reg maybe?" Derm offered, but he knew that it couldn't have been the doctor. Fori shook her head,

"He may be...unpleasant to non-Dwarves, but going so far as to kill them? I refuse to believe that."

"Hmm, yeah, he might not like other races, but he's a doctor, not a killer. But there's really no one would would try to kill two members of the community like this."

"It might not even be someone of the community, some spirit from the underground maybe?"

"Maybe..." Derm said, trailing off into thought, "Either way, we'll never know just by staying here. We should get a move on, look for a way out." he stood up, checking to ensure the make-shift bandage the Elf had made for his head was still securely on. The Dwarf moved to the lake, splashing some water onto his face, giving his beard an almost comical wring afterwards to wring out the water.

"I've already marked the way from the cave-in to here." Fori said, coming up besides him, "If we're going to move, we'll need to keep marking the way so that they can follow us if they get through the rock."

"Aye, but I think there's too much rock there to move in less than a coupla hours, even with Delta and his mining skill at hand. Which way is back to the cave-in?" Fori pointed up the hill where the rocks still lay where they had fallen. Derm nodded, "so that way if back to the cave-in, we came up a hill from around that direction, so the magma pool should be this way." he said, pointing off into the darkness, his Dwarven senses of underground direction kicking in.

The two set off into the gloom of the cave, weapons drawn, close together, nerves ready for anything that might emerge. Fori had already had to confront the strange creatures of these lower levels, and while no conflict had happened, it was better to be safe than sorry. Eventually after maybe an hour's walking they emerged at a maze of pillars,

"Reminds me of the Spider Maze." Fori shivered, remembering that maze of tunnels up on the home level that was infested with giant cave spiders, including Mysterydrip, the one that had killed her friend Sibrek. Derm gave her a comforting smile,

"Don't worry. I'm here, the two of us can kill any spider here." he said confidently. The Elf returned his smile,



"I'm not scared," she said, then added, "not with you here." Derm's smile grew slightly, and the two stood for a few precious seconds, before Fori gave a cough,

"Which way then?" she asked, casting an arm out to every tunnel.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Derm surveyed each tunnel, each looked very much like the other, but there was one different, the tunnel straight before them. Its shadows seemed deeper than the rest, and seemed to suck in the very light near them. He felt some unknown fear tighten his heart, and unbidden, mouthlessly worded a prayer to Dustik Bulbearths, his patron goddess. Foreboding seized him as he looked into the abyss of that tunnel, and he had to looked away,

"This way I think." he said, pointing to a tunnel to the right of the two. Fori nodded, carving another arrow in the wall with her sword to lead the rescue team if they followed. The two headed once again for the gloom, but had barely walked a half hour when they stopped again. Derm stopped completely, and peered into the darkness. "I can hear something." he said quietly to Fori. She nodded, drawing her weapon. Suddenly the air was rent with the noise of screeching, as a flock of at least half a dozen creatures flew out of the darkness on wings, charging towards the pair. Derm sliced one down with a well-placed axe swipe.

"What the hell are these?" he yelled to Fori, who had two of the monsters flying around her head,

"I don't know!" she screamed, downing one of the monsters with a slice to the wings. The rest of the monster seemed to realize the futility of their attack, flying off back into the darkness with a screech and disappearing.

"Fori? Are you ok?" Derm asked immediately. The Elf nodded, then glanced at what had attacked them. She recoiled in disgust. It seemed to be a flying head. It had two wings like a bat's, and the rest of it was nothing but a head, with jagged teeth.

"What are these *things*?" she said, glancing away from the dead head, "First the blobs, then...this. The wildlife here is so strange."

"Legend is that it's because we're closer to Hell down here." Derm explained, "Id locked away the King of Hell, but his influence was so great that it corrupted the wildlife near his prison." he looked around, "It must be getting close to evening, we should maybe look for a place to rest a while."

-----

Delta surveyed the rockslide with a critical eye,

"This won't be easy to shift, I can't do it on my own, not in less than several days." he said to the others, "The best thing to do would be to leave it like that, and mine a tunnel next to it through the rock wall, but that'll take me at least a day without other miners."

"Looks like we may need to go back, get Spartan and the others, we can't leave them out there with no food or drink." Muenster said grimly. Bax gave a short barking laugh,

"You kidding? He's with an Elf, surrounded by plants. I doubt food is going to be a problem, and there's lakes everywhere." he said.

"Either way, there may be something hostile, some more of those creatures that attacked you and your group." Rion said quietly, "I doubt the two of them will be able to face off another twenty of those things, or worse monsters."

"Please, anyone can take down a hundred of those pathetic creatures. " Ryva sneered.

"Oh, this is *interesting*." Delta suddenly exclaimed. The miner was looking up at where the rock had fallen from. He pointed up at the wall, "Look there, what can you see?" he asked of them. They approached,

"Looks like marks." Steve remarked.

"Exactly." Delta said, "Those are pickaxe marks. Someone caused this cave-in deliberately, and not some creature, someone with a pick-axe. Someone from Nomekast."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **November 25, 2010, 06:34:58 pm**

Rion's Journal

I knew it. I knew it all along. We should have thrown Ibruk to the Nothing as soon as we got here. I have no doubt in my mind that one of his lunatic cultists are behind this, if not the madman himself. Damn it, he could have had any of them do it, all dwarves can mine. I can trust no one untill the truth comes out, not with him spreading madness like this. One thing's for certain, this book and my axe aren't leaving my side until this is over, one way or another.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **November 25, 2010, 09:13:12 pm**

Tarran's Random Babbles:

The cave in was not an accident. Someone was trying to kill someone else. The motive isn't really clear right now, unfortunately, so everyone at home is a suspect. While everyone's basically as suspicious as the next, I wouldn't be surprised if it's Ibruk and his fanatical followers. Though I suspect Ibruk the most as he's much, much more fanatical then his followers; his fanaticism approached teetered near frightening levels the entire time he was here. When we get back, I will accept justice and nothing less.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZock** on **November 26, 2010, 08:02:12 am**

Bax's War Journal

Soooo, we have a little traitor in our midst. What wonderful news. I bet the dwarves will rally against the outsider races. That is a prime opportunity for a power grab. I shall work to become the spokesperson to all the "poor oppressed minorities"! I shall become a leader again! I shall seed mistrust amongst the darker races, make them trust ME first. A "Guild of the dark ones", that would be a good name.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **November 26, 2010, 09:45:59 am**

This kicks ass, can i join?Here is my character.

Name:Volrath Blacksteel

race:human

Class:Barbarian

Appearance:He is 25 years old and 6 feet 3 inches tall.He has long brown hair and brown eyes.He is extremely muscular.There are scars all over his body.

ability: He is extremely strong with arms as thick as most men's legs. Despite his strength, he is very agile and he has the lungs of a giant.His skin has become as tough as leather from all the scarring. He is a master of the long sword.

weapon.It is a blacksteel long sword.All craftsmanship is of the highest quality. The hilt is made of dragon scale and there is a red gem on the butt end of the blade.A image of a skeleton dragon being struck down by a human Barbarian is on the flat of the blade.What this refers to is unknown. The image glows faintly.

History:He was a champion of the blacksteel tribe.The tribe purpose was to guard the blacksteel blade,a ancient blade that's power and origin was only known by the elders of the tribe to keep the secret safe.When the nothing attacked the tribe,the elders (knowing the battle was lost) gave the blacksteel blade To Volrath and told him that his destiny is at hand.He gave a nod to the elders and ran out of the camp.Leaving his tribe behind.

personality:He is a warrior at heart,very brave very bold and has a love for battle.He is angry often and is prone to going in to a berserker rage when he fights but he is still a good and kind soul deep down and will right wrongs whenever he can.He is loud dirty and dose not know what table maters are.He hates nobles and cowards.He speaks his mind and has secret a love of poetry.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **rogejun** on **November 26, 2010, 04:18:07 pm**

Diary of Ryva Tommy 15th Hematite 676 - Dawn  
(If you is reading this i will kill you!)

Finally! After days without a single drop of blood, i have killed some red-horned-things, i have to make sure to get some corpses from the battle and make a barbeque, it's soooo goood to drink blood and eat the meat from my enemies again. It seems that.....(Sandra what's was his name again? Rex?- His name is Bax)...Bax liked to see me fight, maybe i should give him one arm or leg? He is a goblin, they ate almost anything just like me and the elfs.

it's seems that ~~Fortis~~ ~~Fori~~ Fori is traped in a cave-in, if she survive i should train her, she is good with a sword. But if she is dead....it's been a long time that i din't eat elf meat. Speaking about training, i should train the kids in this fortress and make then true warriors that like to kill, i will need make this away from the eyes from the others...they might not like the idea, maybe Bax can help me? I will see him later.

Bye Tommy, until the next day i kill something .

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **November 26, 2010, 08:35:03 pm**

Damn some idiots playing assassin down here it seems.  
Listen up then you lot, not sure if rank means anything here but since Derms stuck I think either me or Rion get to play boss for a while and I call dibs. So listen.  
I doubt it was any of us lot that came down here that did it so I reckon we can trust each other at least seeing as most of us were accounted for (The guys I was with), too busy stabbing things ( Bax and his lot.) Or getting almost crushed.  
That being said, once we get Derm and Fori out of whatever mischief that has befallen them I reckon that all of us explorers should stick together once we get back. We can't trust any of the other lot until we work out who tried to kill three of our mates.  
Shouldn't take long to work out, most nefarious plots have some glaring weakness to them that any idiot can stumble on given enough time so no worries there. Now then, lets dig these guys out then we can go play detective.

(Said explorers for reference. Derm, Fori, Muenster, Rion ,Delta, Xenos, Bax, Tarran, Sandra and myself. (Plus side to being a doctor, you get pretty good at remembering names.))

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Gutanoth** on **November 28, 2010, 07:07:56 pm**

It seems there was an attempted murder down there.

There seems to be no superficial motives...

\*glasses\* This may go deeper than expected.

**YEAHHHHHHH!**

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **November 29, 2010, 10:36:32 am**

From the log of Fori

Thank the spirits, Derm is doing well. The bleeding has stopped, and he's up and about. I was worried about him, but dwarves are tough beings. So far, he doesn't show signs of trouble from the bloodloss, nor the symptoms of infection. And words cannot describe how glad I am that he's up too. It's lifted much of that crushing burden of isolation, and I'm feeling much more hopeful now. I just feel safer with him here.

But I hope that the others do find us soon. This place is horrid. The trees and plants here are cursed, their voices are either mute, or whisper words of mourning and madness. They aren't pure and wholesome like the trees upon the surface or in the first cavern layer. And the creatures too! The first I saw were these bizarre blobs of rolling flesh. Spirits know how they moved about, or managed to see or sense me. At least they sensed my sword, and fled when I drew it. But those head things, they flew on wings like a bat's and bore teeth like a tiger's. They attacked us, trying to snap and bite at us. We had to kill a couple before the rest fled. I didn't want to touch them even to bury their bodies. We just moved aside to avoid the smell of rot. It's bound to attract more predators down here.

But more disturbing than the twisted wilderness here, is the fact that the cave in was not a natural accident. Someone wants us dead, someone with the skill with tunnels and caverns to create a cave in like this. Have we trespassed upon someone's home? Is there some denizen of the caverns that wish to destroy us? Why not confront us directly then? But even more troubling, what if it was one of the citizens of Nomekast? Who would be fanatical enough to murder us like this? My mind drifts to Reg. His hatred of non dwarves is no secret, and I don't doubt if he could, he would get rid of me like this. But he doesn't hate non dwarves enough to kill Derm just to kill me. Then there's Bax. I don't know the goblin's skill in mining and stoneworking, but if he could, he just might. I don't know of the motive, but goblin savagery has never needed one before. But he was with the expedition. When we are rescued, I must find out if Bax was with them the whole time. Aside from that, I'm not sure who could do this.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 29, 2010, 06:01:54 pm**

AKingsQuest - Thanks! You're in, as with Bayar, you'll have to wait for the resolution of the expedition. ;D

*16th Hematite 676 - Dawn*

The first of the sun's rays were beginning to flood through the valley of the Swamps of Tunnelling when Kadzar rose to prepare the temple for morning prayers. He tiptoed silently out of the communal bedrooms, making his way towards the temple. The stone structure rose to meet him, the iron walls of the sanctuary reflecting ever-so-slightly the light of the underground. He strode up the steps, his mind already running through the morning blessings to cleanse the temple of any night spirits. He immediately saw one of the iron doors was open, a Goblin stood leaning on the other, a hand on a great iron hammer studded with some reddish metal, and a blue image of a goddess. She jumped up immediately when seeing him,

"Calm, Hammer of the Gods." Kadzar said calmly. She recognized the steward of the temple, and fell at ease lowering her hammer,

"The Prophet is inside." she whispered, "He has been praying all night."

"He must be communicating with the gods, great things are afoot. Have you been here all night too?"

"I am his protector." she said fiercely. Kadzar nodded at this, moving past her into the temple proper. Ibruk lay kneeling on the cobaltite floor, face up at the altar with the idols of Slyshaken and The Guilds of Glitter surrounded by lit candles. His eyes were closed, he didn't seem to be moving, or even breathing. Stepping silently like a cat, Kadzar tried to reach over and get the talismans needed for the morning cleansing of the temple. Just as he reached over, Ibruk's eyes snapped open,

"A storm is coming," he said.

"M-Master Ibruk?" the zealot asked, fearing that he had interrupted the prophet's meditations.

"Nothing." Ibruk said, "Nothing is coming."

"Ibruk!" came a voice. It was Rar. The Dwarf got past Hammer of the Gods before she could stop him, entering the temple,

"Are you mad!? We haven't cleansed the temple yet! Only the priesthood should-" Kadzar began, but Ibruk stopped him,

"Speak Rar."

"Spartan, Urist, and Helf are gone. They left a message, Rion and Xenos came back, they needed help clearing something out down in the Lower Levels.

"When was this?" Ibruk asked. Rar shrugged,

"I don't know, it was sometime during the night. Just thought you ought to know."

"A storm is coming." Ibruk repeated, musing, "Nothing's the wind, but are we yet at the center?"

Rion and Xenos had left the expedition group, returning to Nomekast, and now they came back to the Lower Levels with help. Delta had already begun mining, but now with Spartan - arguably the most experienced miner in the community - as well as Urist and Helf, they would be able to break through the rock within two to three hours. The group was must like they had left them. Delta was busy mining, striking his pick against the rock, while Steve, Tarran and Muenster moved the rocks out. Bax and Ryva sat on the rock pile, surveying, or possibly keeping watch or something. Seeing the cave-in, Spartan gave a whistle,

"Someone did a job on that." he remarked.

"*Someone's* the right word." Tarran growled.

"I asked Rovod and Johann to keep an eye on Ibruk and his fanatics." Rion said, "We can get to the actual retribution once we get Derm and Fori out."

"You really think it was them?" Helf asked.

"I always said we couldn't trust them." Rion muttered, "Madmen, all of them."

Derm had woken up after a night of discomfort. His head still throbbed from its wound. He felt momentarily dizzy. He got up, taking the water-skin and taking a gulp. He didn't dare take too much, it had to last them another day at least, otherwise they'd have to drink from the lake, and who knew what foul creatures lived in its depths, spreading poison through the water? With a fit he suddenly remembered that he was supposed to have been awake for sentry duty. His head spun to look at Fori, but she seemed fine, still asleep. He took her shoulder, shaking her as gently as he could,

"C'mon Fori, we should be moving."

She took a few seconds to wake up properly, stretching and yawning before finally getting up. First thing she did was also to drink from the water-skin. "I fell asleep during my guard duty." Derm admitted guiltily. Fori shrugged, giving him a smile,

"Nothing happened. I can't blame you, it was an exhausting day."

"But something could have attacked us!" Derm protested.

"But nothing did. It was a mistake, we all make them, you were hurt bad yesterday, if anything you shouldn't have had a guard duty at all."

"I couldn't let you stay awake all night."

"Let's not dwell on it. We need to get going." Fori finished, handing Derm some plump helmets she had scavenged. The Dwarf nodded, thanking her gratefully for the food, and eating the mushrooms happily. Once the too had finished their rudimentary breakfast they took their weapons and began to move. They had taken refuge in little nook, safe from predators, the nook itself was in a sort of mini-valley in the cavern. Once again Derm lead the way, his natural Dwarven sense of direction taking them in what he gathered was east, trying to track their way back to the great lake they had build a bridge over.

A mere half-hour's walk later brought them to a lake. It was however, not one of water.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **November 29, 2010, 06:10:50 pm**

Yey, moar magma.

Aequor, you mind showing an image of the actual section that caved in and the place it landed? I've been wanting to see that for a while.

Anyway, keep up da updates.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **November 29, 2010, 06:23:00 pm**

"Another lake of magma."

I stared at the flat plane of boiling rock. Another one? I shake my head at the scene. We are either the luckiest explorers alive, or considering that we got trapped, the unluckiest.

Three magma pools. A godsend if there ever was one.

"What should we name it?"

I look to the side. Fori tilted her head at me. "You always name things. What should we call it?"

I thought about it. These last few days were harrowing at the least. The darkness, the silence. The faint aura the trees gave off. Creatures unknown to man skittered across the floors.

I couldn't have survived down here alone. I can't pick out raw Helmets from the poisonous Bloodroot. I would have surly been starved if it wasn't for Fori. She's been so kind to me these last few days, and we've really gotten to know each other more over these past years. She saved my life, even.

I suppose I should give something back, no matter how minor.

"I think you should name it."

Her eyes widened a bit, then looked back toward the hot lake.

"Why?"

I shrugged and told the truth. "Your pretty much my closest friend here, Fori. You helped me explored the second cavern, and I helped you save people by finding the pig tail plant. You saved us by having that vision, and I saved you from your depression after you warned us about the forgotten beast. We also saved each others lives during and after that cave in."

"I think you deserve it. How many people get to say that they named something as big as this? It's a little gift, if you will. To pay you back after all of those times, and in hopes of better times for the future."

She turned back to the pool, deep in thought, and I awaited her response.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **November 29, 2010, 06:32:56 pm**

bah! elves, huh, think you know em, maybe even feel a tweensy bit o' affection for 'em, 'nd right when yer eyes stray to the engravins on the wall, they stab you in the beard, eh! RIGHT. IN. THE BEARD. (lol) again, sorry I don't have anything to say, still sittin' in my office, cleanin' my tools (like hell I'm going down to those caverns, can't help much if I get my own arms ripped off). I'll tend to things when they return to the surface (unless I'm already IN THE CAVERNS :O). DUN DUN DUUUUUUUUUN eagerly awaiting the next response!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kadzar** on **November 30, 2010, 01:08:15 am**

I wonder what's going on down in the Depths. I have been praying that Kol Sellwheel watch over the group; I hope he has not allowed any harm to come to the travelers.

What worries me more is Master Ibruk's cryptic message. He spoke of a coming storm, which is odd, because the gods usually only send messages to warn us of threats. I guess storms could be threatening to humans and elves, who live aboveground, but what sort of storm can imperil those who live below the earth?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fisher-Risen** on **November 30, 2010, 08:39:08 am**

Hammer of the Gods stood at her post, as usual, Shining her warhammer once more, whilst deep in thought. "...What could possibly be coming that could threaten our God-granted home?....To add to that, there is tension brewing....No matter what, I shall protect master Ibruk and the other priests. Perhaps some members of the priesthood could join me in this holy work. Fellow paladins would be very welcome.."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **December 02, 2010, 12:38:55 pm**

From the log of Fori

Fate has been strange to me. But it has been generous too. Even trapped down here in the deepest depths of the earth, I’m feeling strangely calm. I’ve been more influenced by dwarves than I thought, as I’m finding it’s the magma that is comforting me. Missing the warmth and the light of the sun and sky, I sit here and find that the light and warmth of the sap of the mountain is a good substitute. No elf that I know of would ever be comforted by the sight of molten, bubbling rock, yet here I am. Not to mention it brings back memories of exploring the first cavern with Derm.

Of course, it may be Derm that comforts me even while trapped down here. He always has been kind to me, and I was glad to consider him a friend. But I didn’t expect him to reveal that I have been his closest friend, favoring me even over his fellow dwarves. But then again, perhaps I should have seen it. We have been through so much together. He has always been the first among the dwarves, among anyone, to help me when I was in need.

And being given the privilege of naming the magma pool was a nice touch too. This twisted place could use a bit of hope and peace in it. I eventually decided to name the pool ‘Ramana’, the elf word for ‘friendship’.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZocK** on **December 06, 2010, 08:41:46 am**

I'm gonna get some flak for this but...

Bump?

:D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **December 06, 2010, 09:54:06 am**

A pox upon all false updates!

um, except this one.

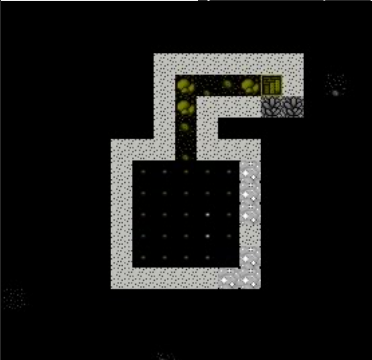
...just nevermind.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **December 11, 2010, 06:14:35 pm**

Tarran - Sure, here you go. Obviously the cave-in didn't actually block anything, but for story purposes we'll have to imagine it did. :P  
Spoiler: Cave-in site (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: Cave-in origin (click to show/hide)



16th Hematite 676 - Morning

"Ramana." Derm echoed. He gave Fori a smile, "It's a good name, Elvish though it is."

The Dwarf and the Elf stood besides the magma pool Ramana for a few minutes, watching the interplay of globules of liquid rock jumping in and out of the surface of the lake, like tiny dolphins on a fiery sea.

"We should probably get moving." Fori said, turning round to face back the gloom of the caverns.

"The others will be waiting." Derm agreed. Fori etched another arrow in the rock to show any possibly following rescue-party where the duo had headed towards, and they set off once again.

The labyrinthine passages led them across clusters of gems, sparkling in the light, past veins glinting with untapped metals, silver and gold. Silence still roamed the caves, and no wildlife appeared at all. They passed twisted trees, the cursed blood thorns, and the nether-caps with their hoar of frost. A splash echoed through the caves,

"We must be getting near the lake." Fori whispered. It seemed wrong, or even dangerous, to break the quiet. Derm nodded, sure enough, hidden between pillar and a wall of rock they could make out the watery surface of the lake that spread out throughout the entire cave system. The two stood side-by-side on the shore of the lake, trying to get their bearings.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



It was a few second after that Derm noticed the wall to the right of them.

"Fori? Look at that wall..." he said quietly. The Elf looked but could see nothing particularly remarkable.

"I don't see anything." she said. Derm moved up to the wall and placed a hand on it. A grin exploded onto his face and he let loose a joyous laugh,

"It's warm!" he exclaimed, "And it's obsidian! There's a magma pool behind this!" A smile flew onto the Elf's face too,

"A magma pool? It must be the one the group were looking for!" she exclaimed happily. The Dwarf nodded, looking back at the lake,

"Now," he said, "If we came from that direction, and we know that the original magma pool is not in that direction, since Ramana is there, then the meeting-point must be..." he waved a finger around before stopping, pointing across the lake, "over there."

"There must be passages leading round to there." Fori remarked. Derm nodded,

"Let's get going," he grinned, "we don't want to keep the others waiting."

-----

It only took them about an hour to navigate through the tight passages back to the lakeside besides the first magma pool that had sent the expedition their separate ways. Since there was another two magma pools to the south, this had to be the magma pool of Derfori. Above them then stood the forges.

The place was deserted when they arrived. There was a still-smouldering fire, indicating that the rest of the expedition must have come back here within the last few hours, possibly to spend the night. That suggested they had either gone back to Nomekast now or-

"By the gods! There ye are!" came a happy cry. It was Muenster. Behind him trailed the rest of the expedition, along with Spartan, Urist and Helf.

"We were worried you might have died or got lost or something." Helf affirmed.

"Well? What happened?" Rion asked, leaning on his axe.

The Elf and Dwarf told them everything that had happened, the cave-in, how the lake continued through to the other side, the maze of dark passages, the flying heads, the ball-creatures and the magma pool of Ramana. When they had finished Rion frowned,

"Ye saw an eye when the cave-in happened? That confirms it. Someone from Nomekast must have done it. Delta's said it was caused with a pickaxe, and unless there's some secret tribe of Dwarves done here we're the only ones with pickaxes." Fori gave a look of sadness,

"I...feared so." she said.

"So what now?" Urist asked, "Is the expedition continuing?"

"Someone's tried to kill three of us already, I say we go back." Steve said, inspecting Derm's head wound. This was met by a chorus of agreement,

"We need ta find who tried ta kill us." Muenster nodded, "It's too dangerous ta continue."

"If we move now, we can get back to Nomekast by noon." Rion said.

"Woah, woah, woah," Bax said suddenly, "we came back to have breakfast. So let's have that first, then go."

"How can you think of food at this time?"

"Because I'm hungry, and at any rate if our friend the cave-in-er is still there now, he'll still be there after we have breakfast."

"Well...I am hungry." Fori said softly. This aroused nods from everyone, and so the group sat down by the dying embers of the fire to have breakfast, before returning to Nomekast.

-----

Outside, in the endless bounds of the sky and the wide valley of the Swamps of Tunnelling, clouds were rolling, gathering. Black clouds pregnant with water, grey clouds, white clouds, all blocking out the rays of the sun, giving the valley a claustrophobic feeling, like it was cut off from the rest of the world by the valley's sides, and now by the dome of clouds. Cut off from the sun, shadows flooded the Swamps of Tunnelling.

**It has started raining.**

A storm had come.



he ever known just for this useless hunk of steel.

As he pondered, he looked into his ration pack and sighed when he found it empty.If he did not find food and shelter soon he would get his wish to join his beloved.With a grunt he stands up drops his ration pack, and heads too the north east.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **December 16, 2010, 04:24:14 am**

Right we need some kind of plan. As I've said before all of us down here can trust each other more or less. So far all I can think of is to patch these two up, have a munch then get back to the fort and try and find who did this. As for how we're going to do that I got no idea.  
Any suggestions guys?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **December 16, 2010, 05:45:30 am**

Quote from: Mangled on December 16, 2010, 04:24:14 am

Right we need some kind of plan. As I've said before all of us down here can trust each other more or less. So far all I can think of is to patch these two up, have a munch then get back to the fort and try and find who did this. As for how we're going to do that I got no idea.  
Any suggestions guys?

First, we need to find the tunnel that leads to the caved in section. Then we need to find which stories don't match what a lot of others say. Then we need to find a motive. We won't execute anyone until we're 100% sure it's them, but we will put them in prison if they turn out to be number 1 suspects.  
This is what I propose:  
**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)  
Start asking people where person X was at the time of the cave-in.

If 3 people or more say person X was in location Y(which isn't near the location of the entrance to the section caved in) at the time before the cave-in, then person X goes to level 4 suspects.

If 3 people or more say person X was in location X(which is near the location of the entrance to the section caved in) at the time before the cave-in, then person X goes to level 2 suspects.

If less than three people saw person X at location Y or X, then person X goes to level 3 suspects.

If no people saw person X at all in the last 15 days before the cave-in then person X goes to level 2 suspects.

If 3 people or more say person X grabbed a pickaxe some time near the cave-in and wasn't a miner then person X goes up one level. If they saw person X return the pickaxe after the cave-in then person X goes up another level.

If 3 people or more say person X was trying to sneak somewhere then person X goes up another level.

If 3 people or more say person X was acting strange recently then person X goes up another level.

Afterwards, let's see if anyone had a grudge with any of us(excluding those targeted by the cave-in[Derm, Fori and Muenster]) that went into the cave. If they do, they go up one level for each grudge. If they have a grudge with the people that had been targeted by the cave-in(Derm, Fori and Muenster), then they go up two levels each grudge. If they are friends with Derm, Fori or Muenster, then they go down a level each grudge.

Then ask people if they can think of any reasons why person X would want to kill Derm, Fori or Muenster. For each positive result(they say they have no reason to), go down a level. For each negative result(they say they have a reason to), go up a level.

Now, we have our suspects. What should we do with them?

Anyone in level 5 or lower is not a suspect, or at least don't have a motive. They are excluded from the investigation completely until evidence makes them look suspicious and thus makes their level raise.

Anyone in level 4 is considered not to be a suspect and can go on with their normal lives with periodic check-ups until evidence makes them look suspicious and thus makes their level raise or the investigation is over.

Anyone in level 3 is considered to be a low level suspect and are to be watched until the investigation is over or until evidence makes them look suspicious enough to be put in level 2.

Anyone in level 2 is considered to be a medium level suspect and are to be locked in their houses and watched until the investigation is over or until evidence makes them look suspicious which puts then into level 1 suspects.

Anyone in level 1 or higher is considered to be a high level suspect and are to be put in prison until the investigation is over. From there, we will torture the prisoners(with increasing intensity the more suspicious they are) until they break, are proven innocent, or the investigation is over. Afterwards if they are the culprits, then they are executed. If they aren't culprits, then they are released with an apology, but are to be watched for a quarter of a year.  
What do you guys think?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **December 17, 2010, 04:31:59 am**

After the long climb down the steep mountain Volrath was happy to have his feet on the ground.His muscles hurt all over and he wanted nothing more then a nice long nap but he figured he would just have a rest after he got some food from the town he saw in the distance.

After two miles of walking in the cold woods he got too it but some thing was very odd about this town.It was not odd that it was destroyed, he saw that it was from the top of the mountain.What was odd was that there were no bodies but there was blood ever where.As far as Volrath knew, the nothing did not eat there victims so it cant be them who did this.As he stood there on the out side of the town thinking of his next move he started feeling dread and despair that went to his core, as if the darkness here was eating his soul.

Not wanting to stay in this evil place much longer he quickly started looking for the food stores but he stopped in his tracks when he heard a blood curdling scream coming from a house too his right.He immediately dropped too the ground and started crawling too it.Barley breathing for fear of being heard, Volrath hugged the wall at tight as he could and slowly peaked into the broken window on his right and what he saw will haunt his dreams forever.

There was a necromancer standing over a table in the middle of the room with his undead monsters next to him, there skin pealing off there bodies and spit coming out there mouths.On the table there was young girl, only 9 or 10, tide down with her chest cut open, screaming as she was being eating aliveby the evil man.Before Volrath could react the necromancer stabs the girls beating heart with his rusty fork and brings it up too his open jaw to take a bite, smiling as the girl weakly grabs his hand before dieing a most ghastly death.Filled with rage on a level he never known before Volrath moves too the door and kicks it down with all his might.Splinters fly every where as the raging barbarian charges in, cutting down zombies left and right.The necromancer (socked by Volraths monstrous rage) was unable to stop him before he was already about to chop him in two with blacksteel but luck was with him as a zombie moved in front of the barbarians blade before he could strike the killing blow.As he was saying a few hundred curses Volrath pulls his weapon out of the zombies gut and jumps behind a wooding pillar just in time to doge a fire ball thrown by the necromancer.Thinking fast Volrath picks up a chopped off zombie head and tosses it at the second large fire ball the necromancer was about to use.When the head hits the fire ball it explodes and sends the bastard flying to the far wall, not missing a beat Volrath runs up, jumps over the table with a howl and skewers the necromancer with a mighty stab.

As he watched the life leave his kill, he felt energy go though his arm and into his body.A soothing feeling washed over him and after five seconds his hunger was gone, he was no longer tired and he felt much much stronger.He had no idea how this happened, he just knew that blacksteel did it.With a chuckle he sheathed his no longer useless hunk of steel and went too work gathering food and burying the dead before setting off.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **December 18, 2010, 04:31:18 pm**

*16th Hematite 676 - Evening*

It was not long before supper when the expedition arrived back. The first person they met was Arsethotheles. The blind Dwarf was besides the magma pool. The moment he heard them he jumped up,

"Go away! Ahm busy!" he shouted to the empty forges.

"We're not doing anything." Bax growled back. The philosopher spun round, having located where the group was now,

"Ya breathin'. Loudly!"

Unwilling to engage in a shouting match with the maddwarf, Bax continued, followed by the others. Steve stayed behind a moment,

"Arsethotheles?"

"Go away!"

"Should you really be that close to the magma?"

"Ahm blind but not stupid!" the philosopher growled, waving a hand dismissively in the direction he guessed Steve was. The crossbowdwarf shrugged, and continued after the others. Barely had they emerged on the home level that they were met by Stas shrouded as ever by his cloak,

"Ah ladies and gentledwarves, and Kobold and Goblin." he said smoothly, "You're all back just in time, refugees have been spotted or something. Meinhard's up there now with Johann, the Elf - not you miss - Loral or something, Melagius, and some others. No doubt they'd be grateful for the help."

"Let's go," Ryva growled, "I want to- to...tooo..." she fell back clutching her head. Helf had the reflexes to catch her.

"Ah dear, the lady seems too tired. Why don't you go on ahead? Bax, give me a hand, we'll take her to Reg." Stas said, the Goblin nodded, grabbing hold of Ryva, the two lugged her off towards the hospital. Once they were safely out of earshot Stas checked to make sure Ryva was unconscious before whispering to Bax,

"We'll need to delay the theft a while, until Tarran smelts all that gold and silver they mined." he whispered. The Goblin nodded at this,

"Will we get a chance to though? Someone tried to attack us in the caves, a cave-in, they'll probably be on edge, if we take too much they'll notice and we'll be screwed." he hissed back.

"Hmm..." Stas pondered, "Perhaps the best will be to strike now, and take the silver they already have, that's good enough, then later once this...incident has blown over we can start siphoning the rest, a bar at a time."

"Well in that case we'll need to move very quickly, I have a feeling things around here are about to get shaken up."

Ryva stirred, surprising Stas so much that he dropped her. She opened her eyes, slowly pulling herself to her feet,

"Are you ok?" Stas asked,

"Where- where am I? I was in the caves...we were fighting! And-"

"You've forgotten everything from when we fought the little red things?" Bax asked incredulously.

"Has anything happened since then?" The Goblin grinned at this,

"Lots." he said simply. Stas cleared his throat,

"So you don't remember anything...like - just for example - what me and Bax were just talking about?" Sandra shook her head, now back in control of her body,

"No, nothing."

"Oh good, well, bad. Why don't you go and see Reg about this? Bax and I have some business to take care of."

- - - - -

Meanwhile, the rest of the group had made their way up to the tunnel that led to the outside world. Meinhard was waiting for them,

"Ah, hyu iz back den?" there were two Dwarves besides him, holding lightweight iron shields and wielding both a sword and a spear slung over their backs, "Hy've been training dem." Meinhard explained, "Dey's be needing ta learn 'ow ta fight proper-like."

"It's great to see you all back." Johann said, as he, Rovod and Melagius approached them. Rion nodded,

"Things aren't as great as we'd want. We still need to find who did-" the Dwarf looked shiftily at the rest of the bystanders, "-did you know what."

"We kept an eye on Ibruk, he seems agitated recently. Kadzar says he's 'had a vision'." Rovod whispered,

Standing away from them was Hammer of the Gods, the Goblin was polishing her armour. Near her was Kadzar and his priests, who were talking quietly amongst themselves. When Kadzar looked up and saw them he moved over to the group,

"It's good that you're here. There's many Nothing out there, and Master Ibruk has had a premonition of-"

"Nevermind what Ibruk has supposedly seen, open the door already." came a voice, it was Loral. The Elf stood with his Elven bow, he greeted the group briefly before turning to Kadzar, "We have the most people we could need, let's open the tunnel already." The priest frowned for a second, then nodded at one of his warrior-priests, who pulled the lever to. A cacophony of gears sounded, and the drawbridges slammed down.

"Weapons." Melagius said, pulling his sword. There was almost no sunlight filtering through the tunnel that led outside. A sound of howling wind and heavy rain was all that could be heard.

"A storm?" Fori asked.

"As predicted by Master Ibruk." Kadzar said, touching his heart in the ancient Dwarven sign of protection. The group unsheathed their respective weapons, and ventured out.

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)



The wind immediately whipped at them like steel scourges, pushing them back, while the rain pummelled down, soaking them almost instantly.

"I can't see anything!" Melagius shouted, but his words were lost in the wind. With one hand on his warhammer and the other clutching his beard as though afraid the wind would rip it off, Johann pointed out a small dark figure,

"There!" he cried, but the wind took his words away too. The figure was moving towards them, so it must have seen them at any rate and realized that they were not Nothings. As it got closer they saw that it was another Kobold,

"It's a Kobold!" Loral shouted, surprised.

"What!?" Meinhard cried back, despite the two only being about a five feet away from each other. The Elf gave up on vocal communication, and pointed at the figure. The mutated Human nodded, and sent one of his recruits to shepherd the rodent-like creature in, deciding that the last thing it probably wanted to see after what was probably a harrowing journey through Nothing-infested lands and now through a savage storm was a giant blue-skinned mutant Human.

"Are there any more?" Rion screamed at Kadzar. The priest nodded, only just hearing what the axedwarf had said,

"One more!" he shouted back.

It was then that they arrived. Red eyes gleaming through the rain, pitch-black bodies glistening with water. The Nothing had arrived to fight. The group acted as one, without a word between them. Kadzar was driven back by one particularly resilient Nothing, and ended up trapped on the small stone bridge that connected the two sides of the valley, with two more Nothings moving in on him. He plunged his spear into the Nothing that had pushed him back, and then spun round to deal with the two others, leaping off the bridge as he did so.

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)



The others followed his example, having dealt with the Nothing on their side, and took the opportunity to move to the other side of the river Squeezemunch to attack the growing Swarm of Nothing that threatened to swarm Kadzar.

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)



"Where the hell is the other refugee!?" Steve yelled, letting loose a bolt that was blown away by the wind, missing the Nothing he'd been aiming at. He felt a hand tugging at his arm, and turned round to see Xenos. The Kobold was pointing at the foot of the valley on the other side of the river. There were several black figures there. "Is that them? There's more than one!"

Managing to get the attention of the group in spire of the raging wind and rain, the militia and priests retreated back to the tunnel. However, as they got closer to the group of refugees they could see something was wrong. The figures were all in black, with red gleaming eyes and several tentacles.

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)



"What the hell are those?" Loral managed, but his words were taken by the wind. The group of black figures approached, and the militia could now see that they were armed with greataxes and halberds, and one with a whip.

"They're hostile!" Tarran shouted, as one of them swung its halberd towards him.

"We need to stop them before they get inside!" Rion cried, swinging his axe at one of them, but the weapon did nothing but scrape of the coating of blackness that covered the creature, revealing an iron mail shirt beneath. The creature hissed and the black-stuff closed up the hole as though it were alive. Muenster meanwhile, had managed to strike one of the things down and apparently unconscious.



The Glassmaker bashes The Axeman in the head from the side with his iron mace bruising the muscle jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!  
The Axeman has been knocked unconscious!

With a shout most of the group piled onto the fallen creature, stabbing and slashing at it while Johann, Lora, Rovod and Steve fought the others with hammer, arrow and bolt.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



It didn't take long for the other creatures to fall and die. And once they had fallen dead, the blackness hissed off them like steam, curling off like vapour and seeping into the ground, revealing;

"Goblins!" Meinhard shouted, very much surprised. Before any one else could say anything, a black tentacle fell down amongst the group, being dissipating like smoke into the mud. They all looked up to see a tall and muscular Human wielding a dark metal blade. It was the other refugee. There was more Nothing coming in behind him, intent on fighting the group.

"Let's get inside!" Melagius cried, beckoning for the refugee to follow them in.

When finally they were all inside, the drawbridge was pulled back up, and the group was safe once more from the biting winds and soaking rains.

"Goblins." Derm said simply, wringing his beard to get water out. Melagius nodded,

"They had the same black stuff the Nothing are made out of on them." he remarked.

"No doubt my kin have allied themselves with the unholy enemy." Hammer of the Gods growled,

"Allied, willingly or forcefully though? Last we heard Goblin towers were being destroyed just like Dwarven halls, Human towns and Elven forests."

"We'll wonder about it later, let's get these pilgrims down to the halls for food and warmth." Kadzar said.

"Ah. Looks like we're too late for the event." came a voice, it was Stas, with Bax besides him. Atis could be seen hiding behind the Goblin. "Ah the newcomers, allow me to introduce myself, I am Stas." he said, offering one hand up to the tall Human and another hand down to the Kobold. The Human shook it firmly,

"Volrath." he grunted.

"Bayar." the Kobold squeaked, obviously worried at being surrounded by so many who in normal times would have killed one of his kind simply for being in a Dwarven fortress.

"You're just in time for dinner." Stas continued, leading the two down the corridor, "Our resident madman - sorry, 'prophet' - will want to meet you." As he left, Kadzar and his priests followed, then Meinhard and his recruits, and then Loral and the others, leaving only the full-time militia.

"What are we gonna do?" Muenster asked.

"Go down and have dinn-" Steve began,

"About the cave-in!"

"We need to investigate anyone who might have caused the cave-in in the caves." Tarran said. Rion nodded,

"Someone's tried to kill three of us already, we need them gone before the next forgotten beast arrives or the next calamity or whatever."

"And what do we do when we find them?" Johann asked grimly, already fearing the answer. Tarran looked down at his sword, then at the hammerdwarf,

"Then we punish them."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **December 18, 2010, 04:39:39 pm**

Heck yes. Time to get executin'.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **December 18, 2010, 07:07:02 pm**

I have been sick as a dog all day. This cheered me right up ^^  
MORE Nomekast! WE HIDE FROM NOTHING!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **December 18, 2010, 08:59:06 pm**

Volrath Blacksteel diary entry 1:After i got ambushed by the nothing i thought for sure i was going too die,i even started the death prayer, but luck was with me because in the distance i saw a squad of dwarfs.They looked like they were in more shit then i was but they were my only hope.I cut down many a nothing to get too there raged band and when i got there i joined them in battle.It was neck and neck but we were fighting like real warriors and by the gods and the strength of are arms we held the nothing back long enough for us too get inside.They then started leading me down a dark underground tunnel and then a dwarf said i had too meet one of there prophets.I never much liked prophets.Oo well,the dwarfs here look like hardy folk and they saved my ass back there so i might as well.How bad can he be right?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **December 19, 2010, 05:37:02 am**

Just remembered I forgot to put up Volrath and Bayar's profiles, they're up on the first post now. ;)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **December 22, 2010, 09:08:47 pm**

"...and you really don't remember anything at all? hmm... Amnesia as a result of a concussion, maybe? Doesn't seem to be any head injury. Perhaps a hint of cavern madness... I can barely imagine what vile fumes lurk the darkness down in those passage ways. Probably the kind of things that would drive even a DWARF to the brink of madness, definitely enough to turn any human yellow! 'Aint well versed in your anatomy, so I can't well say if you've got some-such out of place, but you look fine to me. You two sure this one was in a battle? Barely looks scratched up at all. Well... 'Less Steve has any qualms, I suggest you head down to the dinning hall and pick yourself up a strong brew; that'll settle your mind." Reg was spectacle of Sandra's participation when the goblin was telling the story (he watched as Bax eyed his silver instruments), but when Stas confirmed it, he had to believe it. Stas is a good dwarf. Must of been some journey, he thought, and he would have gone down himself, SOMEONE had to man the post, and steve was more of a field doc anyway. Hopefully Steve will fill him in when he returns from the storm.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fisher-Risen** on **December 23, 2010, 12:50:25 pm**

Hammer of the Gods was intrigued... The newest Humans blade was Black Steel, a metal, like cobalt, only found in the far off lands fromm which she herself had lived. She must speak to Lal (her god) on this. But before that, Her equipment once more needed cleaning. So off she headed to her regular post by the entrance to the place of worship. Now it had a pallet, and she kept an iron flask nearby, alongng with some rations. She spent more time here than anywhere else.

(would be cool to simulate this by building a bed and placing some food and booze near to where you think her post might be, then making it a burrow with only her assigned)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **December 24, 2010, 12:29:44 am**

What the hell does that Hammer person do that requires constant cleaning of her gear?  
She hasn't even been in a fight ever! Probably OCD, makes sense I guess. Ye gods I'm almost surrounded by maniacs.  
As for that woman, Sandra was it? I wasn't with her at the time Reg but from what I've been told she just flipped out and ninja'd a bunch of wee beasties. I used to be stationed near a human town where the inhabitants did that whenever we showed up for a scrap can't remember much though was years ago.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **rogejun** on **December 24, 2010, 03:12:11 pm**

"Thanks Reg, i will go right away"

Sandra closed the door behinde her and walked in the direction of the dinning hall when she fell a little pain in her head  
"It will pass" She said while rubbing hereyes, Arriving in the dinning hall she grabed one mug with beer and sit in the closest chair. Lifting the cup slowly to his lips and Drinking it,sighing she looked at beer inside the mug, the pain was slowly fading away. She could see her reflection in the beer, looking around to be sure that there's was nobody near her, she whispered:

"Ryva you can hear me?"

After some seconds of silence Ryva answered her, a little hint of angry in her voice.

"What you need kid?"

"Are you okay? What happened to make you faint back there?"

"Don't worry about that, it was nothing I was just a little tired"

"But if they discovery our secret? I lied to then, Lying is wrong and I don't want to leave this fortress. I like this place, here they don't know who we are."

"Sandra, they are more Worried about the Nothing and surviving, I don't think they will mind having you

living with then and if they try anything I kill then all."

"I think you right, thanks..I guess."

"Now let me go back to sleep, I was having one really great dream until you waked me up."

"Can you tell me about it?"

"It don't is a thing you will want know, belive me, now let me sleep."

"Good night Ryva"

Sandra could fell that she was sleeping again, Sandra relaxed in the chair and continued to drink her beer. Maybe Ryva was right and the people in the fortress don't will mind having a psychotic killer living with then.....right?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fisher-Risen** on **December 24, 2010, 06:28:57 pm**

As the last priest joined the others on their way to their quarters, Hammer of the Gods slowly made her way through the halls. "Hmm... Tonight is a good night..." She said to herself. Like she had every other night for the past week, she made her way down to the caverns, doing her best to stay unseen. Surely the others wouldn't mind her keeping her skills sharp on the cavern creatures.....

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **January 04, 2011, 02:19:44 pm**

From the log of Fori

I've found that I've been a little different since returning. Everyone was. We were subdued this time, quieter, more sober in both senses of the word. The thoughts on the cave in, that somebody living in Nomekast was a traitor, weighed heavily on more than just my mind. Nor was there much of a fanfare when we returned, just the shouting of a mad blind dwarf near the magma. Though we did meet Stas on the way up, telling us about some new refugees arriving. The expedition members all went up to the entrance to aid the guard in case any defilers attacked while we let in the refugees.

Spirits, I wished it was only defilers that we faced. But to see them corrupting other creatures like that? Even goblins didn't deserve to be made slaves and thralls of such demons in such totality. Their very bodies used as the sinew and skeletons for the defiler's monstrous forms. Were they aware during that time? Did they know of the actions they were taking? Or did they simply sleep while the defilers moved them? Or did the goblins simply surrender willingly, perhaps for some promise of plunder and slaughter working for the defilers? One way or another, we no longer face simply the defiler's bestial cunning, they have the cruel intelligence of goblins to draw on now too. It makes me wonder, are elves being enslaved and corrupted like this?

For a long while, I felt the need to withdraw and think of it. I stayed up in the lighthouse, rain notwithstanding, and simply watched the storm, seeing the flashes of lightning and listening to the peals of thunder. But as I have found in the past, whenever I feel myself slipping into one of these depressed moods, I find that getting up and doing something helps. And there is much that needs doing. After going back down and changing into dry clothes, I began my investigation. After talking with the other expedition members, I soon found that none of them had gone their separate ways on their own. They couldn't have caused the cave in. (This doesn't rule out an accomplice though.) So it had to be someone who stayed behind. I began asking around with the other dwarves and assorted beings. I didn't ask people what they were doing, I've found that tends to make them defensive, just what they saw or knew of everyone else doing. Hopefully I'll be able to find some suspicious patterns, and eventually the culprit.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **January 14, 2011, 01:55:31 am**

Yo, are you going to give us a update soon?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **filiusenox** on **January 14, 2011, 02:01:02 am**

You made me think there was an update.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **January 15, 2011, 07:45:37 pm**

Sorry for the long wait guys, things have been a bit hectic what with Christmas, New Years and then the restart of school.

17th Hematite 676

The morning of the 17th heralded the start of the investigation into the still-unknown saboteur and attempted murderer who had caused the cave-in down on the lower levels. The tribunal was made up of everyone from the expedition, with Tarran spearheading it. As they interviewed each of Nomekast's 38 citizens, Spartan began work upon something which many people had not expected to see again since their escape from the crumbling ruins of civilization; a prison.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



The investigation was difficult going, each story and alibi had to be cross-checked, with witnesses and more; and what with the community never really having kept much of an eye upon the comings and goings of its members, it made it all that more difficult.

Bayar and Volrath had been accepted into the community, despite the usual grumblings of Reg and his supporters, and the two had been assigned beds in the communal barracks.

The day also heralded another much sadder event;

**Kogan Enshal\* Bone Carver has died from thirst!**

Kogan Enshal, the widow who had seen her husband torn to shreds by the Nothing to save her, had finally succumbed to death after refusing to drink or eat. She had fallen into a deep melancholic mood, the famed melancholy that Dwarven society had nicknamed 'the Blue Death'. That night, they had a funeral for her, and she was laid to rest besides Sibrek the farmer, who had been killed by Mysterydrip, with a tombstone declaring only her name and date of death, no one knew anything else about her.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



For the rest of the fort though, life went on. Summer heralded the planting of the crops, a task which everyone joined in, sowing plump helmets, pig tails and cave wheat.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Meanwhile the militia - or rather, the militia excluding those in the investigation - as well as the temple priests, Volrath, and Meinhard's recruits trained.

And hidden in the Fiery Cistern, Bayar had taken a spare pick and begun digging out a small recess which he intended as a shrine for the Ascended Ones of Kobold legend.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)





20th Hematite 676 - Evening

"It's useless, we'll never find them!" Rion grumbled, throwing the sheaves of paper down onto the table. The tribunal for finding the wannabe murderer had laboured day after day for almost four days now. They had interviewed everyone, and yet it seemed they were no closer to finding the culprit. "All we have are people's shady memories, not to mention that if someone went somewhere less frequented for peace - like up to the lighthouse - then they'll immediately seem suspicious and yet be innocent. We can't win."

"Nonsense." Tarran said firmly, holding up a sheaf of paper as proof of his assertion, "I've finished the preliminary list of suspects. Now we-"

"Wait," Sandra interjected suddenly, "if we have the list of suspects, are we going to arrest people?" she sounded concerned.

"I volunteer to do it." Bax grinned. Despite his position in the tribunal, he had done very little in actually aiding them - if he even turned up. Tarran nodded at Sandra's question,

"Yes, but there's no one high enough in our suspicions to be jailed yet."

"Right, well show us the list then." Delta said. Tarran handed the paper over so that they could all see it,

Quote

Level 5 (Not suspect): All else.  
Level 4 (Periodic checks): Ast Tekkudsefol, Stas, Goden Stinthad, Reg Archist  
Level 3 (Watched): Ibruk, Nish Taronmedtob, Gutusp  
Level 2 (House-arrest): Rakust Aranlikot  
Level 1 (Imprisoned): N/A

"Rakust Aranlikot?" Steve asked, Tarran nodded,

"Apparently she vanished for an entire day not long before the cave-in. She says she went to the upper levels, but no one saw her."

"Why is Stas on here?" Bax questioned,

"Disappears for hours on end sometimes, as does Gutusp and her Elf child."

"You mean slave." Fori interjected,

"Aye, but that's not the matter at hand. We'll need to sort out who will watch who, when checks are needed on the Level 3's, and we'll need to put Rakust under arrest." Rion said.

"How are we going to put her under house-arrest when we have a communal bedroom?" Derm asked.

"They'll be under arrest in my cottage, I'm not going to be working on it while this is under way, and the only way out is the door or the cave crocodile infested lake which leads out into the wilderness." Tarran explained.

"Well, whatever you decide I'm sure you'll enjoy it, now I have to get going." Bax said, rising and leaving the room.

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Stas was waiting impatiently for Bax, shrouded like ever in his cloak. He was down on the Fiery Cistern. With both Tarran and Muenster caught up in the proceedings, and with the rest of the workers off for dinner, the place was deserted save for him - a perfect atmosphere for underhanded work. Finally the greenskin arrived, with little Atis trailing behind him. He said nothing, giving the Dwarf nothing but a thumbs-up. Stas nodded, and the three of them made their way down to the forges.

"If we can do this, we may be able to get the saboteur blamed for the silver's disappearance." Stas murmured to Bax. Despite the emptiness of the place, it was still safer to keep their voices down, in case anyone came. Bax nodded,

"We'll have to do it soon, they're going to move in and arrest a certain Rakust soon, she's the best suspect they've got." he said. Stas grinned,

"Rakust Aranlikot? Slip a silver bar under her bed, when they search her quarters and find it, she'll be blamed and we'll be home and dry."

They soon arrived at the forges, and made for the stacks of bars at the side. Stas removed a large bag from beneath his cloak, handing it to Bax, "Keep this open while I put the bars inside." The Goblin did so. The silver bars were buried under stacks of lead and copper bars. Carefully moving the bars one at a time to avoid making the pile collapse, Stas began putting the silver ingots into the bag, as he did so he counted them under his breath gleefully, "One...two...three..."

"Hurry up!" Bax hissed, "They've only gone for dinner, not for a torture show."

"Torture show," Stas said with a bemused tone, "you Goblins really do live up to your reputa-" Stas stopped for an instant, a particular bar catching his eye. He made for it, picking it up, "Platinum." he breathed. There was a second bar besides it, he took it joyfully. He turned to Bax, "Platinum." he repeated, "These...fools, just left *platinum* lying around. A bar of this can...could buy you a mansion in the mountain homes."

"Just put it in the bag!" Bax hissed. Soon the bag was beginning to get too heavy, and the two left it off there. With six bars of silver and two platinum bars. Stas meanwhile, was carrying a silver bar in each hand, concealed beneath his cloak. Just before they left, Bax took one more bar of silver, handing it to Atis, she stared at it curiously, marvelling at its reflections in the light, then Bax heaved the bag over his shoulders with a groan,

"Damn, loot tends to be easier to carry than this." he grumbled. Stas shushed him, leading the way back into the residential areas. Everyone was still at dinner, and the coast was clear. With fleet-footedness the three made their way into Stas' Thieves Guild hide-out.

"Put it into the treasury." Stas told Bax, handing him one of the silver bars he was carrying. He held the other one up to the light, admiring it, "I'll go slip this under Rakust's bed while everyone's still eating, before our friends the detectives arrest her. If she's going to be blamed for murder, what harm could tacking theft onto her record do?"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **January 15, 2011, 07:52:36 pm**

(Glad to have you back. You know, we really should have a list of who everyone is and what the plot points are. I can't keep up with this many names. For instance, I have completely forgotten who Stas is. Also the hall of legends has finally been updated, look upon ye works, and show pride, for it is among the best of the best.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **January 15, 2011, 10:45:09 pm**

Yay! update! Nice to see you still alive. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **January 16, 2011, 03:26:22 am**

(Its in the hall of legends?Cool, I voted for it, you can thank me later.XP)

Volrath Blacksteel diary entry 2:When I met with the prophet he said if I did not repent my sins and worship his god I would be doomed to death by the nothing.He said that the nothing were sent to clean the world and that this was my only chance to survive.I told him where he could stick his damn dwarf god and walked out.A day later I was in the dining room, drinking a cup of ale and the number one troll lover (looking as arrogant as fuck) with two of his boyfriends, showed up at my table.He said that all races needed to come together, even savages like me and too that end, he would be willing to forgive last nights outburst if I repented.Sadly I could not forgive his mouth, so I decided to shut it up with my fist.The blow sent him flying into the wall with a loud crash.His guards unsheathed there weapons but before we could have some fun he bid them out of the room.Sir troll lover followed them, holding his broken nose the whole way.

It is strange that these dwarfs follow this coward.Some of his followers are fine warriors that I would be proud to fight alongside.Maybe they are to drunk to tell how big of a bitch he is?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **January 16, 2011, 11:59:45 am**

"It's true I have been known to harbor... poor feeling towards elves and other such nuisances. But, damn it (jim), I'm a DOCTOR, not a murderer! Even if I was pushed the very edge where the need to snuff out one of them overwhelmed my doctor's code, I would NEVER endanger another dwarf in the process. Besides, I'm no miner; I only had a small run with the pick when the fort was just starting, no real experience, how could I have caused a perfectly timed cave in? And I've heard the tales, I know you split up. How can you be sure it wasn't one of you who sit on the very pompous throne that accuses the innocent? How do we know the murderer isn't in this very room? Course, now's not the time to be blamin' those who sit beside us, for then we have absolute chaos, but what about that one who drags 'round that elf underling everywhere? Suspicious lot, those two. Often a night I'll hear those cold feet slinking 'cross the rough floors, no destination I could tell, jus' walking round and round. This is a time of great peril and danger, and if we start wrongfully blaming our dwarven brothers, we might as well dye our skins green and live in a damn wooden house! Now I've got things to attend to, good day." Reg was content with the speak he had given the tribunal. He knew they would trust their dwarven instincts and make the right choice.

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also, I have supporters? :D  
and go ahead, search him! we have nothing to hide (maybe).

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Slain** on **January 16, 2011, 12:30:19 pm**

Hey there, I'd like to enter Dorfdom!

Name: Ukrzum  
Race: Dwarf  
Background: Urkzum was once part of a fairly prosperous outpost, until the Nothing descended upon it. Whilst the first wave was repulsed, the heavy losses caused the fortress to tear itself to pieces, with infighting and insanity common. Rather than fall to some crazed brother-dwarf, Ukrzum instead barricaded himself into the supply rooms, to hide out until the insanity ceased. This plan would've worked, if not for a clan of Goblins who re-purposed the fort for themselves. This meant his self-imposed imprisonment went on for far longer than his original supplies could last. Urkzum had to learn the skills on an entire fortress on-the-job, leading him to become a true jack-of-all-trades. With his new found knowledge, his managed to tunnel out of his old fortress and back into the world above, accompanied by the various pets left over from the original settlement.

So yeah, he's okay at all skills, only showing a notable skill in animal care and training, his war dogs helping him hold off the Nothing.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **January 17, 2011, 01:25:46 am**

Volrath Blacksteel diary entry 3:I was walking too my bed, looking forward to a good nights sleep and I saw the most beautiful elf lass ever to grace the world.Hauling stone, if you can believe a elf would ever do such a thing.She had the long blond hair, an angelic face and perky breasts standard to her race.But unlike any of her kin, she also had the body of a amazon warrior.It was love at first sight, I tell you!

I decided to let her know of my interest in the traditional blacksteel tribe way, by giving her a firm pinch on the ass.Sadly elf culture must be very different then my own, because she started cursing me with words I did not even know existed, before storming off!.Bah, women are to crazy to talk to sober, I am going too bed.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **filiusenox** on **January 17, 2011, 02:55:13 pm**

May i get a character?

Name: Ocade  
Race: Elf that grew up with Goblins.  
Personality: Known for his maniacal Grin. Charming sociopath. Generally nice to everyone, until you piss him off. Then he becomes a cold blooded murderer/torturer.  
Back-story: Kidnapped by goblins when he was young, he grew up in a goblin tower.  
Description: Keeps his face hooded. But has a medium build for a elf and dark hair.  
Job: Swordsman.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **January 17, 2011, 04:50:33 pm**

From the log of Fori

The investigation is proving to be frustratingly slow. It doesn't feel like we're making much headway toward finding the real culprit. Rather, it seems like I'm grasping at straws, hoping to find the right one by chance. Among those suspected, one Rakust Aranlikot was at the top of the list. They said that she was nowhere to be seen for a day before the cave in. Stas and Gutsup also disappeared from time to time too. But I cautioned against using that alone as a basis for deciding who was innocent and guilty. I frequently sought solitude myself up in the lighthouse when I wasn't working. We need actual proof. I mentioned that one pickaxe that went missing some time ago. It never really was accounted for, though new ones were made. Perhaps it has some connection to all of this.

In the meanwhile, we have a couple of new people here at the fort. Another kobold, first off. I don't mind kobolds. I think they're rather cute in a way. But the human gives me pause. He's a tall, rather burly man, and he seems to have even less use for soap than the dwarves do. That I could put up with, but I won't tolerating him trying to grab my rear like he did. This time I just shouted a few choice dwarven oaths at him and left. Whatever you may say about their language, dwarfish is a wonderful tongue for expressing displeasure. But next time, I might express my displeasure the dwarfish way. I wager a good left would put a bruise on that craggy face. I've survived attacks of nothing and the cursed beasts from the depths of the earth. I don't intend to go back to meekness if this barbarian wants to take liberties with me.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MetalSlimeHunt** on **January 17, 2011, 05:28:57 pm**

Rion's Journal  
I am begining to suspect we will never find the culprit, or at least I suspect it more than I had earlier. We have absolutely zero conclusive leads, and conducting even this one house-arrest with that lack of evidence may very well be the death of us. Most of these people were probably under tyrant-kings or able to do anything they wished before coming here, neither of which are conductive to accepting our authority in this situation. Gods forbid that we *actually have to imprison* anyone! I saw the looks of the "citizens" not on the investigative team when they found out about that little construction...

....

...I'm thinking like one of those damn nobles already. Even on the edge of extinction, here we are trying to kill each other still. Sometimes, I just want to leave these people to their infighting and take my chances in the wilderness. At least the Nothing are honest about what they want.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **January 17, 2011, 09:52:22 pm**

As Volrath slept there in bed, he dreamed.He dreamed that he was in his village before it was destroyed.In front of him was his tent, It was right next to the river where he and his wife first kissed as teenagers.That was the day he knew that he wanted to be with her forever.They spent every moment they could with each other, he even convinced the elders to break from tradition and let her become a warrior, just so they could spend more time together.He married her as soon as he became a man and it was the happiest day of his life.

Volrath walked into his tent and his heart swelled when his beloved stopped making arrowheads and looked up to give him a smile that could warm the coldest ice golem, her blue eyes gleaming by the light of the fire, in the pit by her feet.He tried to give her a kiss but found out that he could no longer move of his own accord and that his hands were moving of there own will, too his sword.Volraths wife dawned a mask of horror as he slowly walked too her, blacksteel in hand.He tried to stop or at least scream in protest but it was all for nothing.Janet started to back away."Why are you doing this?I loved you more then anything and you are just going to let me die!Please help me, I don't want to di...."Her pleas were cut off as he cut deep into her neck.Volrath then awoke in a cold sweat, screaming at the top of his lungs.

When he saw his village burn, Volrath knew that he had a duty and a could not let the pain overtake him.He ignored it, pushing it too the back of his mined.He even pretended to be happy but now he could not hold it back any longer.Volrath Blacksteel, slayer of man and beast, bravest of the blacksteel tribe, A man who never shed a tear in his life, cried.He cried till dawn.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Gutanoth** on **January 26, 2011, 03:05:44 pm**

hey people, haven't really been on the interwebs much lately (other stuff had been needing doing, and little interest but getting back into it). I like where you're going with the whole investigation thing. so yah. (btw Aqueor what have you set gutusp to be doing?)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fisher-Risen** on **January 27, 2011, 03:20:06 pm**

Hammer walked up to Volrath, having heard of his ...meeting... with the Grand Prophet. Despite the fact that the man was of a height much higher than herself, she launched a blow at him that would cause even a troll to stagger, her well trained muscles not failing her in the least. Immediately after, She turned and walked away, not caring to see whether he fell to the blow or was still standing. As she walked away, she advised him to rethink treating the prophet as he had

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **January 28, 2011, 10:12:25 pm**

Volrath Blacksteel diary entry 4:A female green skin came up to me today, the other dwarfs tell me that her name is hammer (A stranger name I do not know) and that she is one of the Prophets followers.She was looking as mad demon, so i decided to ask her what she wanted but before the words passed my lips, she punched me in the jaw with all her might and then left, without seeing what she did to me.

Now, goblins are not the largest of races out there, I could pick up one in each arm, but she was incredibly strong for her kind.She had to be to hold that hammer of hers!Normally, a blow like that would break my jaw and send me falling to the ground, cursing her all the way down.To my amazement, not only was I still standing with my face in one peace but it also hardly hurt me at all.All the damage I suffered was a bloody lip and a bruised cheek.

The only explanation for this that I can think of is that blacksteel gave me more then the arms of org when I killed the necromancer and those nothing.It had to be what made my skin as tough as leather and my bones like rock.No wonder the elders had us keep it safe all this time, who knows what evil would befall the land if this got in the wrong hands!

This thing could help me get my revenge on the nothing for killing janet but I need to get stronger first.As much as I would like to die on a hill of dead nothing, I don't think that would be what she would want.I will ask the dwarfs if I can be on more combat missions in hopes that I will fined evil to slay.

I think I will forgive hammer, she was just defending the honor of her master, I would do the same thing for my elders.It must be a hard job holding up the honor of that troll lover after all , can't say I envy her.Maybe she will see that she is being a stupid bitch some day or just kill her master in a fit of rage, I will drink to ether one.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ProZock** on **January 31, 2011, 04:49:07 pm**

Nomekast Forever!  
Aequor, thanks for taking the time to entertain us with such a great story. My life is pretty hectic now, and I hardly ever have time to get on the internet, so I really appreciate how well you are writing about Bax and making him take a life of his own.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **February 03, 2011, 06:56:27 pm**

Dermonster - There's the list of people and their profiles on the first post, but that only gives their names and race, nothing else. I can't think of any way to do that though, not without ending up with an OP the length of a very long street :-\.. If it helps, Stas is the suspicious Dwarf with a cloak who is actually a gentlemen thief. He also does absolutely no work, not even hauling ::).

Slain - Welcome to Nomekast! Side-effects of your stay here *may* be death by conspiracy, forgotten beasts, swarming monsters, accident, starvation, backstabbing, tantrum, and worse. All the standard deaths of any Dwarven fort basically, only with other races included.

filiusenox - Again, welcome to Nomekast! Side-effects *may* include death or worse and anything listed above. ;)

Gutanoth - Gutusp's been training her sword skills at the moment, she's novice right now.

ProZock - Thanks! I'm glad you enjoy the story, and I can say that it's a delight to write. :D

Also, we're in the Hall of Legends? VICTORY IS ~~MINE~~ OURS! :D Ahem, I'd like to thank everyone who made this possible, that is, the voters, and the community members. Because seriously, the story wouldn't be Ææ# a tenth as good without the actual people who make it happen. So thank you all. ;D

*21st Hematite 676 - Morning*

"No, it's a cough!" Reg shouted at Gutusp. The Goblin-raised Dwarven women cupped a hand to her ear, shaking her head, "A cough!" Reg repeated. The two were in the open space outside the central hall. Currently the area was being opened up, the smattering of stone pillars that had blocked the place were being slowly removed by Spartan and his miners. The militia's training barracks were being moved down, and they would train out here, leaving the upper levels completely abandoned. The sound of picks on stone was heavy in the air.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





Gutusp shook her head again,

"*Snuto toton!*" she shouted at the Dwarf, ostensibly demanding he talk even louder. Reg sighed, pointed at the Elven boy that the woman claimed as her property, shook his head and said, remembering *snuto* being the Goblin word for 'no' or 'not', while still pointing at the Elven child,

"Snuto ill." and then walked off muttering to himself angrily, deciding to let Gutusp decode what he meant. As he stalked towards the food stockpiles for breakfast, he crossed Doc. Steve, the medic gave the doctor a slight smile,

"Lookin' happy, I see." he said. Reg frowned, waving a hand in the direction he came,

"It's that damned Dwarf Goblin woman, Kutusup or Gutsup or whatever. The kid she trails around has a cough, and she thinks he's going to keel over any second, so she took him to me for a check up."

"I imagine that'd be good asset management in Goblin society." Steve said with a ghost of a smile,

"Well she should learn Dwarven, it *is* the international language." Reg grunted. It was at that moment that Bounce arrived, holding a flurry of papers,

"Steve, I've got the ledgers for the tribunal," she said, passing them to the marksdwarf, "Of the eight picks we have, five are accounted for."

"What? By all the demons of Hell, how could a Dwarven settlement lose three picks!?" Steve exclaimed in surprise.

"One has been missing since last year, Rakust took one and never gave it back - though she says she put it back - and one vanished just this month." the bookkeeper continued, reeling the data off her memory, "On top of that, we still have some missing gems gone since last year and nine bars of silver and two of platinum have gone missing in the past week. Missing from the stockpile might I add."

"And there's some of the silver hospital equipment stolen too." Reg stated, interrupting them. Bounce nodded,

"Not to mention that some copper bars went missing about a month ago." she continued.

"There's no way all of this could have been mislaid. We can't avoid it now; it's clear we have a thief as well as a attempted murderer on the loose." Steve murmured.

"I warned you this would happen. You let Goblins in from lawless societies and suddenly all our precious goods are vanishing," Reg grumbled, "And Kobolds too." he added as an afterthought, "and I wouldn't be surprised if some of those Humans came from no-good towns. Really, the Elves are the only ones you can trust to a degree, and you know things are *bad* when that's true." he completed.

"Oh, and we've got some *extra* cave wheat." Bounce suddenly chimed in.

"*Extra* cave wheat?"

"Its fresh, not from last year's harvest. And yet this years harvest isn't even fully planted yet. It's a mystery where exactly it came from, like if some little spirit came in and left it as a gift."

"What if its poisoned?" Reg demanded, "We can't be too sure, we've got a would-be murderer on the loose and now fresh food turns up from nowhere. Suspicious don't you think?"

It was at that point that Ibruk arrived, striding on his cane. He had a large bruise where Volrath had punched him. By the prophet's insistence the Human was not punished, though that had not stopped Hammer of the Gods exacting what she had seen as righteous revenge. He greeted the trio with his usual warm smile, but there was a sad hint about it,

"Ah, pilgrims. You may be interested to hear the sinful perfidy that has occurred," the prophet said his smile fading as his face became grim, "I'm sure you all know about Rakust Aranlikot by now?" they all nodded; she'd been taken in by the militia and placed under - comfortable - house arrest in Tarran's cottage, with at least one guard by the door at all times. Ibruk continued, "Well Muenster was going through her belongings in the barracks to find any clues as to whether she was the one who attacked them in the caves, when he found a silver bar."

"A silver bar!?" Bounce exclaimed. Ibruk nodded, "Well," the bookkeeper said, rubbing the back of her head thoughtfully, "It just so happens that eight silver bars were stolen this week from the stockpiles."

"It is quite saddening indeed to see this noble and holy place tainted by those false pilgrims who pretend to serve the gods, when they seek only to follow the demons and their sinful ways. I fear that if things do not improve the gods may yet punish us once more." Ibruk grimaced, leaning sadly on his cane.

"Surely," Reg said drily, "as a prophet, you should have seen this coming? Or did the gods have a day off this week?"

"I see only that which the gods deem to show me, pilgrim. If they did not wish us to know of Rakust's dealings then it is not up to us to ask why." Ibruk said, throwing a hand up to the skies, "One does not question the will of the gods, especially not at such a critical time as this. The Old World is being destroyed, pilgrims, and a New World will be born from its ashes, thus it was written by the Blind Prophet of the Broken Rock."

"You'd think he'd have written a manual for surviving the destruction of the 'Old World' at least." Reg grumbled.

"Do we know where she put the rest, at least? Do you think she took the gemstones too?" Bounce asked, eager to get the books back on track so that she would no longer have to rush forwards and back searching for things that mysteriously vanished. Ibruk waved a hand dismissively,

"I do not know, but I believe Tarran has called the tribunal together, they will no doubt wish your presence, Steve."

-----

When Steve arrived the rest were already assembled. Tarran started immediately, having pretty much taken the role of spokesdwarf of the group,

"Right, well as you probably know, we found some stolen silver hidden away in Rakust's stuff." he started.

"Makes her seem more suspicious, eh?" Bax smiled, "She'd probably have done well in a Goblin city."

"Hang yer Goblin cities, this place operates under Dwarven law." Muenster said, "At least, I think it does."

"Well that's just it." Tarran said, "We haven't had to deal with laws or anything since we all settled here. But there's 45 of us now, and we've had gems, picks, and now silver and platinum stolen. We've had attempted murder and now that Volrath guy punched Ibruk, and Hammer of the Gods punched him. The entire place is going to chaos."

"Volrath, that Human, is trouble," Fori said. It was odd for her to speak out against someone like this, "He's punched Ibruk, and he...well made a disparaging gesture towards me." the Elf blushed slightly at this. Derm frowned,

"What? What did he do?" he asked, a fierceness entering his voice, like a growing undercurrent. Fori shook her head,

"You needn't worry, he won't dare do it again."

"What did he do? He didn't hit you or something, did he? I swear, if-"

"No matter the outcome of the investigation," Rion interrupted, murmuring into his beard as he though of the situation, "we need to...oh damn, we're just going to end up like the old mountainhomes, we need a guard, and they'll need some kind of leader." he concluded, sighing.

"A leader...like a sheriff or a captain of the guard?" Derm said.

"Seems to be the case." Delta said, crossing his arms with a clatter of the armour he always wore.

"How are we going to choose them?" Tarran wondered.

"Well how do you normally choose them?" Sandra asked.

"We don't, the nobles choose the captain, and people volunteer." Rion answered.

"Well why not let volunteers do it, then?"

"Not know who is thief or killer." Xenos said. The Kobold tended to not speak much at these meetings, due to his poor grasp of the Dwarven language, he still turned up though, out of a sense of duty.

"Got it in one." Rion growled, "We've got a possible murderer and/or thief on the loose, maybe more. We can't be sure of whoever volunteers."

"What if the militia do it? It's not like it'll be much of an extra duty." Fori suggested.

"What about Meinhard's little group?" Sandra countered, "They're trustworthy."

"Wait 'till the investigation's over." Delta grunted. Tarran nodded,

"Once we've got the assassin for sure, then we can at least be sure we won't have a would-be murderer in the guards' ranks."

It was at that point that Helf burst in,

"She's gone!" he cried, a hint of panic in his voice, "Rakust's gone!"

"What!?" Tarran cried, jumping to his feet. The Dwarf took a breath,

"Well, I was talking with Rovod who was guarding the house, when we heard her jump into the lake! We went round but she slipped past us, running towards the lower levels!"

"Damn, we need to get after her!" Rion growled.

"Johann, Melagius, Meinhard, Rovod, Gutusp and Volrath went after her already."

"That's alot of people for one small woman." Bax smirked,

"Well it was more of a case of me shouting 'stop her' and then everyone just chasing her."

"Well, look on the bright side. If she ran, we at least know she must be guilty of *something*."

-----

They chased her clear through the forges and out into the Fiery Cistern. Meinhard led, with Johann and Melagius behind him and Volrath and Gutusp behind them. Rovod brought up the rear, his crossbow slung over his back with a quiverful of bolts. Rakust had a head-start on them, but not enough of a significant one for them to not be able to follow, despite the treacherous way and the winding mazes of pillars and stone walls. She didn't really try to lose them, but seemed instead intent on getting somewhere. Finally she stopped, seemingly nowhere special, however there was a small carved alcove, and in it;

"A skull?" Johann managed to pant, breathing hard as he stopped. Meinhard brandished his spear at Rakust,

"Hokay, hyu stop now." he said, frowning at having been led on this chase. Rakust grinned a predatory smile,

"Oh my poor dear, this lady *never* stops." she said silkily. Johann and Melagius flanked Meinhard, their own weapons at the ready, Gutusp cut off Rakust's other escape, holding a sword out,

"Al" the Goblin-raised Dwarf said, "*uk os*." Rakust laughed a chiming laugh,

"'Stop or I die'? Please, if I feared your weapons I would still be in that cottage under 'house-arrest'."

"What's that skull?" Johann demanded to know,

"Oh don't tell me you've forgotten it? Because I assure you it hasn't forgotten you." Rakust chuckled, taking the skull and raising it up. It seemed to be from some huge insect-like creature,

"Lerdi Kamcanecar's skull!" Melagius suddenly exclaimed, "We never found it after Rion decapitated the thing...you took it?"

"Well reasoned, have you considered philosophy?" Rakust said with a mocking smile,

"To Hell with this, woman! Are you coming back or not?" Volrath demanded angrily.

"Awww," Rakust said, faking sadness, " but you haven't even asked me why I took Lerdi's skull yet."

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Up in the lighthouse Torvold stood, a frown on his face. He had come up here to relax a bit. Recently he'd been going over all the plans Meinhard had given him from the old scientist Dos Panzermench, and had decided to build several of the contraptions and inventions himself, but he needed a lab for that. But before he could even begin to start on the lab, he had been press-ganged into planting. Ha! As though a genius like himself should be made to do planting like some hick! However, as he looked out over the Swamps of Tunnelling he couldn't help but think something was wrong. Suddenly he saw movement from two ends of the valley, two more refugees no doubt, one seemed tall, probably a Human, Goblin or Elf, the other was followed by what seemed to be dogs, though he hoped it was cats. He liked cats. At any rate, he had better go and warn the others that more were arriving. Then he realised what had been bugging him.

The valley was completely devoid of Nothing. All the Nothings had vanished.

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"Necromancy!" Volrath snarled angrily, lifting his blacksteel sword up ready to strike, remembering the sick sight of the necromancer eating the girl alive that he had fought before coming to Nomekast. Rakust clapped her hands together, slowly,

"Well done! You get our star prize tonight! Of course, nothing says you'll like it..." she said, her voice sing-song.

"Rakust," Rovod asked calmly, his crossbow aimed right at her, "were you the one that caused the cave-in?"

"Oh I tell you, I was *quite* annoyed when that didn't work. I was meant to take out the entire group, but - can you believe it!? - they split up!"

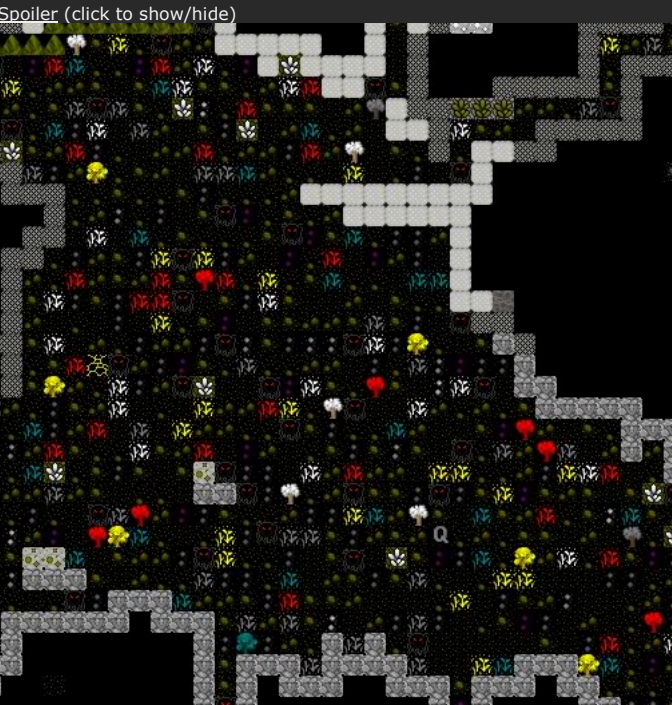
"Vy? Vy do all dat?" Meinhard asked.

"Because I intend to survive. The world is dying, and I refuse to follow it." Rakust said, her smile faltering for a second. Then she laughed, "Oh but I talk and talk. And really I should be greeting the guest of honour or rather, the *guests* of honour. They've come from far, far away just for you lucky people of Nomekast!"

Heavy footfalls started to be heard, getting louder and louder. Rakust cackled happily, raising Lerdi's skull with both hands in triumph. Behind her, two great red eyes appeared from the gloom, and behind it came hundreds more red eyes.

"Listen well!" Rakust announced,

**The Forgotten Beast @snan @msossnenak has come!  
A towering quadruped composed of coke. It has a  
pair of spindly antennae and it has a bloated  
body. Beware its poisonous vapors!**



Spoiler (click to show/hide)

**Rar... Bone Carver withdraws from society...**

|                                                                                                                                                                      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <div><div>Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing</b></div><div>Post by: <b>MetalSlimeHunt</b> on <b>February 03, 2011, 07:03:03 pm</b></div></div> |
| <div><div>Well, we're screwed.</div></div>                                                                                                                           |
| <div><div>Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing</b></div><div>Post by: <b>Tarran</b> on <b>February 03, 2011, 07:13:43 pm</b></div></div>         |
| <div><div>Oh, dear.</div><div>Well, anyone got a torch?</div></div>                                                                                                  |
| <div><div>Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing</b></div><div>Post by: <b>Dermonster</b> on <b>February 03, 2011, 07:15:14 pm</b></div></div>     |

The world spins. The meeting, forgotten. The feeling, familiar.  
*I AM.*  
The terror, palpable.  
*THROUGH LICENSE OF HE WHO HAS NO NAME I HAVE COME.*  
A body heaves through the blackness of infinity.  
*THOUGH MY FOUR LEGS HAVE ALWAYS TRODDEN UPON THE FERTILE GROUND I HAVE COME.*  
An eyeless head shrouded in fog appears through the darkness. Two thick spines writhe on his grainy scalp.  
*ONE OF YOUR NUMBER HAS SUMMONED ME AGAINST HIS ORDERS AND HIS WRATH IS INFINITE.*  
He roars, a choking vapor clogs my lungs.  
*I AM THE FUEL OF FOG. MASTER OF THE FIRST REGIMENT.*  
I can't breath, he lowers his head and a thousand more surge around him.  
*I AM THE LOWLIEST GENERAL OF HIS VAST ARMIES AND YOU SHALL NOT DEFY HIS WILL.*  
Ten hundred piercing eyes void me of what breath I have left.  
*I AM OSMAN*  
Numbness overtakes my senses.



I HAVE COME.  
Darkness consumes.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **February 05, 2011, 10:37:37 am**

I... I just  
wow  
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



good show, aequor. I'll write something up soon, and thanks for giving me a big part in this one! :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ahra** on **February 05, 2011, 11:31:05 am**

the odds are 5-1 so you can still survive and is this genesis mod?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Gutanoth** on **February 06, 2011, 05:37:33 am**

Leaving the doctors office, she couldn't help be slightly worried about her elf child. She'd been going to some of the more hidden parts of the caverns to practise, , but bringing smange along each time. It helped clear her mind she found if he was there with her at the time. \*Sigh\*. Still, Now with the investigation going on, she couldn't exactly go as she pleased. She decided to take a more scenic route around the caverns. She was at least entitled to that.

As she passed a mostly empty spot she saw Volrath practising his sword, she decided to follow suit. He's as good an alibi as anyone really.

She stood there practising for a while, getting used to the movements of the sword and it's weight in her hand, while planning on how to block attacks. truth be told, it isn't exactly perfect, but who could she practise with? Not that smug hammer of the gods, and Bax is hard to find on a good day. She had tried practicing with smange, but he's still too young to even move the sword realistically.

Suddenly her training was interrupted by a shout that echoed through the caverns "Stop her!" It sounded urgent, but Gutusp had no idea what it meant. However she could see someone running along one of the various walkways being chased, and Volrath's running towards the person as well being confirmation as well. She really should learn dwarven, it would take so much of the guesswork out of living here. Maybe that doctor fellow. He seemed the intelligent sort... I'll get on to Bax about it later, after we've caught this crazed woman. She only just noticed that her child was still following. "Usa Udung!" she barked to him, to conserve breath. This woman looked like she knew exactly where she was going, and it wasn't anywhere close.

In the end, they caught her, but only on her terms. They flanked her to cut off her escape, and Gutusp gave her a warning"Al, uk os."To this she just laughed. She brought out a skull, vaguely familiar. Some talk went between the the captive and the captors, but Rakust behave as if she was in control. Suddenly heavy footfalls could be heard.

As Gutusp turned to see what was making them, she could see in the distance two large red glowing points, and lots of smaller ones dancing around in the smog that seemed to creep forward. Rakust's voice changed to a more bloody and damning voice at which point she announced the beast that had come, in such a way that all could hear of it's arrival.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **February 08, 2011, 08:42:49 am**

As As Volrath looked at the mighty beast that Rakust had summoned, his blood boiled with rage.He hated necromancers.The act of enslaving the bodies and souls of your ancestors for your own gain was a unforgivable crime.He wanted to cut of her head and feed it to the dogs and feed those dogs to the loins, but he knew that running straight into her monster was suicide.He had to be smart, Volrath had to control his rage and not the other way around.He remembered how he learned that lesson the hard way as a kid.

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Garos Blacksteel looked up and down the line of blacksteel teenagers he was training.None of the kids there liked him, most likely because he was a type of guy who gave hard asses a bad name.He trained them till they fell over and then made them make up for the time they wasted getting too the ground.They worked every day, mostly sparing, full contact, with wooden swords or running miles with back packs filled with rocks.When night finally comes, he gave them a dinner that tasted like a dogs dick, and then has them sleep on the cold floor.If any one got out of line or complained about how much life sucked there, he would kick there asses so hard that the spirits would feel it.All in all, the students thought that he was trying to slowly kill them, but he was not.In fact, he loved them all like family.Battle was not a place for the weak though.They had to train hard if they where to survive and he made them do just that, there was no way in hell that he would be the reason they never saw there grand kids.He did not need to worry though, they all became great fighters over the years and were ready for any thing that the gods could send at them, except for one named Volrath.

He was not a bad warrior, he actually was his most skilled student, but when he got mad, all that skill went out the door.Garos feared that if he did not learn to control his rage, it would kill him.That was why he called the kids away from there training to line up.He had a special lesson in mined for them."All right you dip shits, Today I am going to tell you about berserking."Every one in the line sighed at the same time."I know you all know how to use anger to over come your fear of death and give you power in battle, but some of you let that anger got out of control.specifically you Volrath."He looked at his teacher."I don't know what you are talking about, my anger is well under control."Garos smiled."aye, I believe you, you had to be a master of your rage to not try to kill me when you heard me fuck your mother last night .The young barbarian spat at garoses feet."My mom would never touch your diseased cock, you piece of shit!"The teacher chuckled."oh, so you do not know?Well, maybe your father drowned out her screams of pleasure when he started crying like a elf bitch after he saw us."I.. I will rip your guts out!"Volrath roared as he ran too him, sword held high, giving no thought to technique.Garos simply stepped too one side and tripped him with his right leg.Volrath rolled too his feet and charged back in.Garos ducked under his strike and then elbowed him in the gut.The blow stunned the boy long enough for him to pick him up and toss him to the grounded, sending Volraths weapon flying.He started to get up but was stopped when Garos kicked him in the ribs, hard."The boy moaned when his ribs cracked.Satisfied that he left a impression, he decided that he will have talk with the boy."You all can go back too training!The teacher yelled as he lifted Volrath up, and dragged him into his tent.

-----  
"Now", Garos began to speak."I am sorry that I insulted your mother and father.She is a good woman and he is a fierce warrior .They did not deserve that dishonor, but it was the only way I could get you mad enough for me to teach what I need to teach."what is that exactly?"Volrath said with venom in his voice "I told you over and over that you can't let your anger control you but you seem to let it happen any way.I mean for fuck shake Volrath, I knew you would not beat me, but did you have to make it so damn easy?"The boy did not say a word, he just stared at him.Garos sighed."Look you hate me, I get that.I would hate me if I was in your place, but you most know that I did this to help you.I did not want to take it this far, but you were being too big of a fuck ass to listen too me.Form now on that is going to change.I am going to make you listen too me because If you keep this up you are going to get your self or one of our tribe killed and I can't let you do that."Volrath head lowered, when he realized that he was right.His moves were sloppy in that fight.He could not beat any one with the skill he showed today.Garos smiled when he saw this."Good, I can see I'm getting into that thick skull of yours.Just remember that your anger is a tool that you can use but it can never be allowed to over whelm you.Now, go get yourself bandaged and take the rest of day of, but be back here by dawn."Before I go, can you tell me why you had to kick me so hard?"Volrath asked."Pain helps you remember, just count your self lucky that you were just fighting me.Not all of your opponents will be as gentle."

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He took his words too heart and was not going to let him down now.Taking a deep breath Volrath got ready for the fight of his life.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **February 08, 2011, 03:02:42 pm**

Meinhard gave small hand signals to his Jagers. They all knew the plan now, aim for the knees on the left side.

"AHHAHAHA! Hyu tink hyu be alls scary to us?! *Piffh* Vhat hyo got vith hyu?! A big dog somvone forgot and a bunch off nothing!"

Meinhard smiled, his spear and shield held ready. then Rakust saw his eyes, filled with murderous cunning, but that was not as interesting as the glow. His eye had the same glow as the forgotten beasts, with one minor difference, the glow from his eyes was blue.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **bayar** on **February 08, 2011, 03:41:36 pm**

*Mental note, bring back the pick after I finish digging out the sanctum.*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **February 09, 2011, 10:15:13 am**

Right then, meeting adjourned until whatever disaster this is has blown over?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **February 14, 2011, 11:21:35 am**

They had finally found the culprit, but too late it seemed. She had fled from her prison, and moments later Derm had stiffened as if gripped by a seizure. Crying out in alarm, Fori caught him before he could fall, and gently lay him to the ground. She had seen such a behavior before, when she had been possessed by that malevolent spirit. She had touched him, doing something to him that caused his bizarre vision of danger. One that it turned out to be true. As if to confirm her fears, she heard the distant echoing voice heralding the coming of another forgotten beast.

Derm's seizure calmed, and he began to stir with life again. His eyes fluttered open as Fori held his head. "Fori, they're coming," He said as he struggled to get up again.

"We heard, another forgotten beast," Fori said, helping Derm up. The dwarf just shook his head.

"No, not just the beast. It's a general, it has an army!" Derm warmed. Fori's brow creased with worry as she considered this news. "The group after the traitor, they're going to be overwhelmed."

"We need to help them! Someone go get Kadzar's warrior priests, and get the rest of the militia. And the Masons! They had to get into the caves somehow, there'll be gaps that'll need walling off!" Fori said. Gripping her sword, she ran to where the other dwarves had chased the traitor too.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **February 15, 2011, 08:10:33 pm**

Right I'll go fetch the masons, Derm take a minute to get yourself together then go with Fori everyone else grab something pointy and follow them too I'll meet you all down there.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Rashemd** on **February 26, 2011, 09:43:32 pm**

Quote from: ProZack on July 16, 2010, 12:40:29 pm  
Love Girl Genius, but does anyone here reads "Goblins: Life through their eyes"? That one is insanely good too (even if slow on updating)

Great comic, how you like the new one with the freaky psion. New to forums, I apologize greatly for this most that was completely out of context with the story (which is amazing btw). On a separate note come the next refugee wave, I would like to be dwarfed.

Name: Rashem (unDwarf like I know)  
Race: Dwarf  
Sex: Male preferably  
Personality: Grim determination on whatever task he/she is set to.  
Background: After watching the destruction of his/her home, first to the Nothing, then to in-fighting, he/she has become grimly determined to fine a way to destroy this Nothing scourge from the face of the earth. Even if he/she must take on the aspects of his/her enemies to do it.

I see him/her as Chaotic Good/Neutral. In the fact that even if he/she must take in the taint of the Nothings (like those goblins) he/she will kill them all. Wears nothing but armor made from the weakest material available (only your on agility and reflexes should protect you) and wields a Hammer or nothing at all.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **March 13, 2011, 03:37:32 pm**

Sorry for the long wait between updates guys, I should have something soon ;D  
ISGC -Thanks! ;D

Ahra - No, this is just vanilla with a few extras, such as the Nothing.

Rashemd - You're in, welcome!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **March 13, 2011, 03:40:05 pm**

HELLZ YEAH  
  
best thing to come back since towersoared reopened its dining hall.  
  
Also i somehow cannot un Italics

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **March 13, 2011, 07:17:22 pm**

filiusenox, Slain and Rashemd, your profiles are up on the first post.

21st Hematite 676 - Morning  
  
For a short while Rakust continued laughing, then she lowered Lerdì's skull, turning to the forgotten beast Osman, speaking in a clear, confident voice,  
  
"Hail Umbralspits, I am she who freed you from your prison. By the Third Mystery you must do my bidding." she held Lerdì's skull towards him and the pentagram draw on it in blood flashed briefly red. Osman tilted his head as though curious at this strange, small woman,  
  
THE THIRD MYSTERY IS THE SON OF LIES  
THE SECOND THE FOOL  
THE FIRST THE EMPRESS WITHOUT AN EMPIRE

THE LAST IS THE CLEANSER  
  
THE PAWNS ARE NOT IN PLACE

ARROGANCE  
MUST  
BE  
PUNISHED

came his voice, booming out into the cavern though he himself stood completely still. Rakust gave a gasp, almost dropping Lerdì's skull, but she stood her ground,

"What? But that doesn't mean anythi-"

WHO FORGOT US?  
  
Osman interrupted, a plaintive note to his voice.  
  
WHO FORGOT ME?

This seemed to shock Rakust, who threw Lerdì's skull to the ground, spinning round to flee, but Osman was faster, his coke mouth cracking open and a green gas expelling itself, cloaking the fleeing Dwarf. She gave a few coughs, covering her hand with her mouth, then ran on.

YOU WILL NOT FORGET ME  
  
Osman suddenly roared, turning to Meinhard, Johaan, Melagius, Gutusp, Volrath and Rovod. Rovod didn't wait, sending a bolt straight at the beast. However, the bolt bounced uselessly off the monster's coke skin. The Nothing began to advance, red eyes shining in the dark of the cavern.  
  
"Hokay, hyu make big mistake now." Meinhard said. A Nothing slashed at him, but he blocked, countering by severing the offending tentacle with the bladed end of his spear. And with that first blood spilt the legion of Nothings swarmed forward.

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Rar took the bones of Ongas Anarusmo, the hadrosaurid beast that had threatened Nomekast months before, and began carving at one, crafting runes upon runes, all spelling something out.

They had been forced to move back. There were too many Nothing, and with Osman approaching them they had decided to double back to where they would be in a better position. Several Nothing already lay dead, felled by Melagius or Gutusp or Volrath's sword, or pincushioned by Rovod's bolts or Meinhard's spear, or else simply crushed through by Johann's hammer. However, still the Nothing came, with Osman behind them, almost as if surveying the battle like a general,



It seemed that for every one they killed, two more Nothing filled the gap. They had gradually been forced back towards the forges, trying their hardest not to be completely swarmed and surrounded by the beasts.

As she took a step back to dodge a swipe from a Nothing, Gutusp tripped over something. She looked at what she had fallen over, it was Rakust. She was dead. Her hands were locked round her throat, a terrible expression on her face, her skin a sickly blue, like she'd been suffocated. Whatever Osman had spat at her must have done that. The Goblin-raised Dwarf didn't have time to think much though, as the Nothing tried to swipe at here again, this time managing to hit her, though only bruising her right upper arm. She drove her sword through it in retaliation, swearing loudly in Goblin. The creature hissed, black blood spilling to the floor as it fell down, dissolving into the almost misty black sludge that the Nothing were. She didn't rest long, as three more arrived to attack her, and she leapt back into the fight like a demon. Raised in a society where the wages of life were death, she used all that the Goblin towers had taught her to fight the Nothing back.

Volrath was fighting valiantly, slicing Nothing after Nothing with his blacksteel sword, but he was getting exhausted, and with more and more Nothing coming, seemed to be being overpowered. One Nothing slashed at him with enough force to cause his finger not only to slice open, but to bend right back, the bone breaking. Anger overwhelmed him as he cleft one Nothing's body in half, fighting through the pain as he felt another of his fingers break from a strike. The Nothing seemed to be targeting his hand, no doubt trying to get him to drop his weapon. He allowed himself a grunt of pain as he swung too wide, letting one beasts swipe at his thumb, breaking it. His right hand was useless now, he took the sword with only his right, his mind red with rage, managing to cleave another Nothing's tentacles off. So berserk was he, that he failed to spot a Nothing sneaking up behind him, and a veritable shower of attacks hit him, knocking him down. With more than a dozen surrounding him, he fell under, falling unconscious under their blows. Just before he blacked out he remembered his teacher Garos' words, 'Just remember that your anger is a tool that you can use but it can never be allowed to overwhelm you.'

Rovod stood his ground, firing bolt after bolt into the Nothing, turning them into pincushions before they finally bled out, dissolving into black muck. Soon however he found himself with no more ammunition, and so, yelling a Dwarven cry to the earth below, leapt into the fray, bludgeoning the creatures with his crossbow. One lucky Nothing swiped at his nose, managing to break it, just as the troll had months before. Rovod fought on though, this was a battle of life and death, hopefully his life and their deaths.

Grim, sad at the carnage, but nonetheless determined, Johann smashed another Nothing with his warhammer. Though perhaps the weakest weapon against the soft enemy, the warhammer was good for keeping them under control as it could beat them back long enough for him to defeat another. However, it took a lot more effort to kill a Nothing, and so he soon found himself beset by them, swarmed as it were. With perhaps a dozen Nothing attacking him, he soon found himself faltering under their blows, until finally he fell unconscious, slumping down defenceless while the Nothing continued to attack.

Melagius stabbed yet another Nothing with his shortsword, ducking under a swiped tentacle. He sent his sword swinging towards the offending proboscis, but it was blocked. The Dwarf was besieged on all sides, his back to a mica wall, his front to a dozen Nothing. Nonetheless he was fighting on, Dwarves were, after all, not known for their surrendering qualities, and Melagius counted himself as one of the better soldiers of the fort. There was no way he'd *not* go down fighting. Though cornered, he had managed to avoid being hurt, if the fighting continued, he'd soon tire and fall to, though.



Meinhard was lost in the fighting, and didn't take note of anything else. His shining blue eyes darted here and there, seeing opportunities to stab another Nothing with his spear, all while blocking another's swipe with his shield. The ex-mercenary was dimly aware of the others being slowly being beaten back, but he was more concerned with fighting towards Osman. The beast stood at the back of the horde, perhaps waiting for the Nothing to weaken them before he moved in and finished them off. If Meinhard could kill him, they might stand a better chance. If they managed to defeat the Nothing, it would be a catastrophe for them to then have to face Osman, weakened and exhausted. If Osman was dead however, they stood a better chance, only having to deal with the weaker Nothing. However despite his efforts he wasn't getting closer to the coke quadruped, too many Nothing kept moving in.

All seemed grim: Volrath and Johann were unconscious, Rovod was down to beating Nothing with his crossbow, Gutusp, Melagius and Meinhard were swarmed and unable to help the others. Then a flurry of bolts rained from the sky. Doc. Steve and Rar stood on the ledge, their crossbows firing into the Nothing. Soon the rest of the militia ran into the fray with a cry, Tarran immediately hacking a Nothing into two. Kadzar and his priests jumped in not long after, calling to Id and Os the Hardy Gleams to protect them. Fori and Derm each moved into the help the unconscious Volrath, battling their way through the horde with their swords. Xenos, Loral and Hammer of the Gods went to save Johann, cutting down swathes of Nothing with spear, sword and hammer. Delta and Muenster moved to relieve pressure on Melagius, while Bax, Spartan, Rion and the warrior-priest Zasit rushed to aid Meinhard against Osman.

The coke beast stood motionless as it stared down Meinhard, Bax, Spartan, Rion and Zasit. The five of them stood in a semi-circle around the beast, while the battle against the Nothing raged around them. They stood at the eye of the storm, facing down the general of this army. Osman was first to strike, spitting out a great glob of liquid that struck Rion full on. The Dwarf didn't say a word, wiping the stuff off and then charging, slamming his axe into Osman. Meinhard took this opportunity to drive his spear into the beast's side, where it got stuck. Osman tried to bat at the mutant Human, but was distracted by Zasit's spear in it's other side, followed by Spartan's pick. Bax slashed at the monster's face, but only managed in scratching its rough hide. Rion took his chance, and with sheer strength severed one of Osman's legs. The battle became one-sided, as the Dwarves, Goblin and Human began raining down blows and stabs at the beast. Finally, Zasit ended it with a stab at Osman's head, fracturing its skull. As it died, Osman writhed pathetically,

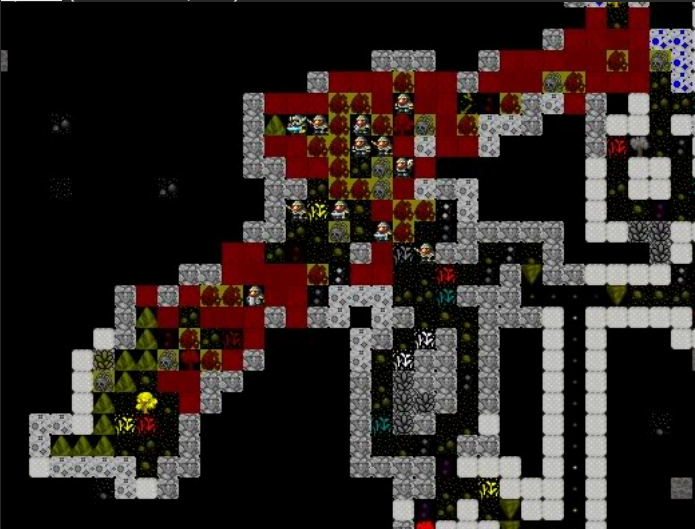
I DON'T WANT TO BE FORGOTTEN

it pined loudly. Managing to push Spartan back with one writhing,

PLEASE DON'T FORGET ME

And with that, it stopped dead. The battle was finished. The few Nothing that were left were swiftly killed. They had won.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Johan and Volrath had been badly hurt, Rovod had received a broken nose but was fine otherwise, the miliitiadwarf Kol had gotten several broken bones from the fight.

Spoiler: Johann's wounds (click to show/hide)

Johann Schmidt has been happy lately. He had a nice bath recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He has complained of thirst lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He took joy in slaughter lately. He was able to rest and recuperate lately. He is a casual worshipper of Atir Purplemines. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is an enemy of The Rotted Torment. He is seventy-five years old, born on the 5th of Timber in the year 601. His fourth finger, left hand is broken. His fourth finger, left hand is smashed open. His thumb, left hand is broken. His thumb, left hand is smashed open. His second finger, left hand is broken. His second finger, left hand is smashed open. His third finger, left hand is broken. His third finger, left hand is smashed open. His right ear is broken. His nose is broken. His left ear is broken. He is scrawny. His hair is straight. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is neatly combed. He has a narrow chin. His sunken brass eyes have large irises. His ears are narrow. His upper right back tooth is gone. His lips are thin. His slightly low eyebrows are short. His head is somewhat tall. His hair is light brown. His skin is pale brown.

Spoiler: Volrath's wounds (click to show/hide)

Volrath Blacksteel has been quite content lately. He received water recently. He has complained about the draft lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He slept without a proper room recently. He has been satisfied at work lately. He admired a completely sublime Well lately. He talked with a friend lately. He has witnessed death. He has been attacked lately. He was able to rest and recuperate lately. He is a casual worshipper of Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty-one years old, born on the 16th of Sandstone in the year 595. His third finger, left hand is broken. His third finger, left hand is smashed open. His third finger, left hand is dented. His second finger, left hand is broken. His second finger, left hand is smashed open. His thumb, right hand is broken. His thumb, right hand is smashed open. His first finger, right hand is broken. His first finger, right hand is smashed open. His second finger, right hand is broken. His second finger, right hand is smashed open. His thumb, left hand is broken. His thumb, left hand is smashed open. His fourth finger, right hand is broken. His fourth finger, right hand is smashed open. His nose is broken. His left ear is broken. His right ear is broken. He has a broad body with very little fat. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His medium-length beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His large-irised round cobalt eyes are close-set. His nose is broad. He has a round chin. His free-lobed broad ears are somewhat splayed out. His dark peach skin is slightly wrinkled. His upper left back tooth is gone.

Spoiler: Rovod's wounds (click to show/hide)

Rovod Melbilcudist has been quite content lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He talked with a friend lately. He had a nice bath recently. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He has lost a friend to tragedy recently. He took joy in slaughter lately. He slept without a proper room recently. He was grumbling about long patrol duty lately. He admired a fine Bed lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He has complained of hunger lately. He has been attacked lately. He is a worshipper of Atir Purplemines. He is a citizen of The Grizzly Vessel. He is a member of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is an enemy of The Rotted Torment. He is the militia captain of The Dweller of Righteousness. He is eighty years old, born on the 2nd of Slate in the year 596. His nose is broken. His ochre eyes are bulging. He is tall and incredibly skinny. He has a clear voice. His eyes have large irises. His nose is quite long. His dry hair is wavy. His short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His medium-length beard is neatly combed. His long hair is neatly combed. His ears are narrow. His brown skin is slightly wrinkled. His hair is auburn with a touch of gray.

They were all swiftly taken to the hospital. Back in the settlement they were informed three new refugees had arrived; a Dwarf named Ukrzum, a strange but apparently-charming Elf named Ocade, and another Dwarf named Rashem. For a few moments it seemed like nothing worse than a few broken bones had come from this battle.

Then Rion coughed. And didn't stop.

He was quickly taken to the hospital, where Reg determined his condition. Osman had ensured he wouldn't be swiftly forgotten, his poison had gotten Rion. Soon he would die, just like Rakust.

He lay in the hospital bed, wheezing loudly as the poison worked on his lungs. His assembled fellow-miliitiadwarves stood round him, Johann lay unconscious in the bed besides him. No one spoke, the air itself seemed to be bearing on them.

"Damn it," Rion concluded inbetween coughing fits, "I always-" he wheezed loudly, his voice getting weaker, "I always knew I'd be one of the first-" he coughed then stopped as his lungs began to collapse, "first to die..."

He fell back in his bed, silent and unmoving, and said nothing more.

Rion Truthax:~: Axe Lord has suffocated.

See the first post for Rion's kill list.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
Post by: MetalSlimeHunt on March 13, 2011, 07:20:57 pm

Aw. I really did think I would probably be one of the first to die.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
Post by: Tarran on March 13, 2011, 07:32:53 pm

Awww, poor MSH, you were the only one that died, and you died in such a honourless way.

I'm surprised that MSH was the only one to die; and he didn't even die to the Nothing.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
Post by: Dermonster on March 13, 2011, 08:32:42 pm

The last echoes reverberate through my mind as we waited by the cavern entrance.

Is it so wrong to be remembered?

I say nothing.

*What say you, do I not have the right, the slightest opportunity to be known to history?*

For what you have done, you should all be killed.

*And yet the violence continues. The message, ignored. For what you have done, In mine eyes, thou are the villian.*

We fight for our own survival, we shall not be persuaded by daemons such as you.

*And yet, **pəns əjəʊɪns**, would you have not done the same if you were one of ours?*

Silence.

*Know this, one day your struggles will cease. And history will remember the forgotten.*

He laughs, and he fades away.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **March 13, 2011, 09:13:28 pm**

Finally, a update.I was starting to think you lost the save file and you were not going to do any more.Two things before I update my diary.One, you really need to have your save on a memory stick.Two. how the fuck did I break my ears?

Volrath Blacksteel diary entry 5:I am in the hospital after getting my ass kicked by the nothing.Both my hands are smashed, my face is a fucked up, and I got a bad headache.I can't believe I failed, even with Blacksteels power, because my anger got the best of me.I not only dishonored my teacher but also my people with this loss.I hope that the gods will forgive me.Worst of all my hands are too fucked up too hold blacksteel, let alone kill things with it, so i can not use its powers too heal me.Luckily, reinforcements showed up and stop me from joining my wife.Even Fori was there, keeping the nothing off me.which was very honorable of her, considering she is still mad at me for reasons I do not know.I shall apologies too her for what ever I did and give thanks too all of them for saving my ass.

Before I go, I must mention some thing very odd that happened in the battle.When I kill then nothing with blacksteel it did not heal me or give me power the way it dose with other monsters.Nether did it give me power when I killed the necromancers zombies.I do not know much of the ways of magic, so I need to ask the dwarfs here about it.which also means I need to tell them about blacksteel.I hope they will not be anger at me for not telling them sooner but I could not let them know till I knew I could trust them.I will ask the leader of this place too call a meeting and I will explain Blacksteels power there.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **March 14, 2011, 11:48:44 am**

From the log of Fori

The battle was won, despite the effort of the traitor and the presence of that monster she summoned. But for a while, I thought we weren’t going to make it. As it was, we arrived just in the nick of time. The group that pursued the traitor was hard pressed by the defilers, with the beast (the name of the forgotten beast has been blotted out by ink) observing the battle like a commander. Had I time to think, I would have been frightened by the prospect of facing one. But as it was, I just acted, relying on instinct and training. Derm and I rushed for the fallen Volrath, cutting through gods knew how many defilers to get to him. My blade and armor was stained black with their vile ichor as we cleaved a clearing through the forest of defilers. As the other brave militia and warrior priests fought off the nothing and that huge monster, Derm and I carried the wounded Volrath back to the hospital for the physicians and healers to tend to him. He was very grateful once he awoke, and to my surprise he apologized for whatever he did that angered me earlier. He was rather surprised in turn when I told him it was the groping; it turns out that’s just his culture’s way of complementing beauty. I decided to apologize for my anger.

But we soon learned that there were worse injuries. Rion was brought in, with something deadly wrong with his lungs. Some poison of (again the beast’s name is blotted out) has cursed him, and each breath was labored and forced, and he frequently coughed and wheezed with each breath. I stayed by his side and held his hand throughout his last moments. Reg and the doctors did what they could, but the poison of the forgotten beast was beyond their ability to cure. I’m not sure even the druids with the herbs and magic of the forests at their command could halt this evil malady. Rion fought to the end, but it wasn’t long until he suffocated as his lungs failed him. I fled the hospital after his death rattle ended.

For a long while, I wept in my room, grieving for the death of Rion and for the fate of our home. Derm, sweet Derm, came to comfort me again. He gave he his hankerchief, and when that grew too damp with tears, he used his beard to dry my face. He patiently stayed with me until I finished giving vent to my emotions. But after a while, my mood shifted. Tears gave way to a grim determination. I seem to subconsciously realize there was much to do, and I didn’t have time for crying.

First, the dead must be tended to. The dwarves have their own customs for honoring the dead, as I saw when they entombed Sibrek. I’m not sure why, perhaps a way of returning the dwarves to the stone from whence they came. But Elves have their own customs. As I did with Sibrek, I will make my own addition to the memorial to Rion. There are no flowers down in the caves, but instead I went and found the most beautiful cavern plants and mushrooms I could find, and transfer them to around his tomb. I prayed to the spirits to watch over Rion as he made his way to the afterlife.

But after the dead were tended to comes matters of vengeance. The defilers who attacked us are dead, and the masons are searching for the way the traitor let them in to seal it off. But those defilers were but a single tree of their twisted forest. The dwarves are content, it seems to simply seal off the surface world save for the light house. But the defilers have proven that they can break into even these depths despite the dwarves stonework. I feel it is time to time to take the battle to the defilers, and retake the surface of our world. Not directly though, we can’t simply march out and meet them in battle, they are too numerous for that. But these defilers, they have a cunning instinct, and seem to always know if there is a break in our fortifications. They seek these out with a maniacal fervor. It makes them a dangerous enemy, but we can use this single-minded desire for blood against them. We can fake a gap in our armor, and draw the defilers into a trap that would kill them. I’m not sure how to do this, but it will involve the dwarves’ mechanical skill. I should speak to Torvold, he’s been dreaming up all sorts of plans and devices we could use to bring justice to the defilers.

But before that, before even Rions memorial, comes my vengeance against you, nameless beast. You sought to be remembered, but you could have done it in any number of ways. You could have helped us, ou would have been remembered as a hero, a legend, even an agent of the gods that Ibruk keeps going on about. You could have even done nothing, a peaceful forgotten beast would have been notable even by that. But no, you chose to be remembered by terrible deeds. Like every other forgotten beast and each defiler in their horde. So this is my vengeance, I strip you of your name, and declare you Nameless. No written word will bear your name, and no engraving of you will exist. Even Rion’s tombstone will read he fell to a nameless beast of the defilers. As we survive, you will be forgotten, your name cursed to the deepest mists of obscurity. May you rot in the deepest level of hell.

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Shortly after finishing this entry, Fori set aside her journal, ink, and pen, and took up a hammer and chisel. She began scouring the fortress, and destroyed every image of Osman she could find, and wherever his name was written or engraved, she carved or blotted it out, replacing it with 'nameless'.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **March 16, 2011, 05:59:37 pm**

Reg quickly ran out of dwarven swears. The two that were badly injured were down for a month, but would survive. But Rion... Rion... his fate was left for the gods. The intoxication took hold fast; it spread from his chest to the very tips of his fingers before he was laid down in the hospital bed, but even if Reg were on the field of battle next to him, there was nothing he could have done. The substance would scorch his lungs, making every following breath like inhaling liquid lead, until they could no longer support themselves. They would then fail, leaving him to suffocate. And there wasn't a treatment from the Golden Coast to the Barren Plains that could breathe life back into the dwarf then. Although his mind raced for a cure, an anti-venom or a backwater ritual that he could find on a moment's notice, he knew there was none. All that he could give him was a couple of dwarven candies and a bottle of rum that would have given even a dwarf a minor ache the next morning.

He knew where it went from there. After a labored last breath, he would declare the dwarf dead. He would pull a silken sheet over his head and all the onlookers, weeping their eyes out, would shuffle back to their rooms to mourn. All the while Reg would remain dry eyed, stone faced. He would try and be a pillar of strength. "A doctor is invincible," his old mentor would say," until the second he shows grief or fear. The weak who depend on will see you have given up home, and give up hope themselves. Stay strong, and so will your patients."

Later, he knew, he would yell at Ibruk. While the profit's eyes would be red from grief, he would shout a torrent of burning words: "Why couldn't your god's save him? Where are they now? Now, when we need them most! Tell them to take the goblin; hell, tell them to take me instead!" And, as always, the prophet would reply cryptically, his hand kneading his brow "The gods will recognize their own," he would say. But to the ears of the doctor, murder pours out of Ibruk's mouth. "Kill them all", "Let them die!" He would hear, "Don't leave any standing! The gods will recognize their own."

That night, he also knew, those words would echo in his dreams as he wept in his sleep.

~~~~~

on a side note, poor MSH

also, I couldn't keep the image of Donny Osmond out of my mind while reading that.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **March 16, 2011, 06:30:10 pm**

MetalSlimeHunt - Yeah, I was actually quite annoyed that Rion died, he was the fort's best soldier with two forgotten beasts and several creatures, as well as being a founding dwarf. If you want another Dwarf, feel free to ask.

Tarran - I think Rion decided to move away from the squad and chase Osman instead of going after the Nothing, eventually chasing it into the rest of the group, all I know is after the battle ended I found him paralyzed next to Osman's corpse, with Zasit apparently having killed it, and no one else suffering from the poison, apart from Rakust.

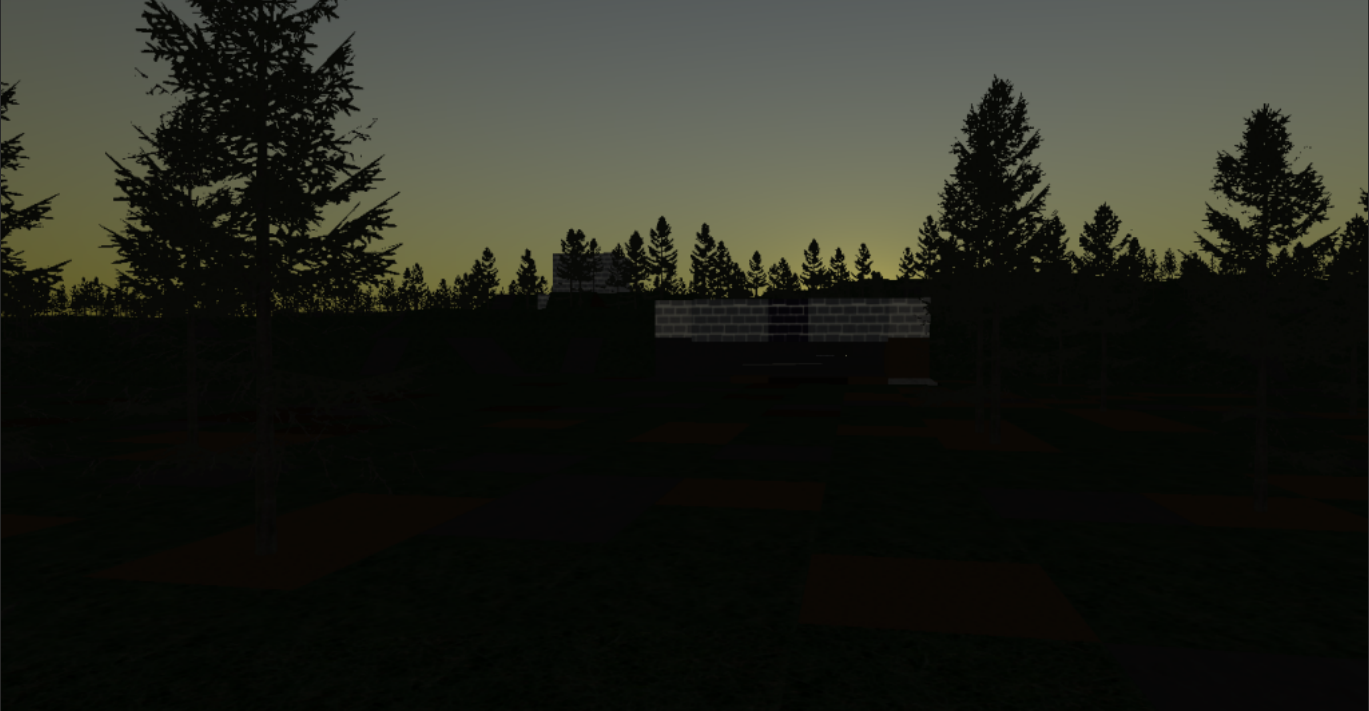
AKingsQuest - No fears, I have a backup at all times, especially as my laptop is fond of randomly imploding its processor. ::) I have no idea how you broke your ears, but seeing as Johann has the same sort of wounds as you, I'd say it seems the Nothing are obsessed with attacking people's faces and hands, maybe they're trying to behead/cripple them? ???

Anyways, I've got lotsa free time in the coming months, so I'm looking to update at least once a week, preferably twice, and avoid anymore month-long waits between updates.

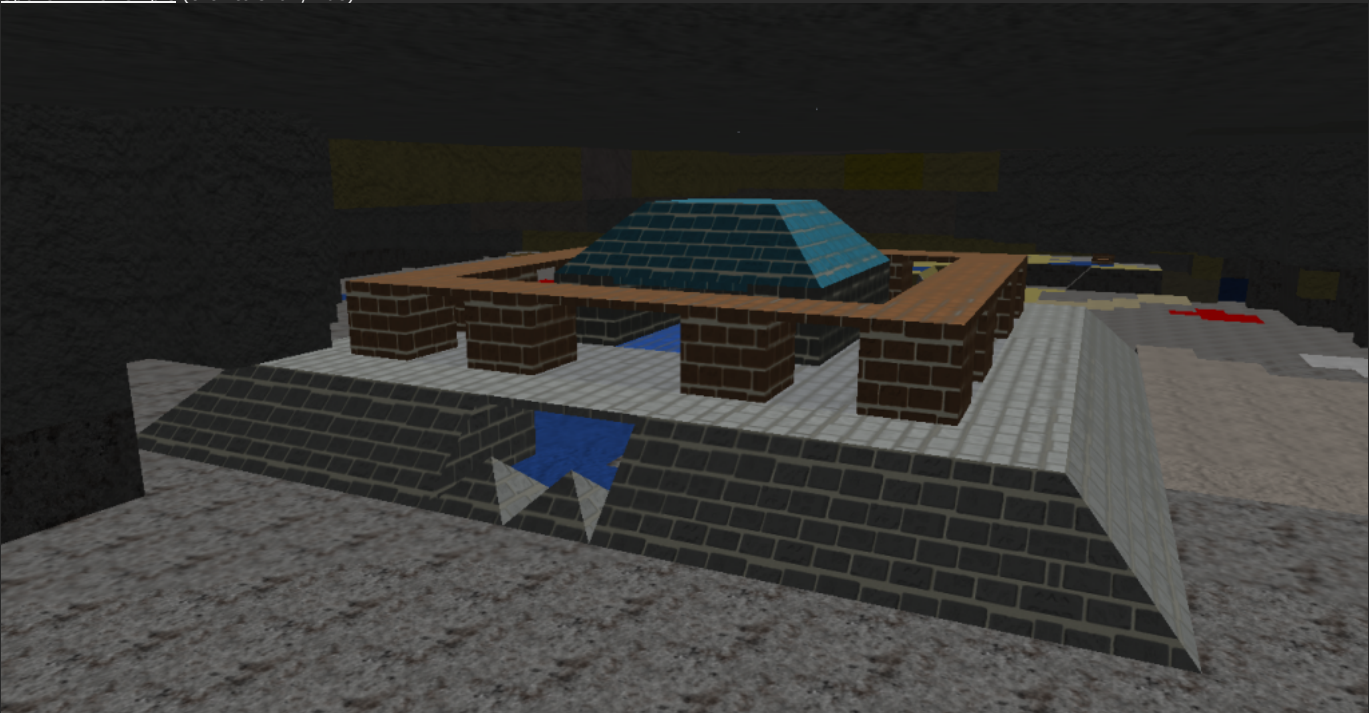
In the meantime, enjoy some Overseer shots of the fortress;

[Spoiler: Entrance](#) (click to show/hide)

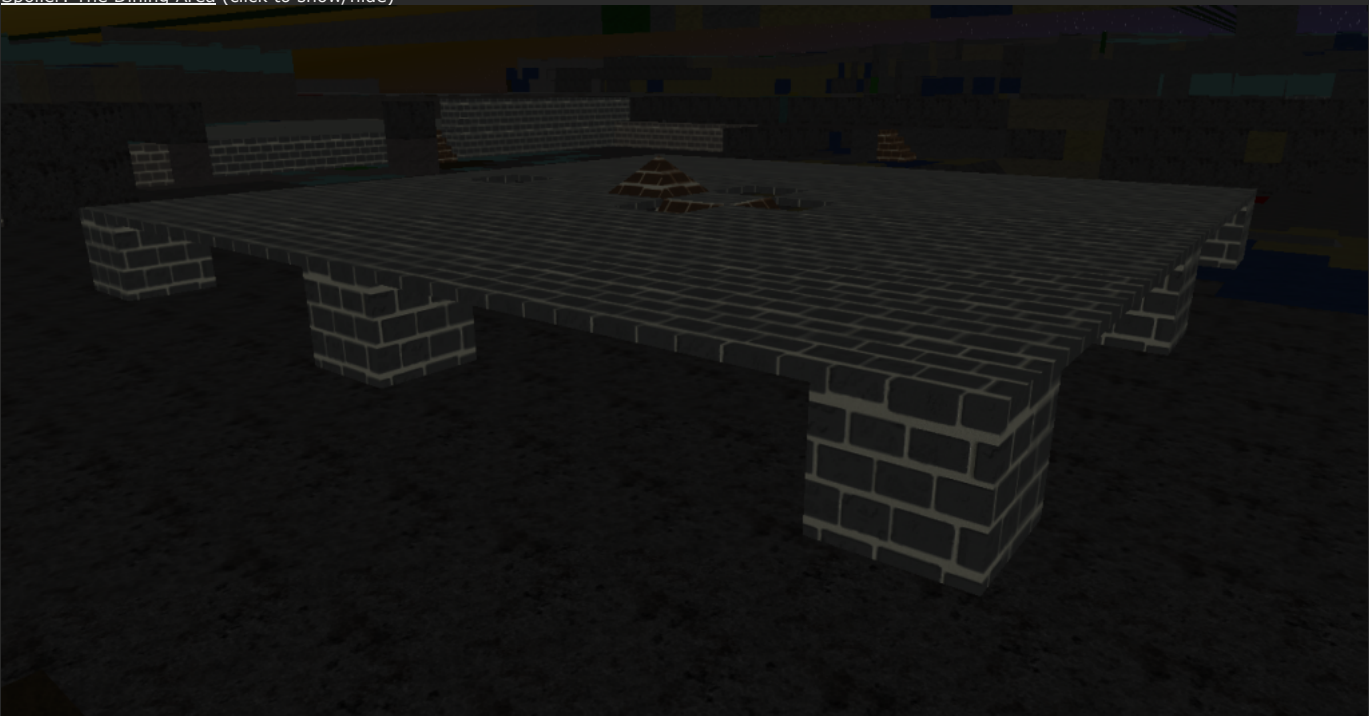




[Spoiler: The Temple](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler: The Dining Area](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler: Tarran's Cottage](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler: Aerial View](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **March 17, 2011, 07:08:07 am**

Just dropping by to say It's boatmurdered level awesome in my eyes. Could I be dorfd?

Name:Brosso The Magnificent  
Job: Whatever is most useless to you right now.  
Bio: Thinks himself as THE dwarf around, basically singlehandedly holding the fortress together. Believes that Nothing are just a minor annoyance, good to be hunted but not dangerous in the least. Wants to organize a circus/zoo/something useless, saying it is vital to survival. MASSIVELY Racist. Also wants the best quarters in the fortress. I see him as a victorian circus director type.

...pretty please?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **March 17, 2011, 08:32:09 am**

Or Rion could continue as a ghost maybe?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **March 17, 2011, 09:07:53 am**

Volrath walked into the dining room and saw most of the residents of the fort gathered there.After finding out the leader of the fort was that troll lover, he decided too just ask as many people as he could find too meet him here.Skipping the one he thought had low morals.The barbarian moved too the end of the table with blacksteel held in his armpit.His body was bandages all over and every step hurt but he knew that the sooner he got this over with, the sooner he could drown the pain in beer.

When he reached the end, Reg stood up."You better have have a damn good reason for getting out of bed and risking all the work I did to keep you from being worm food."Volrath smiled."In mater of fact I do and I will tell you what it is if you sit down and quit bitching."Reg reluctantly sat down, and mumbled blasted humans under his breath."I have called you here because I have been keep secrets from all of you.I did this because I did not know that I could trust you till know.Its not that I fined dwarfs, elves, or what ever you are Meinhard(the blue man gave a chuckle) untrustworthy."The barbarian drops blacksteel on the table."I just can never let this be taking by evil.That was the last duty the blacksteel elder Kinpol gave too me, and I will give my life too keep it safe.Too that end, before I continue, all of you must sear on your life and honor that you will never tell any one out side this fortress or any one who is not a good soul of what I am about too say."After a moments hesitation, they started vowing secrecy too him one by one."Thank you, all of you, I know that you all would rather eat elephant crap then break you word.Now lets start this fucked up story at the beginning shall we?"

"I was born too the blacksteel tribe, nine months after my father screwed my mother senseless on there wending day."My tribe protected our lands, our people and most importantly, our sword from evil.The elders never told us what blacksteel was or where it came from, for fear of the word getting out,They just told that it was a weapon of unbelievable power and that we had too defend it with our lives like our four fathers have been doing for hundreds of years.In that time the tribe grew large and gained much power but also many enemy's.Lucky for us, we had some of the most bad ass warriors on the planet, and I was one of them.I stared Training with my teacher Garos Blacksteel as soon as I could hold up a sword, he started beating me with it a moment later.He was dick but he made me stronger.Soon I was best trainee there.Even Garos had a hard time taking me in a fight as long as I kept my anger under control."

"One day, a army of goblins cam into town looking for gold, girls, or what have you.Me, my dad and the rest of blacksteels warriors were making short work of them but then the ground began too shake.Before I knew what was going on, a bronze colossus came running too my dad.He could not get out of the way in time and the colossus fist slammed into him.Killing him instantly.I do not remember what happened next. I just remember seeing him die and then I was on top of a dead colossus.The other tribes men told me that I killed it with skill greater then any one they ever seen before.Way better moves then any 15 year old ever had.They told the elders and they then gave me my fathers position of head warrior of the tribe.It was both one of the happiest and saddest days of my life."

"Years later, on my 18th birthday, I married a fine peace of ass named Janet, that I was in love with since I was a kid.She was the best thing too come along in my shit stain of a life and I was happy and at peace for long time but one day the nothing came.Those bastards covered the land like black death destroying every thing in there path.We held them off as long as we could but they kept pursing us back and then they got.... they got her."Volraths teeth were grinding so hard that there was a chance of one of them breaking off.He did not care at that moment, as he was remembering Janet's death.Fori got up and placed her hand on his shoulder too calm him.He took a deep breath and then nodded too her and she got back in her chair."They choked her too death.The damn tentacles slowly draining the life out of her.I tried too get too her, I tried too save her but by the time I fought my way there, she was all ready dead.I wanted nothing more then too die killing as many nothing as I could and die with honor next too my wife but the elders called me into there tent before I could.I had a duty, I had too get blacksteel too someplace safe."

"After walking for days, I found a tiny farming village that was completely abandoned.At first I thought the nothing came here and killed every one but there was not a nothing for miles.I started looking in that ghost town for food but then I heard a girl scream.I moved too the building it was coming from and looked in the window.In side there was a 8 year old girl, strapped too a table naked with her chest cut open too expose her heart.A necromancer, surrounded by zombies, was standing over her holding a fork. "every one in the room gasped."Before I could do any thing too stop him he stabbed her heart with his fork and brought it up too take a bite.She died grasping his hand as he laughed.In a rage I kicked down the motherfucking door and charged at him, using blacksteel too cut down every zombie in my path.After a short battle I stuck my blade in one side of the cock sucker, and out the other.As he died I felt energy go into my arm and then the rest of my body.Seconds later, I was no longer tired, my wounds magically healed, and I felt as strong as a ox.That was the power of blacksteel, every time I killed something with it besides the zombies or the nothing, I got more powerful.I am no mage, so I was wondering if guys could fined out what is the extent of its power and why it dose not work on zombies or nothing.But we can do all that hard work later, for now lets all just get as drunk as shit!"A cheer filled the room, dwarfs are always ready too get drunk.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **March 17, 2011, 06:44:37 pm**

Ovg - Sure thing. Profile up on first post. ;) Note that due to lack of unclaimed male dorfs, you're actually a woman turned into a man with Runesmith. ;D

#### 22nd Hematite 676

The celebrations that should have followed the victory over Osman and his hordes did not manifest the day after. Rion's death had shocked the community worse than Kogan or Sibrek's. Rion had been a slayer of two forgotten beasts, possibly one of the best soldiers in the fort, and a founding member of Nomekast, to have him die reminded everyone else uncomfortably of their mortality. His funeral was a solemn affair, Ibruk, still shaken from Reg confronting him, made no talk of a higher purpose, simply reading the traditional rites that would draw the attention of Nekut Glowedguises, the goddess of the moon and protector of the dead, to Rion's spirit, and guide him to the halls of Id, the Stonefather. Then he was placed in granite sarcophagus next to Kogan's, with a gravestone declaring his deeds and life. Osman's name was conspicuously missing from it, simply describing his opponent as a 'great coke beast'.

Then came Volrath's revelation about his blacksteel sword, and by the time night fell - as much as night could fall on an underground town - there was a grim determination in the air. For the past three years they had lived under the earth, chased and trapped by the Nothing but now the time of hiding had to end, they had to strive, to seek, to fight and not to yield.

#### Galena

The rest of Hematite passed in a blaze, moving straight through Malachite and then into Galena. Rar had finished that which he had been divinely inspired to make;

**Tecakid Cugshilvir**»**Sweetnessyear the Worthless Humility**»**a forgotten beast b**  
**This is a forgotten beast bone bin**»**All crafts****dwarfship is of the highest quality**»

Ibruk had not been there at the time, being in the Temple barracks discussing things with Kadzar, and so there was no grand interpretation of the meaning of this particular artifact, though Rar himself had suggested that the fact it was made of forgotten beast bone was probably a sign or something of the victory against Osman.

Fori, brimming with determination, had placed herself in charge of the plan to return to the surface. She and Torvold had begun plans for a trap to annihilate the Nothing, after which the community could move out and secure an area before any more Nothing could arrive. Torvold, for his part, had convinced Spartan to dig him out a lab where he could work. He was still perusing over the work of Dos Panzermench which Meinhard had given him, and had designed a system to pump magma from the magma pools of the Fiery Cistern up to where it could be used against enemies.

**Spoiler: Torvold's Lab** (click to show/hide)



Ibruk and Kadzar meanwhile had commandeered - with the support of Ibruk's devout followers - several bars of gold for the Temple, using them to craft two elaborate pillars before the temple. Ibruk declared one to be a reminder of times past and people gone, and the other to be hope for the future and new pilgrims.  
**Spoiler: The Temple's Pillars** (click to show/hide)





The harvest was brought in, putting Nomekast's food reserves up enough to last until the planting season, especially with all the meat brought in from the dead creatures and the beasts.  
[Spoiler: Food Stores](#) (click to show/hide)

<b>Food Stores:</b>	<b>1378</b>		
<b>Heat</b>	<b>461</b>	<b>Seeds</b>	<b>164</b>
<b>Fish</b>	<b>None</b>	<b>Drink</b>	<b>71</b>
<b>Plant</b>	<b>304</b>	<b>Other</b>	<b>378</b>

Meanwhile, the newcomer Rashem had joined the militia in their training, determined to fight against the Nothing. He was notable in his refusal to actually wear any good armour at all, preferring to depend on his own reflexes, and wearing nothing more than simple leather armour. The Elf, Ocade, had also been seen training with a sword, sometimes sparring with Loral, the sound of their swords strikes echoing through the caves. Everywhere, preparations were being made for the eventual return to the surface, and for the inevitable next attack.

### 3rd Galena 676

They met in the dark of the night.Stas stood by the barracks, Bax leant against the cave wall. The temple, their old meeting place was no good as a covert meeting area now, Hammer of the Gods insisted on sleeping near it, ready to leap to the defence of her temple, prophet, and gods. Ocade arrived shortly after them, his face shrouded in his hood. You could just see enough to see he was still wearing his maniacal grin that he seemed to have on his face at almost all times.

"I'm here." he announced. Bax stood straight,

"<<Good. I thought you might be interested.>>" he said, switching to his native Goblin. He could recognise another expatriate of the Dark Towers a mile away. Ocade's grin grew by a few teeth,

"<<I thought it...rude to turn down an invitation. When you're new to a place, an invitation from an established citizen is always...interesting.>>" he said, also switching to Goblin. Stas cleared his throat, he didn't know enough Goblin to know what they were saying, and he didn't want the two just speaking between themselves, leaving him out,

"Glad you could make it, Ocade. Let me introduce myself, I am Stas. Bax and I run a...cartel of...shall we say, 'treasure-hunters'." he said smoothly. Ocade grinned at him,

"Thieves?" he asked simply. Bax chuckled,

"Thieves." he nodded. Ocade looked down at the dirt for a few seconds, thinking, then looked up, smiling as ever,

"Tell me more."

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### Elsewhere

Bayar looked up proudly at his little shrine to the Ascended Ones of Kobold legend. There had been a similar shrine back in the Kobold cave he had lived in before - well, shrine was a bit of a strong word, it was a niche with small clay statuettes of the ascended ones. But this time he had made a great cobaltite statue, standing grandly in the centre of the place. He hoped that the ascended ones would shine their power upon he and his new home, they needed the luck what with the world collapsing around them. It was only a small simple shrine, but he could probably make it improve it later, smooth it maybe, make separate recesses for each ascended one, etc.  
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



### 4th Galena 676

"Y'see," said Brosso the bowyer - self-entitled 'The Magnificent' - lighting a pig-tail cigar and taking a puff, "it's in my nature to look out for this community - we all know that the work I do is vital to this place's survival." he blew a cloud of smoke into Ibruk's face, the prophet said nothing, simply fanning it away, "And," Brosso continued, "its come to my attention that we're missing vital infrastructure if we're to survive."

"Infrastructure is but material, the earth will pro-" began Ibruk, Brosso cut him off,

"I'm talking - of course - about a circus. Maybe even a zoo, or opera-house, or a theatre or music-hall! We simply will not survive without such important things, believe me."

"I do not think a...*circus* is what Nomekast needs." Ibruk said, raising an eyebrow quizzically,

"Nonsense! Believe you me, without a circus and associated amenities this place will collapse worse than a year-old flan. It's in the blood; a Dwarf needs a circus, the blood cries out for clowns, greenskins doing tricks, magicians, acts! The public is baying, and we have nothing to placate them. How can a fort survive when the public is baying uselessly?" Brosso said grandiosely.

"This is a place of the go-"

"Of the golden art of circus-directing, well-said!" he took Ibruk's hand, shaking it emphatically, "Believe you me, you won't regret this." he waltzed off before Ibruk could say a word, leaving the prophet with a perplexed look on his face, wondering what had just happened.

"Ho! You there!" Brosso called out to Ukrzum, who was hauling stone to the stockpiles, "I need your help; where are the picks?"

Ukrzum looked on the verge of answering, a frown on his face at being bothered by this bombastic bowyer-turned-circus-director, when he suddenly froze, his pupils expanding, he dropped what he was carrying, immediately glancing round before leaving in the directions of the workshops, walking mechanically like a machine.  
**Ukrzum... Jeweler withdraws from society...**

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **March 17, 2011, 07:40:28 pm**

two updates in the same week? :O  
there is a god!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **March 18, 2011, 08:45:18 am**

Aequor - I love you in totally not gay fashion.  
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Let's see if I can handle this "diary" business.  
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4th Galena 676  
This wreck of a fortress entitling itself "Nomekast" is truly a place not worthy of a gentledwarf like me. A bowyer! Would anyone back home believe it? Me! Brosso! Working like lower class riffraff! Us dwarven states sure seen better times before those "Nothing" beasts showed up. Bah, and don't get me started on 'em beasts, I guess they're only able to do some cattle-stealing, but any self respecting dwarf is able to cut 'em down to size.

Also would you look at the lowlife 'round here! From kobold thieves and pickpockets through human savages to elven dollymops and crybabies, we've got 'em all! Though there are some proper folks here like Reg, good man he is, one properly interested in upholding our wonderful dwarven race!

Anyway, I walked over to the don 'round here, one religious type, Ibruk and explained why any self respecting fortress needs some proper amenities, but it seems this old chap ain't right for the job, though I managed to get him to agree and look at things my way.

Now, all I'm needing is a pick...

edit: changed stuff around, since it appears that fever managed to do some damage to my thinking.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **March 18, 2011, 01:14:30 pm**

From the log of Fori:

Work with Torvold has been coming along slowly but surely. With Spartan’s help, I have dug out a lab for herself and Torvold. They brought in a variety of tools and mechanisms to work with, and Torvold had begun instructing me in the arts of dwarven machinery. Even after three years of living with them, dwarves could still surprise me. Once I began to understand and grasp the basic principles of their mechanisms, they seemed oddly simple. There was no magic or singing such as the druids shaping the plants to their own ends. Rather, it was simply making the best use of physics and kinetics, gears, counterweights, levers, springs, all dictated by the language of mathematics and numbers. It was strange, but fascinating in a way even though a lot of it still goes over my head. And I suspect Torvold likes having an apprentice.

I can’t spend all my time there, as the farms still demand a lot of attention. But I’ve taught several dwarves all that I know about the tending of plants. Rather symmetric in a way, I teach them of plants and they teach me of mechanisms. Anyway, as before, doing something worthwhile has always helped me recover from depressions, and retaking my forest from the defilers is most certainly worthwhile. And it helps that Derm comes to help me when he can. He always seems to lift my mood nowadays.

But ever does life throw annoyances my way. First, one of the new immigrants, a dwarf named Brosso, who likes to go by the gaudy name of ‘the Magnificent.’ The name isn’t the problem, but his unabashed hatred of elves, men, and anyone who isn’t short and bearded. Just when I had finally won a genuine, if begrudging, respect from Reg. What’s worse, this Brosso wants to make a zoo or circus, which involves lots of caged animals. Now, I accept that dwarves use animals, they need meat like a bear or wolf to live, and they use the hides in their clothing or industries. Or they train the animals to help our stalwart militia to beat back the defiles. But the thing is, the animals they use like this serve a vital purpose to the fortress. I don’t begrudge them these uses. This Brosso wants to cage them or train them with whips for nothing more than amusement. An elf can only accept so much.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **March 19, 2011, 05:22:48 pm**

A circus. Underground?  
I'm fairly sure that constitutes a health risk of some sort so as one of the doctors here I'm going to have to veto it, fair enough if we can reclaim enough of the surface but as is its not going to happen.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **March 19, 2011, 07:17:47 pm**

Quote from: Mangled on March 19, 2011, 05:22:48 pm  
A circus. Underground?  
I'm fairly sure that constitutes a health risk of some sort so as one of the doctors here I'm going to have to veto it, fair enough if we can reclaim enough of the surface but as is its not going to happen.  
I don't know, I think we should listen to this guy; a circus could be just what we need. He seems to know his stuff.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **March 20, 2011, 06:16:23 am**

Why, of course we need a circus, have you no shame? Are we some upworlder savages not to appreciate fine, dwarven arts? Besides it will also help us get our mind off those beasties up there, and you, as a doctor have to know it will work wonders for our populations mental health! Though I admit a couple of loonies would do nicely to amuse us on display.

And I assure you I am the best professional you could have found for such an endeavor! I am after all Brosso the magnificent! Brosso the circus lord! Brosso the star of the north! Surely you must have heard of my great underground circus in northern mountainhomes, have you not? I assure you it's 100% safe and if it bothers you so much, we could always use our elven, kobold and human "friends" as risk taking actors, could we not?

Another think I have to ask you is that I was told that here lives a dwarf (or so I think it is a dwarf) with magnificent voice, known for her singing during farm work. Do you know who she is? I think I might have an offer for her in my "Brosso's Amazing Underground Opera".

\*on the side\* Reg, would you like to share profits from my circus? You could bask in my fame as my right hand, my second in command, my son, my circus co-director, my opera co-manager, my health officer! Think it over good chap, I assure you it will be worth your time!

\*grumbles\* Now where, armok damn it, have I put these goblin-loving pig tail cigars...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **March 20, 2011, 02:38:33 pm**

Is this the same Northern circus that caused several deaths due to the animals all getting rabies?  
Sure it was fun while it lasted but getting pulled off leave because a camel is eating the Head Mason is a mighty pain in the arse.  
Build your circus if you must just don't put any undead in it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **March 20, 2011, 05:34:34 pm**

Let me shake your hand fellow northerner, and I thought only I've managed to esc... to tap the untapped market here in the south. Northern circus was the pinnacle of our achievements, with sights bizarre from far and wide, lizards of the seven seas, gladiators fighting for fame, glory and blood for Armok, goblin slaves juggling burning elven sculptures, elven slaves fighting alligators bare, bone chilling undead and yes, camel zombies from the desert of tears as well, all for your entertainment! It was this vile rat the animal caretaker who is to blame. None of Brosso the Magnificent's safety precautions stopped him! Though I must admit he was a lively one judging from his screams when his head was being devoured.

Undead are passe my friend, this time, we shall use live animals! Live animals for live entertainment! Experience the mystical beasts of far and wide! Only in Brosso the Magnificent's Showroom of Bizarre Beasts! Isn't this a future to look forward to? Dwarves observing animals together with their families after hard day's work? Children playing with baby goats and pigs in children's zoo? That will serve as a beacon to both dwarf and savage everywhere, that Nomekast is the last bastion of our centuries-old culture!

\*Nice, long whiff of pig tail cigar\* Ahh, one can only dream our children will have somebody like me to show them how amenities should look.

Ho! Someone get me the chief carpenter and clothier this instant! I require three finest chairs, two for my humble person and one for my tophat, which shall be made by the most talented clothier this place has to offer!

\*Note to self - go to Ibruk and ask for a boy to do all the heavy lifting for me. My old bones and noble blood aren't good combination for labour. That's what lower class riff-raff is good for.\*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **March 20, 2011, 06:00:53 pm**

\*to Brosso\*"You’ve got yourself a partner! I'll have to keep to the medical bay as much as possible, a doctor's work is never done, but anything you'll need, I'll help supply it. Hell, I've never done veterinarian work, but I’m willing to try it! I like your style, Bosso, keep up the good work, I’m sure the dwarves around here will warm up to you as fast as I have." The doctor and the bowyer shook hands, both with excited smiles on their faces. The cigar left a trail of smoke as he left the room, leaving the two doctors alone.

"I’m liking the guy more and more; he’s the kind of visionary that our fortress needs. Listen, steve, Ibruk may have been our leader when we arrived, but the fort has grown, we need someone who thinks larger than Ibruk does. This Brosso might be the dwarf who can turn this place around, bring us up from the darkness! We'll wait until he completes the circus, but keep your ears up... I don't see Ibruk keeping lead for much longer."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **March 21, 2011, 02:51:01 am**

Volrath Blacksteel diary entry 6:Today Reg told me about a thing called a circus brosso was planing too have, as he replaced my bandages.Sounds like a nobles is trying too get hes fun off the suffering of others too me.I mean how the hell are we going too get trained elephants underground?The man power that would wasted, when we are barely surviving, is unbelievable but that is not the worst part.Reg told me how circuses in other forts had elf, goblin, and sometimes even human slaves fight too the death with undead monsters.Owning people is dishonorable enough, but also having them kill or die for your sick entertainment is just evil.Granted back in my tribe we had a similar sport but it was not too the death, we did not use slaves, and even the highest raking members of our tribe fought in the battle ring.It was a game of fun and honor, where you patted your opponent on the back after the mach was done.I remember when I was a kid I saw The elder mountain side fight.He got that nick name because he often stood in the middle of the ring and let his opponent hit him for almost the entire time they fought .They punched and kicked him as hard as they could but not one fucking blow hurt his 7 foot 2 in tall body.Mountain side just chuckled as they tried but after the mach he did not gloat but instead he helped them learn too strike harder.This was mother fucking honorable combat, not like what Reg told me the slaves had too do.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **March 21, 2011, 10:11:00 am**

"A fortress, A dwarf, A mission" by Brosso the Magnificent  
-----  
**I** was born in 6th of galena in powerful northern mountainhome, the name of which sadly eludes me. Me and my brother were happily growing up, me learning my fathers trade (he was an employee of the Broker Office), my brother joining the military. My father was a minor noble, but my mother was just a lowly serf, who had a huge heart, and always taught us about equality and fraternity between races, something my father was a supporter (in secret of course).  
**F**rom my earliest childhood I remember the circus-zoo, a wonderful spectacle, where both noble and serf alike would pet the animals and circus troupes from all kingdoms and races gave spectacles once a year. As years passed our relations with other races started to first get tensed and then fell down hard, leaving us at war with each other, now we know a beast had possessed our king, who then ordered our circus to be made into something like a huge death trap for the prisoners, whom we were to, under penalty of being stripped of all our titles and erased from history by the shaperate, call "slaves". I was called off, since trade was now gone, other mountainhomes too far away and so I was unemployed, loosing both my title of senior broker and my house.

**M**y brother was captured by the elves during one siege, as he as a scout was to reckon enemy forces composition, something which, as much as guaranteeing great honors for the survivors (even gaining nobility), was a suicide mission. We’ve defeated that siege, but as soon as the dust settled after the battle, we’ve noticed we were missing 5 dwarfs, including my brother.

Soon the elves came back, and with them came the goblins and the kobolds.

My brother, or whatever was left of him, was with them. They've tortured him, his nose and ears cut off, parts of his arms and legs missing, cannibalized by the elves I believe. They wanted to make an example of him, or so were we told by those we’ve managed to capture that day, also on this faithful day I was promoted to circus director, being given free hand in what to do in it.

The rest as they say, is history.

-----  
Uff, sorry for wall'o'text there, but I was introducing my character :p. Almost like in an online PnP game.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **March 22, 2011, 06:39:32 pm**

*Galena - 676*

Ukrzum began to avoid society like the plague, refusing to be seen by anyone. At night, he could be secretly observed at a make-shift workshop, working on something, whenever he grew aware of eyes upon him, however, he would immediately flee with whatever he was making. Ibruk had suggested a vision inspired by Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror, the cunning and secretive trickster god of twilight. Seeing as this was now the eighth time such 'divine inspiration' had occurred, the citizens of Nomekast were more than happy to let Ukrzum get on with it, whatever strange thing he made would no doubt prove useful in one way or another, if only as a decoration. By the end of the month, he could only sometimes be seen taking food from the storehouse, vanishing away for the rest of the day and night.

Meanwhile, Fori and Torvold had reinforced the defences around the community. The surface had received an extra drawbridge, complete with fortifications from which marksdwarves could shoot at the Nothing.



This meant the outer drawbridge could be lowered, and any Nothing that tried to enter could be trapped and shot. Another drawbridge had also been added in case the passage to the lighthouse needed to be sealed.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Down in the caves, two bridges had been built, one to block off the underground from the surface if needed,

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



and another to close off the rest of the community from the 'fort' and courtyard where the military trained and most people hung out inbetween work.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



As part of their plan, Torvold had placed several orders for metal corkscrews. He had originally hoped that they would be iron, but was informed they had nothing but some lead, some tin, and alot of gold and silver. The corkscrews were thus cast of silver. Exactly what he and Fori were going to do with them was unknown, but it was generally rumoured to involve pumping magma from the spare magma pool named the Molten Crater.

Down on the Fiery Cistern, Spartan and Delta had expanded the enclosed area, taking advantage of the lull between storms, and effectively doubling the safe area of the Fiery Cistern. This gave the community an large extra area to work with, and already the animals; three horse foals and a donkey had been put there to keep them out of the way, Brosso had insisted they be kept somewhere safe as he had the intent of using them in his upcoming circus.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



1st Limestone 676

"No, I'm telling you, he's vanished." Muenster told Tarran. The two were wandering back up from the forges after having spent the first day of Autumn forging the great silver corkscrews Torvold and Fori wanted. Muenster was just telling the swordswarf about Ukrzum, who had now completely vanished for the past week; no one had seen him at all.

Just as they arrived at the ramp leading up to the home level, Tarran stopped, peering at the malachite wall,

"That crack," he murmured, "that's new." Dwarves, spending most of their lives underground, and usually born and dying beneath the earth, so they soon learnt to recognize where familiar features had been changed, and new passages dug. Tarran inspected it, it was indeed a thin crack, large enough for a Dwarf to pass through. He squeezed in, followed by Muenster.

A strange sight fell on their eyes. Ukrzum lay sprawled against the wall of the small dug chamber, tools around him. On a table-like rock stood a perfect, beautiful aquamarine gem, shining slightly in what light there was. And on the walls were the same two words, carved again and again, all over the rough rock walls.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Tarran's hand instinctively went to his sword, while Muenster uttered a prayer to Id, the Stonefather, and Armok, the bloody Allfather. Tarran, one hand still on his sword, moved to Ukrzum, shaking him, "He's asleep." he told Muenster. Soon Ukrzum stirred, and pushed himself up, rubbing his eyes sorely, apparently tired, hungry, and suffering from alcohol-deprivation, but none the worse for wear.

It soon emerged that he remembered nothing outside of being approached by Brosso about picks, and then finding himself in this chamber. He could remember a few snaps and glimpses of an empty hall of gold filled with nothing but noise, and a husky voice, but apart from that his mind was completely blank as to what had happened to him, just a few fuzzy memories, and the name of the gem he had created;



It was clear that whatever had possessed him was different to that which had possessed the others before him.

-----

Ukrzum's possessed scrawlings ignited an argument when they were revealed. On one side, Ibruk, Kadzar, Hammer of the Gods and the rest of the priesthood and faithful; on the other, Tarran, Fori, Derm, Reg, Rovod, and the rest of the more 'mundane' and rational group.

"This is no inspiration from the gods!" Ibruk declared, his voice perhaps the angriest it had ever been, despite still keeping to its calm tones, "An exorcism is needed! Nomekast must be purified, lest the gods turn their favours away from us. Are we no better than the Grizzly Vessel? Will we succumb to simple vanity and materialism?"

Kadzar spoke up at this point, echoing Ibruk's statements,

"Nimemnokzam must be cleansed of evil; a sacrifice to the gods must be conducted."

"We will *not* be sacrificing any poor creature!" Fori cried angrily.

"Pah," Brosso interrupted, taking a long drag on a pig-tail cigar, "the public sacrifice is an ancient Dwarven custom, dating back to the earliest years of Dwarvenkind." while not on Ibruk's side, he would not let an Elf demean time-honoured Dwarven traditions.

"Maybe in the north," Derm said, leaping to Fori's defence, "but I'm sure we can rise above such things here."

"It does not have to be an animal sacrifice." Kadzar suggested. Ibruk nodded,

"It is well known that in the Kingdom of the Severe Knives, the clergy call upon the favours of the gods by offering them fresh crops. My own teacher, a Borlonzasite by birth, called upon Nekut Glowedguises to cleanse the capital of Cattentishis from the influence of the false-god, the bronze colossus Asas Sculptureblazed the Reigns of Eviscerating, offering nothing more than a recent plump helmet harvest.

"We are not wasting food either." Reg said firmly, "We need those plump helmets for brewing. Or would you have us drink water like Elves?"

"Master Ibruk," Kadzar suddenly said, turning to face the prophet, "If we can sacrifice neither animal nor crops, then can we not simply build a shrine to Id by the cursed place, so that his influence will cleanse it by itself?"

Ibruk thought for a second, then nodded,

"Aye, but for so large a corruption, it will need to be a shrine worthy of the Stonefather. And...that," he pointed at the aquamarine Nimemnokzam, "will need to be taken to the temple, and placed in safety there."

-----

The idea of building another shrine to the gods roused more argument, until eventually both sides simply left, not wanting to argue anymore. Lacking a centralized leadership and any real form of authority outside of Ibruk or some of the better known and respected people of the fort such as Tarran or Derm, the matter was not solved. Ibruk and his followers commandeered several gold and silver bars, building a small shrine by the hollow Ukrzum was found by, complete with silver walls and a golden statue of Id, in his traditional pose, one hand holding a lump of clay that he would create Dwarves from, the other holding his famed smith-hammer that he would bless them with.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Furthermore, two statues of silver were forged, one of Os the Hardy Gleams, god of thunder, holding high his axe with which he smote evil, the other of Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame, goddess of wealth, crafts, metals and minerals, her hands holding out treasures of the earth. And as a finish they took some of the malachite the Ukrzum had mined out when carving his possessed hollow, smelting it into copper, also taking some limonite, smelted into iron which they then combined with gold and silver to create orichalcum, the famous holy metal, the 'red-gold' of gods, which was made by means of a process very closely-guarded by the venerable priests of the Temple of the Broken Rock, where Ibruk had been raised.

From this metal they cast a great statue of Armok, the fabled Allfather who had created the gods themselves from his blood. The statue stood taller than an Elf or Human, his face a blank mask as the traditional depictions of Armok went, his arms outstretched, his hands cupped together. This was then placed in a special chamber beneath the temple, a room of silver walls and floors, with a great orichalc door. At its threshold were the silver statues of Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame and Os the Hardy Gleams, while Armok's orichalc statue stood alone inside, with the gem Nimemnokzam held up in its outstretched hands. This room was then blessed with holy ale, a quick cleansing fire, and then the orichalc door closed and locked, the cursed gem closed away.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Needless to say, the discovery that a large amount of silver and gold had simply been taken by Ibruk, Kadzar, and the faithful without the approval of the community as a whole caused a huge uproar, and again arguments thundered in the caves. Volrath - still not fully healed - and Hammer of the Gods almost came to blows once more, and it was only Johann pulling them apart that prevented Reg and Steve from receiving Volrath back to the hospital, along with an extra patient.

Eventually all of Nomekast was assembled in the courtyard of the 'fort', having once again split into three sides, Ibruk and his followers, those against Ibruk, and those who really didn't care much either way.

"The fact are this," began, Derm, taking charge of the meeting, "so far we have had: one attempted assassination, several thefts, several brawls, and constant commandeering of useful materials from the stockpiles at any whim. All this while we're trying to survive attacks from the Nothing."

"Oh but the thefts were linked to the assassin, so that's not quite a valid complaint." Stas remarked, his face straight as a die, not revealing the truth; that he and Bax, aided and abetted by Atis, had been the real thieves.

"Nonetheless." Delta growled, breaking his usual sullen silence. Derm nodded,

"It's clear that Nomekast has grown too large to simply leave as-is. What we need is a sheriff to keep things running."



OK, any volunteers for sheriff? If you want to be sheriff, say so, if we get more than one, we can have a vote on it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **March 22, 2011, 07:04:29 pm**

I would but I'm horrible at roleplaying a dwarf. That's why you don't see me posting any roleplaying.

Also, damn priests and their damn religion. We should make them *work* for whatever crap they want to give to the gods. Who's with me?

Also, found you found you found you found you found you found you found you.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **March 22, 2011, 10:13:45 pm**

I will volunteer if nobody else does.

i would RP quite a bit here, but nah.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **March 23, 2011, 12:20:27 am**

Being a sheriff sounds like fun, but I don't think volrath would be very good at it.He would start more fights then he stops.

I will do it but don't have me high on the list of candidates.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **March 23, 2011, 03:27:47 am**

Don't you holy types see you're all just a midges tooth away from being like the nobility from before? Up til now I've been willing to put up with it but Derm is right, we have more direct threats to worry about than the petty whims of some barely caring gods and I'll be damned if I'm going to watch you lot just taking important materials that we could use for weapons, ammo or even walls to keep the horrors away just because somebody's shiny rock unsettles you some. This is your first and only warning, the nobility may have been exempt from the law back in the day no matter how much of a threat they where to the Forts safety but you are just a priest with a mouth full of pretty words and if you ever Steal useful materials or try to lord it over the people trying to survive here again I swear to your god I will shoot you dead. Now then, we're going to need a sheriff as Derm suggests since he was the poor sod to suggest that idea I reckon it should be him, old army rule buddy nothing personal. Now if you will excuse me, I feel the need to go hit something.

OOC: A bit ranty I know but I'm trying to write it as if Steve is finally losing patience with everything, not just Ibruk and his lot but basically everything, the nothing, the assassination attempt, the death of a friend and the realization that he and the rest of his friends are likely to die horribly at any moment. All that good stuff.  
As for the Sheriff thing I'll do it but I'm fine with it going to Derm as well. Maybe we can vote or something?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **March 23, 2011, 10:23:55 am**

"Brosso says Reg would be a good candidate for our sheriff. He's a dwarf's dwarf, one who actually cares about our tradition!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **March 23, 2011, 02:05:30 pm**

Quote from: Ovg on March 23, 2011, 10:23:55 am

"Brosso says Reg would be a good candidate for our sheriff. He's a dwarf's dwarf, one who actually cares about our tradition!"

"I... I'm honored that you would recommend me for the position. And I am inclined to announce my attempt at the seat! My competitor is a strong dwarf, having contributed much to the fortress, however, I feel that I am more suited for a position of power. While I would never say a poor word about my fellow dwarf, some are simply better left to a life of exploration rather than one of administration. I think, should I be granted the honor of this esteemed position, I can bring this fortress back from the brink of destruction. Ibruk's devotion must be tempered by the rational; we cannot allow his divine wisdom to interfere with the success of this fort. When his gods come knocking on our front door with enough food and water to feed us all, I will give him his due, but until then, believe in something you can trust! Believe in something you can see; believe in me! I do not intend to do this for myself, or Brosso, or any single dwarf, but for Nomekast! For the scourge of the nothing and the last beacon of Dwarves! For Nomekast! For all of Dwarven Kind! For the Greater Good!" Reg's speech stunned the citizens of Nomekast. Not because it was particularly loquacious or that it was orated well (he was not much of a public speaker, but he had these ideas mulling around in his head for quite some time), but the simple fact that the words had come from the mouth of the doctor who, until then, had not shown any want or intent to lead.

"Brosso, it would be a pleasure if you, although only recently added to our ranks, would join me in my vie for Sheriff. You will be my running mate, should you choose to accept. Us dwarves must stick together. Together, my friend, we can truly turn this into the Dwarven fortress it should be."

~~~~~

It's rather out of character (hence the shocking part), but I hope it can shake things up a bit :)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **March 23, 2011, 03:04:22 pm**

The two most racist dwarves together enforcing law in the fort? Does that strike anyone else as a bad idea? Many of this fort aren't dwarven, and I am forced to wonder. If these two become the makers and executors of the law, what will happen to those of us who do not have dwarven blood? Would we second class citizens? Or perhaps scapegoats for whenever a crime is committed. Or worse, become criminals simply for being another race.

Now, I am not saying that this would necessarily happen. Reg, at least, I know will put civility and honor first before his preferences. I have known him a long time, and he has held himself to a high standard and acted with maturity, whatever his professed opinion about elves and other races. Brosso, though, he is an unknown. Does he have the same proven honor as Reg? His treatment of animals aside, has anyone else heard of his ideas to put 'a couple loonies' on display like prisoners to gawk at? Or him speaking highly of gladiatorial combat? Who would he choose for such a role? These actions are not certain, but there is a chance. Do we take such a risk , and put the temptation for abusing power before these two?

We should not run the risk of making non dwarves into second hand citizens in this good fortress. Many of them have fought and bled for the safety of the dwarves here, and have worked hard for their wellbeing and for the fortress as a whole. For example, myself. I used my skills with all that grows to help defeat the threat of starvation when I first arrived. I went with Derm and discovered the sap of the mountain, the magma in the depths of the earth. Twice, I have taken up sword in battle and struck down the defilers in defense of the dwarves, whom I am honored and pleased to call friends and comrades. Even now, when I am not working on growing food or crops for brewing, I work with Torvold to find ways to destroy the defilers and any other invaders who would bring us death. These things I have done for my home because I have been given the chance to do so. Would any other non dwarf immigrants get that chance with the might of the law held within the hands of Reg and Brosso? I truly hope my concerns are needless, but I ask again, dare we take such a risk?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **bayar** on **March 23, 2011, 05:07:39 pm**

I'll vote for the one that is not in league with Cage guy. Cages are bad, so very bad. Capturing tribesmen and keeping them locked for years until releasing them in stone circle to fight ferocious beasts ! :o

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **March 23, 2011, 10:34:36 pm**

Apparently, the dwarfs here are looking for a sheriff.Now I only know what a sheriff is from word of mouth of drunks in the towns my tribe traded with, so forgive me if I don't know exactly what they are.But from what I know they are supposed too be enforcers of law and justices.If that's they case, why are we electing one, and why are the two candidates in the election Reg and Brosso.By the hairy asses of my ancestress, what are the dwarfs thinking?I can understand picking reg, he is a honorable man, I just can't see a doctor holding his own in a fight with a criminal, but fucking Brosso?That dwarf noble is not fit too wipe my ass.There is no way in deepest pits of hell I will let him be the law in this place.That is why I am going too run for the job.I won't lose too that noble.

On a side note, I have been having those dreams every night now.Its come to a point where I dare not close my eyes for fear of seeing her die again.Tonight I will ask Reg if he has any thing too help me sleep or at least some thing too stop my fucking dreams.Jane, my love, I pray that you are having more peace in death then I am having in life.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **March 24, 2011, 01:37:20 am**

Fori, you should not worry that much yer pretty elven head. We will make sure real law and order wins the day, it's just that, as we're living here, in a dwarven fortress, we should adhere to OUR laws, and OUR traditions, making gladiatorial fights is one of 'em, same thing with zoos and circuses. Our laws are harsh but fair, and it's just that I'm sure you yourself don't trust those goblin cutthroats and kobold thieves? Together with Reg, we could really cull the problem and make sure everything will run like a proper fortress should! Dwarvenkind, elfkind, we all are in this together. I'm sure my friend Reg agrees, that he would much more like an elf than some ragtag band of treason and evil.

\*Long drag of a cigar\*

I also was wanderin' myself that you're a good singer. Would you like to take part in me opera? It would be grand, and you would be the star! The prima donna! The voice of the century! I would hate to see a talent like yours go to waste, and think about it. You could be the vessel of agreement between our races, a beacon of hope in our world, that we all can live together. Also you would of course get a share of profits!

Think it over, and come see me in my office if you're interested.

\*Grumbles\* Now, off to Ibruk to see if he can get me a boy to do my work. After all I need a grand office as the number one entrepreneur of this fortress!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **March 24, 2011, 03:09:33 pm**

Ok, it seems we have three candidates, Derm, Volrath, and Reg/Brosso (Reg as sheriff, Brosso as deputy/guard).

Time to vote, there won't be a poll, just post saying who you're supporting, anyone can vote, regardless of having a character or not.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **March 24, 2011, 03:51:53 pm**

I vote for our duo.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **bayar** on **March 24, 2011, 04:00:51 pm**

Voting for Derm.

another vote for the two of us :)

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Fortis** on **March 24, 2011, 05:07:05 pm**

Of course, my vote will go to Derm. He has proven himself to be an able leader, a good fighter in times of war and an industrious worker in times of peace. I think he has a strong sense of justice and honor too.

As for the offer of becoming an opera singer, I must decline. There is simply too much still to do at this fort for me to while away my time upon a stage. Nor do I have any great desire for fame or to become a primadonna. In truth, I think it would be rather isolating. I'd rather work with the dwarves upon the farm, as simply one of their friends, than to be distant from them on the stage. To me, stars and primadonnas always seemed rather unapproachable in comparison. Besides, my songs aren't wasted. They help the plants and crops to grow. If anyone wants to hear me sing, they're welcome to come and listen.

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Mangled** on **March 25, 2011, 02:39:17 am**

One for Derm.

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Rashemd** on **March 25, 2011, 09:23:43 am**

I vote for Derm (a person that magically seems to be in every fort/RTD i read and seemingly make it singlehandedly epic)

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Dermonster** on **March 25, 2011, 09:39:36 am**

Quote from: Rashemd on March 25, 2011, 09:23:43 am  
I vote for Derm (a person that magically seems to be in every fort/RTD i read and seemingly make it singlehandedly epic)

:)

I have both forums subscribed, so I have first pick.

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: TALLPANZER** on **March 26, 2011, 05:17:51 am**

Things had been moving fast for Mainhard after the battle. The first thing he did was make sure the body of the forgotten beast butchered, and when the heart was removed he took it. Putting the heart in it's own sealed barrel that was then left in a cold place. Next he got all his Jagers together.

"Hokay boyz Hy iz goink to neet hyu to look all 'bout dis heer fort. Iz time ve know dis place, dis place iz part uuf our huntink ground. Top to bottum, inzide eed oot, I vant hyu lookink every vere. Move nothink, touch nothink, ve iz only lookink. Hyu must know da huntink ground Better den your own beard! I haz to go get zomethink. It vill take time."

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
**Post by: Aequor** on **March 28, 2011, 05:38:23 pm**

*1st Limestone 676 - Evening*

Derm had won the vote, by passing the Reg and Brosso ticket by several votes. With this victory, he became Nomekast's first Sheriff.

**sheriff Derm Mason**

Spartan and Delta were digging him out some offices where he could work, rationalizing that it would prove difficult trying to keep the peace without somewhere to keep the paperwork, or at least, to think. For the first time, Nomekast had something resembling a leader, a centralized authority. Even if Derm had no real powers, his word had weight, and he was trusted enough that he would be able to prevent any particular excesses that the temple had taken, or any brawls in the community.

*1st Sandstone 676*

Work had begun on Brosso's circus, that is to say, Brosso had begun work on his circus, despite having tried to pressure anyone he saw into doing it for him. Reg gave him a hand when he could, but his medical duties kept him busy. Clearly a grand circus in a community of 45 - of which more than a fifth were not even Dwarves (and so could not hope to understand the glory of his ideas) was not the easiest of things to do, but Brosso was not called 'The Magnificent' for nothing, and by pick or by shovel this circus would be finished.

At first he had hoped to build it up on the home level, but space was already too limited, and he was forced to relocate his magnus opus down to the Fiery Cistern. Here he was to build his grand vision. He could see it in his mind's eye already, a grand pillared entrance, alcoves bearing great statues of Dwarven heroes, the walls engraved with scenes of the many champions of Dwarven tradition. Then it would lead down into the circus proper, filled with many a quaint and curious creature, ranging from horses to the misshapen monsters of the lower levels. It would be a great affair, a circus worthy of a Dwarf like him, and the pride of the entire Dwarven race.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Down on the Fiery Cistern, a magma forge had been toppled by a voracious cave crawler.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



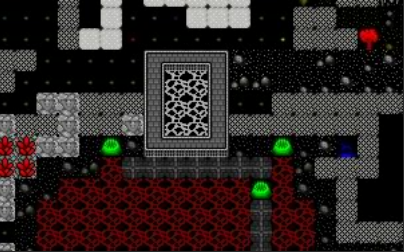
By chance, Hammer of the Gods had been passing, and barely without stopping, she batted the creature into the magma with her hammer, and continued on to evening prayers.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



It became clear that the cave crawler had come over the drawbridge linking the colonized part of the Fiery Cistern out to the wildlands. At first it was proposed to simply raise it - it had been left down since ~~Osmen's~~ a forgotten beast's attack and not since raised, since Loral, Hammer, and Ukrzum had taken to hunting, to increase the fort's food supply. It was Brosso who argued against, instead, he suggested putting cave traps. Ostensibly this was more 'humane' and 'simple', but truthfully, it was a way to capture beasts for his circus.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



*7th Timber 676 - Afternoon*



Tragedy struck once more as Johann was found unconscious on the Fiery Cistern, pale as a corpse. He was rushed to hospital, but there was little Reg or Steve could do. It seemed that he had lost a lot of blood from his wounds he had received against the Nothing reopening, coupled with severe infection. With no soap, Reg was unable to clean the wound. Again, like Rion, his friends and fellow-militiadwarves stood by his bedside, trying to comfort him, to no avail.

By morning he was gone, another victim of ~~Osman~~ a forgotten beast and his Nothing's attack, another veteran and soldier gone, another tomb for Nomekast, another soul for Id the Stonefather.

**Johann Schmidt: Hammerdwarf has succumbed to infection.**

Life seemed intent on ensuring that the residents of Nomekast had no rest however, as soon infection claimed another victim - Kol Akmamdomas, a militiadwarf. She had killed a troll and several Nothing, and was found down by the animal pastures, where she had ostensibly collapsed from exhaustion and infection, and eventually died.

**Kol Akmamdomas: Engraver has succumbed to infection.**

However, though life seemed intent on tragedy, a single event of some happiness - or maybe just more sadness if you saw it as another soul damned for the world - the birth of a baby boy. Ushrir, born the son of Kogsak Uzkilrud and of Reg Medtobiger, one of Meinhard's Jagers, was the first Dwarf - or otherwise - to be born in Nomekast, the first child who would grow up never knowing the world before the Nothing.

**Kogsak Uzkilrud: Weaponsmith has given birth to a boy.**

In the midst of his birth, two funerals took place. The slow, deep rough chants of the Dwarvish religious rites of the dead filled the night air, and Johann and Kol were put to rest in the earth they had come from and that had bore them through life, to be reunited with lost friends, loves, family and ancestors. Straight after the ceremonies, Ibruk vanished, retreating away to think, meditate, whatever, it was perhaps the only thing that saved him from another shouting match with Reg over another death his gods couldn't prevent.

16th Moonstone 676

The day greeted Nomekast much like any other, they had struggled through the past few months, but once again life came back down to a simple routine. That routine was broken though, when a sudden event happened:

**Astesh Lektadm#thkat: Ghostly Dwarven Baby has risen and is haunting the fortress!**

A ghostly baby sidled through the community, coming down from above. He said nothing, but clearly was looking for something. It was Bounce who saw the ghostly Astesh first. She gave a half-yelp-half-scream, dropping her records, and leaping back in surprise. This alerted the others, and soon others came to see.

"Bobrur..." the ghost said, his voice echoed, and had an otherworldly reverberation to it. He turned this way and that, looking for something, "Bobrur..."

All of a sudden, Fori gave a cry, her eyes beginning to shine with tears, she had understand the word, she had understand what Astesh wanted,

"Its mother," she wept, "he's looking for his mother." Derm took her by the shoulders, reaching up, trying to comfort her.

"This is-" Tarran began, frowning sadly, "this is..." he struggled to find the right word.

"Necromancy?" Volrath growled, coming up behind him. His hands were still in their slings, it seemed for now he had escaped the infection that had killed Johann and Kol.

"No." came a voice, it was Ibruk, back from his meditations, "This-" he said, looking sadly at the baby who was still looking for a mother who was gone and dead, "this is the Fall of Life, prophesied by Blind Prophet of the Broken Rock."

"This is a travesty of life," Fori said, anger edging into her voice through her tears, "will even the dead have no peace?"

"The barriers between this world and that of the dead are weakening. The living had made a pact with the gods to keep the dead dead. But now the Pact is finished, the unburied dead can no longer cross the barrier. The gods are destroying the world to remake it, the Pact is void." Ibruk said sadly, leaning on his cane.

"Well what can we do?" Tarran asked, frowning.

"The only thing we can do is bury him, with the proper rites, the soul will be able to cross." Kadzar explained.

"But we don't have this...this poor boy's body. How can we bury the bodiless?" Muenster said.

"As long the rites be given, thy dead shall be at peace; for the dead must be remembered." Ibruk, said, quoting the Dwarven scriptures. There was a long silence. It was Xenos who thought of the idea,

"Rites." the Kobold said, in his broken Dwarvish, "rites not say put body in ground?"

"Not specifically." Ibruk admitted.

"Must remember dead, so make tomb without body?"

"Os' beard, he's right." Muenster exclaimed, "The rites for the dead never mention burial, we can simply memorialize this poor boy, and his soul might then be at peace!"

"What do you mean? Make a tomb, but put no body in?" Hammer of the Gods asked, perplexed.

"How? We don't even know his name." Steve said, waving a hand towards the ghostly baby.

"Astesh." came a voice. It was Nish, wife of the farmer Sibrek who had been killed by the giant cavespider Mysterdrip. She had joined the temple and become one of Ibruk's most loyal followers. Presently, she stood with tears in his eyes, "Astesh Letkadmuthkat. I remember him, he was the baby of Ilral, one of the refugees travelling with me and Sibrek. A Nothing got him and his mother."

"This is sickening." Steve said, and he left, going to clear his head. Several people agreed, unable to watch the ghostly child look for its mother any longer, and they left, followed by more, until only Astesh was left, calling for his mother.

-----

A memorial slab was soon carved to Astesh, and purified with the proper rites. It was placed down in the cemetery under the temple, not with the buried, but in a new chamber, for those without bodies.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



It seemed Xenos had guessed correctly, as, no sooner than the slab placed, and the rites finished, the ghost of Astesh vanished like a cloud of mist.

**Astesh Lektadm#thkat: Ghostly Dwarven Baby has been put to rest.**

But before he had vanished, he had traced something in the dirt, defying his age and knowledge, as if something had possessed him,

**The Forgotten Beast Nar Basenor has come! A great hairy alligator. It has thin wings of stretched skin and it squirms and fidgets. Its mauve hair is unkempt. Beware its webs!**

Yes, *another* forgotten beast ::) I swear this fort is in the center of a forgotten beast meeting ground or something.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **March 28, 2011, 05:47:26 pm**

Oh *smack*. Not only is Osman killing after death, but now we've got *another* goddamned Forgotten beast!

"...Did anyone else feel that rumble?"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **March 28, 2011, 06:15:51 pm**

I AM

I am alone this time. My office not yet fully furnished, lacking a few cabinets to store excess papers and workstuffs.

THOUGH MY FOUR LEGS ETERNALLY TROD UPON THE MIDWORLD I HAVE COME

Images flashed through my eyes. A great alligator snarled in front of me. Something else appeared, sidling just out of view.

THE PROGENITOR IS ANGRY AT YOUR DEFIANCE. HIS PLANS ARE NOT TO BE DISOBEYED.

I turn to see, straining my senses.  
A child sits, phased into the darkness.  
He stares at me, and dissipates in a white flash.  
A barrier is broken. my mind becomes clear.  
I am furious.

I AM THE MIND OF FORESIGHT. THIRD SCRIBE OF HIS GRAND SCHEMES.

"No..."

MY WEBS SHALL-

"NO!"

WHA-

But it is too late for him. The sight of the ghost-child is too much to bear. I cannot allow this to happen again.  
My mind breaks through the pain, I grab for the weapon that rests by my desk.  
A light breaks in my hand, a glowing blue blade rests in my palm.

SO THE RUMOR WAS TRUE.

"SHUT UP! I say as I swing the weapon through his leg.

The gator laughs. SO LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE THE LAST ONE. SO LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE THE LAST ~~ewiwns iwnisio~~.

I attack again, the glowing axe singing through the air and slicing off a wing.  
The great monstrosity stamps a foot down, knocking me over and pinning me.

YOU STILL HAVE MUCH TO LEARN, AND WE HAVE NO INTENTION OF LETTING YOU PRACTICE.

He leaned forward.

YOU ARE THE FIRST ~~pens ejedins~~ IN A THOUSAND YEARS, AND YOU SHALL BE THE LAST.

He laughs as the world fades away.

BE WARNED, WE WILL NOT STOP COMING. WE ARE ENDLESS. THE PIT KNOWS NO FEAR, THE MASTER KNOWS NO MERCY, THE DEEPS WILL SWALLOW YOU. I PROMISE YOU THIS.

It grins.

YOU WILL DIE, AND YOUR WORLD WILL END WITH YOU.

My office swirls into view, the last remnants of his words ringing through the room.

I dash outside. "Call the military! We have a beast in the depths!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **March 28, 2011, 08:28:38 pm**

"Blast it all, Brosso," the doctor told the would-be circus director, "It's like they *want* to be killed. Sure, I get it, Derm is a good dwarf. Stong. Patient. He'll probably make a better sheriff than I would anyway, but that's not the point. They won't listen to me! I can help them, but they just won't listen! And how many hard working dwarves have died defending this fortress? How many more will die before a single one of those cowardly home wreckers does? Those bloody sun-dwellers, I swear to Os, if any of them are worth a fraction of a dwarf I'd marry them myself and live in a bloody tree!" Brosso's response, if there was one at all, was lost among the doctor's furious thoughts.

After the election was lost by quite a margin, Reg had stopped his late night dinning room rants (much to the relief of those who preferred a quieter midnight snack). Other than the occasional conversation with Brosso and Steve, he spoke to no one. Many thought he was simply reflecting on his actions, and it was true. He *was* self reflecting, however it only brought on darker and more angry thoughts. In his darkest hours his thoughts would creep to the grisly death or, at its tamest, exile of the many of irksome creatures who plagued his existence. He was occupied, to say the least, with these thoughts (some outright horrified him), so who's to say they did not find their way into his work?

Two more had died under Reg's care. His anger at others quickly shifted to himself. How many more coffins must he fill before HE is cast out into the cold? He would ask himself. How long until they blame him for the death of their comrades? The sleep he could steal was filled with untempered regret and self-pity. The nights without it were those of silence and depression. The only comfort he could find was in the repetitive monotony of counting his instruments, taking stocks and going over his lessons. The dwarves heart was connected directly to...

The doctor was horribly depressed, but over his years of suppressing emotions, he had learned not to show it. He needed no sympathy, after all, he was a dwarf, and sympathy was for cowards and elves. Which is why, when word spread about a certain hairy alligator, reg awoke with the rest of the dwarves, and prepared for the worst. Once again, he counted his tools and took stock. Once again, he readied the traction table and measured out the gauze and bandages. Who would sit upon his table this time? Whose hand would he have to hold as their pulse quietly slips away?

Title: **Re: [COMMUNITY] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **March 29, 2011, 08:10:29 am**

This has not been the best year ever Reg I'll admit but we're dwarves, we will get through this if only because the whole world thinks we won't.  
We're just too stubborn to die.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **March 29, 2011, 08:28:04 am**

Volrath Blacksteel diary entry 7:Derm got the job and I did not get a single vote.Its not easy too get elected when I am stuck in a hospital bed, but i'm still happy with the outcome.After all, I just ran too keep Brosso from wining.Derm is fine man and I would be happy too have him be the law.Too celebrate his victory that night, and brossos defeat. I downed beers till I could not see straight and then I drunk more.The on thing I can say about dwarves is that they know how too make beer.Sadly, the good times did not last because death showed his ugly ass face.

The dwarfs who were cleaning up the body's of the nothing found Johann, laying on the ground, covered in his own blood.The nothing fucked him up bad.It was amazing he lasted as long as he did.That dwarf had the will of a warrior, I tell you.They were able too get him into the hospital bed next too mine before he died but his injurers were too great to save his life and he finally passed on too the next one.To make a crap hill into a crap mountain, Kol was found dead hours later.All this death is making the mood in this fort is going down hill fast, maybe thats why the ghost kid showed up(who by the way told use that another forgotten beast was coming too rape us up the ass.)Ghosts haunt only the most fucked up places after all.

Despite the fact that Fori cried for hours after Johann died, I think Reg is taking the deaths the hardest.Sure, Reg looks like his ok, but living my life in a tribe full of people who hide there emotions so they would not make them weak has taught me how to see past someones mask.Plus, theres the fact that he has checked the innovatory of the hospital 25 times today.So he must be off his game.I just hope that h.....

Volrath stopped writing, grabbed his right arm and screamed a blood curdling scream of pain so loud that every one in the fort heard him.Reg ran too his side and quickly started taking off the bandages on his arm so he could see what was happening and he was shocked at what he found.Volraths arm, from the elbow down, was covered in a black slime.It smelt worse then any thing Reg had ever smelt before and it gave of a aura of pure evil.Just looking at it made him ill.Giving his face two small slaps to regaining his senses, Reg reached for his knife so he could cut the black stuff off, but before the dwarf could do anything, the black slime vanished back into volrath and he fell too the ground.Knocked out by the pain.Reg stood there for a time , trying to figure out what the hell just happened.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **March 29, 2011, 09:57:18 am**

Diary of Brosso the magnificent, entrepreneur and miner extraordinaire.

It's been a hard month for our fortress as well as us, and that is yours truly and good dwarf Reg. First we've lost the election, and some Derm won (I think he is in a riffraff conspiracy myself, though I didn't confront my ideas with Reg yet), then we've lost dwarfs to beasties down in the caverns but worst of all is that I, Brosso, had to dig out the circus myself!

Though there was an upside to all of this: it seems like I'll be able to get some exotic beasties in my circus.

-  
Note to self: Check up on Reg, he seems to be hiding something since his last expose regarding lower races' inability to stand against the darkness and even, gods damn it, fall to it like us, dwarfs. Or not. He seems like he'll get himself together.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **March 29, 2011, 09:58:33 am**

Diary of Brosso the magnificent, entrepreneur and miner extraordinaire.

It's been a hard month for our fortress as well as us, and that is yours truly and good dwarf Reg. First we've lost the election, and some Derm won (I think he is in a riffraff conspiracy myself, though I didn't confront my ideas with Reg yet), then we've lost dwarfs to beasties down in the caverns but worst of all is that I, Brosso, had to dig out the circus myself!

Though there was an upside to all of this: it seems like I'll be able to get some exotic beasties in my circus.

-  
Note to self: Check up on Reg, he seems to be hiding something since his last expose regarding lower races' inability to stand against the darkness and even, gods damn it, fall to it like us, dwarfs. Or not. He seems like he'll get himself together.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **March 30, 2011, 08:00:32 am**

Just heard we got some sort of alligator or crocodile down there shooting webs, I had no idea they could do that but what the hell I'll go shoot it for a while. Gonna stop by the forge afterwards to see if I can have someone lead tip my bolts, makes them heavier but shorter range, but the plus side is if you make em right the bolts mushroom when they hit and shred the baddies up pretty good. Used it on siege trolls back in the day.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 05, 2011, 06:36:55 pm**

oh, you guys, you're not supposed to notice my depression! It's simply extra motivation for more radical action further on.  
also, fake update lol

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 05, 2011, 07:07:30 pm**

Boo! \*Throws rotten tomato\*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fisher-Risen** on **April 08, 2011, 05:48:06 pm**

Hammer slept calmly by the Temple Doors, dreaming happily of combat, unaware of the beast in the cavern.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 08, 2011, 05:55:59 pm**

Just realized I forgot to put up Johann's kill list on the first post, it's up now, sorry r3d5kull. Also, I've put a map up of the various factions in the world, if only because I keep referencing them, and because I love maps (honestly, I get a fuzzy feeling just looking at them :D), and just in case it helps anyone if they want to write a backstory for their character. ;) As you can see I've taken some liberty with the names of various civilizations, since simple, odd names like 'The Gross Ruthlessness' or 'The Grizzly Vessel' are very strange names for civilizations to have.



The alarm was soon called, Astesh's scribblings and Derm's vision, compounded by whatever had happened to Volrath, had stirred the community up at once. The militia grabbed their weapons, Kadzar and his warrior-priests grabbed their spears, Meinhard and his Jagers seized their weapons, and the various other fighters, that is to say, Loral, Ocade, Sandra, and others, took their respective arms and prepared to go below. The Fiery Cistern stood in a half-light, shadows dancing from the light of the magma pools. There was no sign of Nar Basenor.

"Watch out," Delta grunted, his voice muffled through his ever-present armour, "it might have Nothing with it."

"Eh?" Rar asked, confused.

"Nothing, it might have some Nothing with it, like that last one." Tarran explained.

"Have I mentioned what a stupid name 'Nothing' is? Seriously you should just call them Darksquids like I do, it saves on confusion." Spartan grumbled, hefting his combat pick onto his shoulder.

"Nothing is the name chosen by the Prophet-" Hammer began, before Bax interrupted, talking to Derm.

"Well, *sheriff*, what's our plan of battle?" Bax asked Derm, passing his knife between his hands,

"A sheriff is law-enforcement, not military." Derm began, but he was interrupted by a snapping sound, like that of a great jaw of teeth opening and closing. Then came a sort of growling, deep and throaty, and the silken beating of wings.

Nar Basenor swooped down upon them from above, something dangling from its jaw, it alighted before the group, beady eyes glaring at them. It seemed to size them up for a few seconds, then roared, sending the thing in its mouth flying off.

DIE

With that, it flew up into the air, then dived, slamming into Sandra and sending her flying back. This must have sent her unconscious, for at that moment, Ryva seized control of her body, pushing herself back up and jumping straight into the fight, sending her sword into Nar's leg, hacking at it with sanguine enjoyment. Doc. Steve, Rar and Rovod immediately began to send their bolts flying into Nar, but few pierced its scales. Turning round, the beast sprayed web over at Delta and Xenos, trapping the two.

Hammer leapt into battle, slamming her hammer into the beast's side, this distracted it and Meinhard moved in to stab his spear up towards the hairy crocodile's neck, but it batted him back, sending more web flying across to Tarran, Derm and Steve, immobilizing them. Meinhard lost control of his weapon, and did the first thing that came to mind.

The Speardwarf bites The Forgotten Beast in the right front foot, denting the scale and bruising the fat! The Speardwarf latches on firmly!

This distracted Nar long enough for Bax to leap in, sending his sword straight into Nar's head from the side. Needless to say, the beast didn't take kindly to this, and swatted the Goblin back. This gave Nish Taronmedtob - warrior-priest of Kadzar - the opening she needed.

The Speardwarf stabs The Forgotten Beast in the head with her <iron spear>, tearing apart the muscle, chipping the skull and tearing the brain! A tendon in the skull has been torn!

The crocodile beast fell down dead, collapsing in a heap, leaving the assembled warrior standing around it, breathing heavily.

"Not quite as fun as expected." Ocade said quietly, wiping his sword of the beasts blood, before turning round to return to Nomekast. One by one, they filed after him.

It was not until afterwards that they discovered what had been hanging from Nar's jaws, a horse leg. It had swooped down onto the horses and donkey that had been in the livestock area, killing them all.

The next month progressed smoothly, except for a foray by several rutherers towards the magma forges. They were swiftly killed, but in the process Derm had his head cut open. Reg swiftly bandaged it up and - promising to a distraught Fori to be more careful in the future - he was soon back at work. For their part, Fori and Torvold had recruited Urist and Bayar, who - despite his Kobold heritage was apparently quite the siege engineer - to build ballistae to defend the trapped corridor to the outside. Any Nothing that survived the traps would be peppered with ballista bolts, a veritable killing field in a narrow corridor.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The ballista bolts would be cave-wood tipped with silver; chosen for its abundance so as to not waste the small supply of iron and copper that the community had.

Some ~~migrants~~ refugees have arrived.

The alarm was soon given when they were spotted coming over the valley. The militia armed themselves, and prepared to leave. The had no choice now, they had to go out and face the Nothing or let the refugees die. The planned drawing in of the Nothing in favour of slaughtering them in the corridor would have to wait.

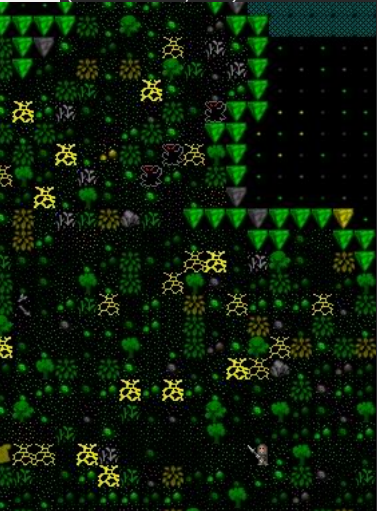
They went out through the trapped corridor, emerging on the other side of the river. The Nothing were massed around the lighthouse; they had to act quickly and get the migrants in if they were to avoid facing the horde.

That was when they saw it.

An ambush! Curse them!

A squad of inky soldiers, led by a man. Each of them could be seen wielding a bow, the man held a spear, a skull hung from it. Another group of Nothing-infected Goblins.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Steve swore, hefting his crossbow,

"We need to take them out!" he growled. Tarran gave a nod, beckoning the militia on. A scene of carnage unfolded before them as they ran; the refugee group had just noticed the ambushers, and one of them gave a cry, leaping up and running away. Others were not so lucky;

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Hafol the Stray Horse Foal (Tame) has been struck down. The Stray Horse Foal (Tame) has been shot and killed. Bayar the Kobold cancels Load Ballista: No ammunition. Ezum Eshtanmeden the Mechanic has been shot and killed. Bayar the Kobold cancels Load Ballista: No ammunition. Datan Logemdeduk the Surgeon has been struck down. Zanege Geblolok the Puppy (Tame) has been struck down. Iden Dodokabir the Presser has been struck down. Urist Dumatsemor the Dyer cancels Clean Self: Resting injury. Zuntir Fikodnoram the Clothier has been struck down.

By the time the militia got there, several Dwarves lay dead in a pool of blood, pin-cushioned with arrows or impaled on spear. The response to this massacre was bloody. Right off the bat, Muenster smashed one Goblin in the head with his mace, smashing the skull. Meinhard drove his spear into another one's left kidney, the right kidney, then in both legs, before finally stabbing it in the head. Loral managed to cut one Goblin's left hand off, then driving his sword into its guts. Rovod took the Human - the apparently leader of the squad, and not an infected - as his target, sending a bolt flying into his arm, so that he dropped

his spear, then peppering him with bolts.

Soon the squad had been slaughtered. The militia, hardened from their battles with the Nothing and the Forgotten Beasts, were no weak soldiers. Of the ten refugees that had arrived, only five were still alive, three of which were wounded. Three Dwarves, a Human and an Elf, Nomekast's story of multiracialism was spreading. During the battle, Loral had had his lower body cut open and Melagius had received a gash to the arm, but otherwise all was well.

"Who's this?" Rashem wondered, nudging the squad's Human leader with his foot. Ocade was the first to answer,

"Who knows? Who cares?" the Elf said, wiping his blade in the grass.

"You have to wonder," Loral growled, "what sort of a man it takes to ally with these monsters."

"I'm more interested in *how* they do it. These things aren't exactly great conversationalists, how do you stop one killing you long enough to ask if you can join it?" Bax said, rifling through the Human's animal skins in case there was anything worth taking.

"Well it takes a mad man to join them, by the looks of it," Derm remarked, "I mean, he's wearing nothing but animal skins, he's covered in body-paint and he's got several skulls attached to his spear."

"Hey, stop talking, we need to get back quickly. Muenster, Rar and Sodel, you three help the wounded to stand, and let's move." Tarran said, taking charge of the situation as the de-facto militia leader. He turned round and swore, seeing that the Nothing had crossed the river and were beginning to mass, apparently preparing to charge.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



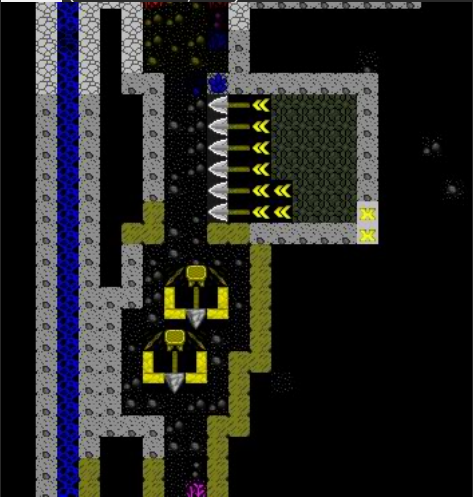
Skirting to the eastern end of the valley they managed to avoid the Nothing, pulling the wounded into the fort and raising the drawbridges behind them. Once inside the wounded were taken to Reg, who treated them silently, doing his job and nothing more. If he had any reaction to the newcoming Human and Elf, he didn't show it, content only to diagnose the wounded, dress their wounds, suture what was needed, and then let them be on their way.

Obsidian 676

Obsidian passed quickly, with little events. Brosso had finished digging out the first chamber of his grand circus, with both Reg's and one of the new Dwarves' help. Work now began on the lower level, which would be the main part, including the pens for the animals and beasts, and the ring for their performances and fights. During his dig he had also struck galena, and had managed to get the rest of Nomekast to agree that any silver from the galena he mined was his to use as he saw fit.

Meanwhile, the ballista arrows had been finished, and had been transported up to the trapped corridor, awaiting their use.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The attack on the Nothing in order to buy the community some time to expand on the surface had been planned for late Spring, around mid-Felsite, Torvold, Fori, Bayar and Urist, now joined by Shin, had assured the community that the defences would be ready by then. The magma trap Torvold had devised would not be ready for the offensive, but was to be built anyway. Torvold had planned to have both a water and magma trap, which, used together, would encase any invaders in obsidian; a unbeatable defense. However, work on the magma trap had not yet begun, and the place Torvold had wanted to put it had turned out to be right above an aquifer. But the more they waited the more Nothing arrived, so it was decided that they would do without it for now.

With this all done there was nothing to do but wait, and prepare for the New Year's party.

The layout of Nomekast as of 1st Granite 677 (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-10248-godsaved>)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 08, 2011, 06:02:49 pm**

...Wow, that forgotten beast was weak stuff.

Also, when will my house be finished?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 08, 2011, 06:16:31 pm**

Yep, to make up for it, the next one will probably be made of slade, with poisonous gas that rots people. :(

And your house is pretty much finished, just the windows to put in, then the furniture.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **April 08, 2011, 06:21:48 pm**

Derm sighed and wrote down his name on another piece of paper.

The work in itself was an integral part of the fort, he knew. Without his (Admittedly still somewhat awkward) guidance in matters of law the fort would cave in on itself.

It's just that nobody mentioned the gods dammed *paperwork*.

He glared at another sheet. Where did they even find the stuff anyway? He was fairly certain they weren't growing any paper making plants down at the farms, and he couldn't remember a mill processing trees or anything, but there must have been one because his desk and two cabinets were absolutely crammed with the junk.

He glanced at a nearby dwarven calendar. According to the formations, the new years party would be coming up in a short bit.

A time of great celebrations, and he hadn't *quite* finished his part of the ceremony (Which, admittedly, most had forgotten about previous years due to obvious reasons.) to welcome the new year. It was, well, not really required per se, it just looked a tad sour to not participate. Most others, he assumed, had finished their little side projects, if they had any.

He moved to his door and quickly peered down the hallways. Nobody.

The door closed.

A faint few notes sounded down the empty halls. A scratch of pencil on paper followed.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 08, 2011, 07:18:31 pm**

The doctor had to keep his mind off the fort. Busy work. Diagnose, Stitch a leg, apply a bandage. Let them destroy themselves, he thought. Let them tear themselves to pieces! If they don't want to take the seasoned counsel of one of the founding seven, they deserve whatever awful fate they get! No sympathy for the damned. However, his thoughts were not allowed to wander long, soon he was back to work. Stitching and bandaging. It was better that way.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Yoink** on **April 08, 2011, 07:34:54 pm**

This fort seems pretty action-packed! :)  
I don't know if you're still taking dorfings (Humanings? Elfings?), but if so, could I be one of the newcomers?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **April 10, 2011, 11:02:02 pm**

Volrath mood was sour as he laid down in the hospital for the night.Word quickly spread about what happened too him, and not all but most of the fort started to avoid him.The rumor was that he ether was infected by the nothing and he was going to turn any day now or that he joined them to save his life.Vorath knew how fucking wrong the later was but he feared the former might be true.The nothing could of done who knows what to him, when he was unconscious.After all, how the nothing are made and where they are from is a mystery.If he was infected, there would be noway he would let himself turn.He would die by his own hand before that happens.These thoughts were weighing heavily on volrath and it made sleep difficult.It took some time but he eventually drifted off.Moments later he opened his eyes and he



was no longer in the hospital.

He was still on his bed, but around him there was nothing but blackness as far as his eye could see.The only light was coming from above his bed.Volrath instinctively reached for his sword , but it was no longer there.Even more perplexing then that was that his hands were not broken or covered in bandages."Am I dreaming? No, this This is too real, can't be, but If this is real then where the hell am I and how do I get out of here?"He thought."Hello Volrath".Deep grainy voce said, echoing throughout the room.The sound seemed to come from every where at once."Who the fuck are you, show yourself you cowered"Volrath yelled."Are you feeling helpless?Dose it feel the same as it did the day you wife died.How did it feel when you saw the nothing slowly drain the life from her body?"Volrath stood up and smashed the bed in two with a mighty punch."do not speak her name demon or I will go to the deepest levels of hell to....."The barbarian was interrupted when a female voice spoke behind him.

He turned around and his wife, Jane, was standing there in the flesh.Volrath could not believe his eyes."It can't be her can it?"he thought.Overcome at the sight of her ran up too her to give her a loving huge but jane pushed him away."Why did You let me die Volrath." she said with tears in her eyes."You promised me on our wedding day that you would never leave me, that you would always be there to protect me and love me.Were those lies? Was our love a lie.""How can you say that?I love you more then anything.Jane slapped him."no more lies.Unlike you i'm going to tell the truth.I hate you Volrath, I hate you and your weakness but most of all I hate myself for ever loving you.Maybe if a married some one stronger I would still be alive.This is Goodbye Volrath, Goodbye forever."After she spoke those words she vanished into the darkness."No! Jane come back.Please".He fell too his knees and starts pounding the ground."please come back, don't leave me again."

"I cane make you stronger Volrath." the Faceless voice said."I cane make it so that you Strong enough to protect every one you love.""Who are you to give such a offer? Are you a demon seeking my soul, or are you a nothing seeking my body?"The broken man yelled.The faceless voice gave a laughs that sent a chill down Volraths spine.

"I am not a demon or a nothing.I am you Volrath.I am the part of you that you deny.The part that you hide from the world in a cage.I can give you more power then you can possibly imagine.All you need to do is unlock my cage".Volrath did not know what to do.Maybe he should do what the voice tells him.Maybe if he was stronger jane would come back to him and he he could be happy. Seeking answers, he reached into the pack on his side and pulled out a old painting his wife gave him.Jane panted it for his birthday present.It showed him and her kissing as thy both stabbed a org.Volrath always founded it funny that a girl as sweet as her would paint some thing like this but that was who she was.A angle on the outside, and a warrior on the inside.Looking at this now, he remembered what she said when he was a kid.

Him and Jane were siting by the lake.Volrath just got beating up by a kid who was bigger then most his age.  
"I can't believe I lost to him jane.He just started training three years ago and I have been train for five.Yet he destroyed me.Like I was a elf, a fucking elf.Why are you friends with a big pussy like me?" "Do you remember why you were fighting him in the first place?There he was calling me names as all the other boys just let him get away with it because he was bigger.You were the only one who tried to stop him."Volrath smiled."Him calling you all those names pissed me off.I could not just let him get away with it."Jane placed a hand on his back."I don't hang out with you because you strong, I hang out with you because you are the kindest man I know.""so you think I am a pussy.""No, I think you a badass." she daid with a smile."After all, he only won because his so much bigger then you and you fought him despite him looking like a mountain giant.They both laughed."Thank you for cheering me up jane.I can never be sad around you""Your welcome."

He remembered who she really was and that thing he saw was not her.He knew what he had to do.The evil of this thing was thick in the air.Volrath knew that if he gave in, if he ever gave in, he may never pull him self out of its darkness.He would fight it with every thing he had.It was what the real Jane would of wanted.

"So Volrath, will you let yourself have true power, power that can rival gods?"Volrath got up and smiled."fuck no, I can feel your evil all around me and I want no part of it. ".  
"You dare deny me?"  
"I dare you to fuck off or come out and fight me if your balls are big as your mouth."

The faceless voice gave a evil laugh."Ok Volrath, I will show you my power".A men then walked out from the shadows.It was Volrath, or at least some on who looks exactly like him, except that he was covered in black slime from head to tow and had red eyes."What are you trying to pull?""I am not pulling any thing.This is my true form, now come and fight me." Not needing to be told thrice , He ran to the Dark volrath as fast a he could.He closed the distance and then punched him in the face with bone cruising force.Dark Volrath just smiled."My turn"Before he could move, Dark volrath kneed him in the gut.Sending him flying back, end over end.He landed with a loud bang.It felt like every one of his bones were broken and he was losing lots of blood.He could not believe he was even alive after a blow like that."

Do you see how pointless you resistance is?Just give in, It will be so much easier.""I will never give in."The Barbarian said over bloody coughs.I would rather die.""Your will is strong but you can't stop me Volrath and you know this.Now go back into the wold that will soon it will be mine."

He woke up, back in his own bed.Every thing looked like it was back to normal.He checked his body and it was back to normal.Even his bandages were back on.Was it all a dream?A look to the wall on the right gave him his answer.On the wall, can't stop me was written in blood over and over.He froze at the sight of it.Volrath had a big problem.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 12, 2011, 02:35:56 am**

Bolts, scalpel, splints, dagger, crossbow all check. Hat? Oh yeah, think I gave it to Xeno. Steve stopped checking his gear as Reg wandered into the hospital, a distracted look on his face. "Reckon that went pretty well Reg, couple concussions and some ruined clothes where the worst of it this time." Reg didn't reply, he seemed to be more interested in going over patient notes.  
"Oh yeah Reg, one of the Elves asked me what we use to stitch folk up, something about catgut? Told him I had no bloody idea, it's usually you that does the real doctoring I just make sure folk don't die in the meantime. Good question though, what exactly do we use?"  
Still no reply, aside from furrowed eyebrows.  
"hmmm" A devilish grin appeared on Steve's face.  
"Oh, one last thing before I head out, Foris been elected mayor."  
"WHAT?!"  
"Hahaha, just making sure you where still alive matey, see you later."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **bayar** on **April 12, 2011, 04:06:15 am**

The balista arrows... :'( they are made with silver heads :'(

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **magmaholic** on **April 12, 2011, 10:15:20 am**

Arsetotheles was sitting in a meditative pose beside the magma pool,mumbling with himself.  
Then,a grin formed on his face,making him look like a skeleton for his thin figure.  
He found a way to please the blood god.

into his mental notebook,there was scribbled something like this.

-----  
2x red gems+eyesockets=profit  
~~eating babies=profit~~  
blind hermit+hooded robe=profit  
bone gauntlets+superior wannabe=profit  
weapon of power which is forged by my god trough me,and for what i train my weaponsmithing skill=**DEH-EH-EH-ERPI!!!**  
blind hermit beating shit out of cave creatures with it=profit  
training,training,TRAINING ALL THE DAY LONG=profit  
~~nursery rhymes and evil cackling=profit~~ NO WAI!!!  
...  
vegetables=putrid  
-----

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 16, 2011, 04:56:10 pm**

Yoink - Sure, just give me the details and I'll do the [SPECIES]ing. ;)

Granite 677

In all cultures, the New Year is an important time. There is something important about the end of a year, the start of another. At Nomekast, the New Year's party was a time of joy - it always was. Four years now. Four years since the original seven Dwarves had escaped to the Swamps of Tunnelling and carved out Nomekast. They had survived more Forgotten Beast's in those four years than the rest of the world had in its six and a half centuries of existence. They had beaten back invasions by the Nothing. They had explored the caves, they had discovered a wealth of minerals and magma, they had created great farms that could sustain them, they had grown from seven Dwarves to sixty, and that now included several Elves, Goblins, Humans and Kobolds, an unprecedented event.

The booze had flown aplenty during the party, Dwarven ale, beer and wine. Dances were had, singing was sung. At one memorable moment, Fori leant in and gave Derm a kiss, causing the Dwarf to blush, and then proceed to kiss her back. At another, Volrath - having been let out, rather reluctantly, by Reg (at Steve's insistence) had a drinking match with Hammer of the Gods, the two of them never backing them in finding a way to settle the rivalry that had sprung up after they had briefly fought after Volrath had punched Ibruk. Melagius had boisterously started a wrestling match, declaring that no one could defeat him, he who had slain Amas the Forgotten Beast. It seemed he was right until Meinhard managed to beat him, the mutated Human managing to pin the Dwarf down long enough for Bounce to declare him winner. Even Brosso was spotted merrily clinking tankards with Ocade the Elf - despite his natural dislike of non-Dwarvish species. Ibruk had initially tried to get the community to give thanks to the gods, especially to Id the Stonefather, but soon gave up, and spent the rest of the party enjoying himself like the others. In Dwarven culture, a priest who didn't enjoy a party was like a doctor who fainted at blood. Bayar and Xenos had led a rousing rendition of the traditional Kobold song 'Jralagar', which had bought them many cheers, even though it had been nothing but gibberish for the entirety of the crowd. At one point Bax and Gutusp had a duel with knives - the New Year's duel was a respected part of Goblin culture, and traditionally grievances were settled at that point, usually to the death, though this being a friendly match they played until first blood which went to Bax.

By the time dawn of the 1st Granite sung round, the party was still going, a few people had settled down to alcohol-fuelled sleep, but most were still going, singing and dancing as the sun rose on the lands far above them.

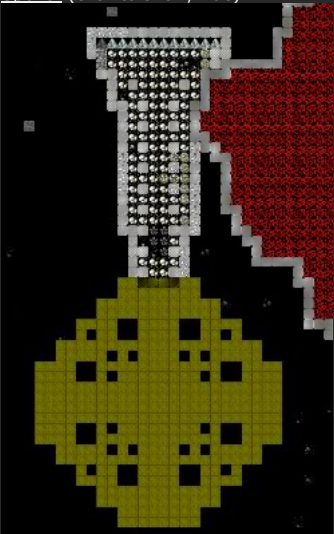
It took a week for the community to get back to its usual pace after the party, but once it had things began to shape up quickly.

Derm's sheriff office had been fully furnished now, with several cabinets to keep his paperwork in. Reg - as the chief medical Dwarf - had also been given a small office, attached to the hospital which had now been closed off to give its patients privacy as well as help to prevent the spread of blood or disease.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Brosso and his helpers had continued work on the circus, the entrance corridor had been dug out, which would lead to the reception hall from where the circus itself would be accessed.  
**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)



It was a work of some magnificence, a great architectural triumph worthy of holding a reception for the nobility of the mountain-homes. Brosso was well aware of being perhaps the most culture Dwarf in the community (as well as possible the one with the most noble lineage) and it was his duty to bring culture and enlightenment to this rather squalid cave-settlement, especially with the hostile influence of the more savage Elves, Goblins, Humans and Kobolds threatening to overthrow Dwarven culture. But the circus would be finished eventually, and filled with all sorts of great creatures and beasts, and he - Brosso the Magnificent - would be its director extraordinaire.

### 3rd Granite 677 - Afternoon

Tarran was on his way down to the forges. He had almost finished his cottage after almost three years of work on it. Muenster was fitting in windows while he began to work on making some lead furniture for his dining room, along with a golden door for the entrance.  
**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)



Since he had been the one to smelt most of the metal ores, and the one who had prospected and found the large silver and gold veins to the west of the forges, Derm had OK'ed his request to use the materials with a grimace at the paperwork, but a happy nod.

When he got down to the forges there was already someone there, with several stacks of silver bolts next to them. Also besides the bolts was a pair of bone gauntlets, probably from the blind cave ogre bones, as those were the only bones Tarran could remember they had. The weaponsmith recognized the emaciated figure,

"Arsethotheres!? What are you doing?" he called. The philosopher swore as he dropped the bar of silver he had been working in the magma, sighing as he begun to fish it out with the tongs before it melted too much; or rather, as he fished the tongs around to try and feel where the silver was floating. He mumbled to himself, then replied,

"Workin'." he said simply and gruffly, not turning round.

"On what? Did you smelt all of these bolts?" Tarran asked, picking up a stack of bolts and looking at them. They weren't amazing, but were good enough to be useable, surprising considering Arsethotheres was blind.

"Yes, I am training." the philosopher said, a smile leaping as he felt something semi-solid, the silver bar. He seized it with the tongs, pulling it up and dropping it onto the dirt. There were several more half-melted silvers bars on the floor by it, it wasn't the first time he had dropped silver into the magma.

"Should you really be smelting on your own. I mean, not to be mean, but you're blind."

Arsethotheres swung round to face Tarran's voice, staring just over the weaponsmith's shoulder.

"I may be blind but I'm not stupid." he said, grinning.

"Are those gems in your eyesockets?" Tarran said, shuddering as he noticed it.

"They *are* red aren't they?" the philosopher asked, "The Elf said they were, but he sounded like he was laughing."

"Yes, I think they're cherry opals."

"Oh good." and with that Arsethotheres turned back to his work, taking up a silver bar and carefully navigating his hand to the stone bucket that was suspended in the magma, dropping it in there where it would melt.

"Wait, no. Have you even cleared all this silver with Derm?" Tarran said, completely at a loss now over what exactly was happening.

"...which one's Derm?"

"The sheriff."

"No."

"The whole point of having a sheriff was to stop people using all the metal for no reason with no warning!" Tarran cried exasperatingly.

"Well, that can wait. I'm weaponsmithin'."

"What would you need that for?"

Arsethotheres grinned wider, laughing to himself,

"Profit." he said simply, and said no more.

"Well I need to use the-"

"I'm using it!"

Tarran stood silently for a few seconds, then shrugged,

"Well can I at least forge another anvil? Then we can have two forges, so you can continue...training."

### Evening

"Derm?"

The sheriff looked up from the paperwork he was filing, a slightly annoyed look on his face.

"If this is about Arsethotheres and the silver, *I know*." he told Steve who stood at the door to his office.

"No, no, this is about Volrath."

"Oh, sorry, come in."

The medical dwarf did so. "Well, what seems to be the problem then?" Derm asked, scribbling down the number of bars Arsethotheres had used on the paper he had.

"Well, I'm sure you're aware of the fact that the Nothing seem to be able to infect people? I mean, we've seen them infect Goblins on the surface."



"Yes?"

"And well, Volrath fought against the Nothing, and now it seems...something's happening."

"Something?"

"Well, first his arm suddenly got covered in black slime - similar to the Nothing - before the stuff suddenly vanished. Now he's been having dreams, and when we came in this morning we found something scrawled on the walls."

"Oh gods and goddesses, more scrawling on the walls..." Derm murmured, remembering Ukrzum's scribbles when he had been possessed by forces unknown.

""Can't stop me.' It was written in blood, over and over again."

"Oh for the love of the Perplexing Mirror, can't we go one month without some crazy thing happening?" Derm complained, "I mean, look at all this, it'll mean more paperwork to fill out! I swear I feel sorry for Bounce, if being a sheriff needs this much paperwork, being a bookkeeper must need so much more. I mean, where do they even get this stuff?"

"It's pig-tail paper-"

"I know, but do we even grow enough pig-tail to make this much paper?"

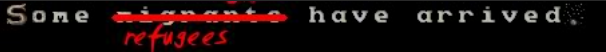
"Maybe I should-"

"No, no, sorry, you're right. We need to keep an eye on Volrath, I don't like it either. We don't know what the Nothing are capable off. Can we move him to a more isolated hospital bed? If he suddenly goes...well, crazy, on us we can't have him slaughtering any wounded there."

"We'd need to dig one out first."

"I'm sure Spartan and Delta would be delighted to do it. If you'll excuse me though, I need to finish writing up this report on Arsethotheles' silver-using. Ten bars, tch, at least we have 250 bolts from it..."

1st Slate 677



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 16, 2011, 06:09:02 pm**

The... blind person is forging in *magma*? How is he going to keep from having his hands burned off?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **April 16, 2011, 06:10:58 pm**

I'd say from intimately learning the laws of convection.

AKA: Hands warm = okay, Hands hot = Bad, Hands burning = OHGOD

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 16, 2011, 06:20:33 pm**

Must require pretty slow smelting, since it usually takes a while for your hands to register heat. Especially dwarven hands.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ahra** on **April 16, 2011, 06:28:50 pm**

take away sight and your other senses get sharper.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 16, 2011, 08:55:53 pm**

Reg began feeling happier after the party. He had finally received that office (that he requested a year and a half ago) and there was nothing quite like a dwarven party! Yes, it's true, all your troubles will simply wash a way with a tankard of dwarven ale. There was a song that Reg was quite fond of. "Keeper of the Bees", it was called (Reg had an almost childlike fascination with them). A single dwarf started off:

"Have you, have you, have you heard  
'Bout the Keeper of the bees?  
even to dwarves, bees he preferred  
had buzzin' bugs from shoulders to knees!

All day, all day, all day and night  
he buzzed that bloody song  
wearin' a beard O' bees, the afternoon breeze  
and a dirty old cow leather thong"

and the rest would chime in:  
"The keeper, keeper, keeper  
The keeper of the bees!  
Put on some clothes!  
(NO!)  
You'll decompose!  
(NO!)  
he does whatever he please!"

"And soon and soon and soon he ran  
through the fortress halls he flew!  
He'd been round those blasted bees so long  
That the keeper started buzzin' too!"

and so the song went on, taking a swig of ale after every "blasted buzzing blacken bugs".  
Nomekast finally seemed to be getting itself together.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **April 21, 2011, 12:59:48 am**

Hi i just joined the forums after i read about this awesome fortress. I was wondering if you were still taking dwarves as i would like to join up. In the event that you are excepting migrants i would like to be a dwarf, male, proffesion: Industrialist. His personality is one of extreme calm and logical thinking. He is not quick to anger, sadden, make happy or other wise change emotions. However he really does love all forms of industry and the more matierials industry consumes and the more smoke it makes the happier he is. He is very based on old dwarven tradition as it has proven to stand the test of time.

History: Stronghammer Fireforge had come from a long line of industrialists. He learned his trade from his father who learned it from his father. His family had ran the industry for a distant northern outpost were they would mine and craft some of the best metal items seen and trade it with the south. However his family monopoly on industry was devastated by the Nothings as his clan had no warriors having completely relied on their mighty traps and the strength of thier industry to crush the enemy. Since then he has been on the run looking for a safe and new home to be able to once again build a strong and mighty industrial clan.

Thanks again for considering me really hope i can join. :D

And sorry to all of you who think this is an actual post from author.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **magmaholic** on **April 21, 2011, 08:50:36 am**

Quote from: [dermonster](#) on April 16, 2011, 06:10:58 pm

I'd say from intimately learning the laws of convection.

AKA: Hands warm = okay, Hands hot = Bad, Hands burning = OHGOD

this.  
lol.  
now i can just wait :3  
and to those,who dont know how cherry opals look like:



imagine these instead of eyeballs :v

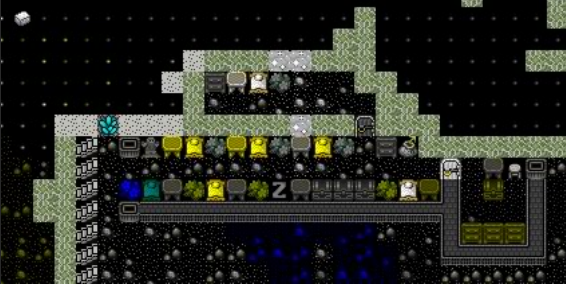
Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 23, 2011, 04:59:27 pm**

Stronghammer - Thanks and sure thing! You're lucky, migrants have just arrived! ;) Bio up on the first post.

1st Slate 677

Under Reg and Steve's insistence a room had been carved out to isolate Volrath in. If something had infected Volrath, it would be sure that it wouldn't be able to escape if the great lead door that led into the room was locked.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



2nd Slate 677 - Morning

For days now the group of refugees had been trekking across the vast expanse of what had once been the mighty Empire of the Humble Nations, but had since disintegrated into fighting warlords since the Nothing had attacked. They had passed through mountains, forests, deserts, plains, gaining people from other refugee groups, losing people to attacks by either desperate bandits or by the Nothing. Now a ragtag group of mostly Humans escaping the Humble Nations, with several Dwarves, they had waded through the Swamps of Tunnelling, led by a Dwarven industrialist named Stronghammer Fireforge. They had heard from some caravans of a haven for refugees by the name of Nomekast in these areas, and so had made their way here.

They had camped for the night on top of a valley, sleeping arranged in a defensive circle, with the pack animals at the sides and three sentries.

The sentries had fallen asleep.

As the first rays of light rose in the east of the valley, one sentry got a rude awakening when a lizard scurried across his face, the Human gave a yelp and shot up, this roused Stronghammer who pulled himself up and ran a hand through his beard, yawning, squinting to try and see where the sentry was, unable to see as the Human was sat in the same direction the sun was, blinding the Dwarf if he looked.

"By the hammers of the mines, what is it boy?" he whispered, trying not to wake the others. The sentry shrugged a nothing, then turned round, only to be beset by a horde of red eyes and black bodied detaching themselves in the light. Instinct caused him to scream and he jumped up. In seconds the camp was aroar with noise.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Chaos reigned as everyone ran their own way, desperate to escape the horde that had somehow managed to move right next to them. Some ran up the valley, many however, saw the lighthouse of Nomekast like a beacon of hope, and ran towards it, hoping to find safety.

-----

The refugee group had been spotted when Loral had gone up to the lighthouse for some fresh morning air before the rigours of the day began. Like a demon he made his way down the ramps into the caverns and warned the militia. Tarran looked pointedly at Derm,

"Welp, sheriff, there's apparently an entire horde up there. I think today-" he began.

"Is a good day as any to make out attack on the surface." Derm finish, grimacing.

"We'll need to hurry," Rovod said, shouldering a quiverfull of bolts, "those poor people aren't going to survive if we don't help."

"We put the plan in action." Derm nodded, "Fori, Torvold, are the defences ready?"

"As good as they'll be." Fori said.

"They best we have, lad." Torvold agreed.

"Right, anyone who can wield a weapon get up to the trap-tunnel, Bayar and Urist will man the ballistas, get Reg on standby; Steve, you're on medic duty, any wounded go down straight away to Reg. Meinhard and his Jagers will draw the refugees in, and draw the Nothing in after them, after which we let the traps and ballistas do their work, and the militia will then go out and mop up the rest."

-----

The sentry who had given the alarm didn't last long, being almost immediately mauled by several Nothing and torn to shreds. Screams filled the air as everyone scattered. Stronghammer remained calm, scanning the horizon. His eye fell straight onto the lighthouse; that had to be the tower of Nomekast he had been told about. He tried to rally the rest of the refugees and tell them to make for it and his efforts were rewarded when some of the more level-headed of the group heard him and began spreading the word; make for the tower across the narrow stone bridge that spanned the stream Squeezemunch.

That was when he saw them, three figures emerging from the ground. Two were unmistakably Dwarves, one seemed to be a Human, but very much taller and broader than most, and was that blue skin? The three were waving their spears and arms, beckoning the refugees towards them. They had to be from Nomekast, he had heard from one group of traders that the community had two entrances: a drawbridge in the valley-side and a hole in the ground.

"Over there!" Stronghammer called, trying to draw people to the soldiers from Nomekast, "get to them!"

It took some more shouting, but soon the refugees were making their way to Meinhard and his Jagers,

"Hokay, get in dere! Quick!" the mutated Human called, to the point of pushing people down into the tunnel. Eventually all the refugees - the surviving ones - had made their way in, six Humans and three Dwarves. Meinhard herded the last in, then he and his Jagers, faced the Nothing, who were making their way down the valley,

"Hy think dey iz comink to see us, let's go." he said, and he and his proteges moved down into the tunnel, moving across the drawbridges and past the ballistas manned by Urist and Bayar.

"Right! Get ready to fire!" Tarran called, unsheathing his sword. First they would slaughter the Nothing who came down, then they would move onto the offensive outside.

"Ready?" Urist Imiknorris asked the Kobold feet away from him, hefting the ballista so it faced down the corridor.

"I ready. Kobolds face worse before." the rodent-creature told him, also aiming his ballista.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Soon the Nothing began moving into the tunnel, a slow but steady stream of them. This was how to attacked, human wave tactics, or rather; Nothing wave tactics, it didn't matter how many you killed, more would arrive.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)





"The traps should get them, no?" Ocade asked, the semi-darkness making it harder for his sharp Elven eyes to see to the end of the corridor.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"Oh yes." Rar assured him, cracking a smile as he saw and heard the rocks falling down onto the Nothing.

"Heh, I'm willing to bet my beard Brosso will want those Nothing for his circus." Melagius muttered.

"Get ready to fire!" Tarran called to Urist and Bayar. The two nodded, hands twitching on the lever of the ballistas.

"Wait until Nothing close." Bayar muttered, sending a prayer to the Ascended Ones as a small film of sweat broke out across his forehead, nervousness creeping in.

"Get ready..." Urist murmured, "and...fire!"

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The first few salvos proved to be a massacre, especially with the stone and weapon traps that crushed, sliced, and diced the invaders.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"No more ballista bolts!" Urist called up to the assembled militia.

"OK! We'll move in now, and mop up what's left!" Tarran called. The militia prepared their weapons, and ventured out through the bloody killing field that was the tunnel, killing the few Nothing left alive in it.

Outside there was still at least three dozen Nothing left. However they were arranged in a long column stretching from the abandoned refugee camp to the tunnel, a slow stream leading to attack Nomekast. This made it a simple business for the militia to simply attack the head of the column and push forward, slaughtering the monsters.

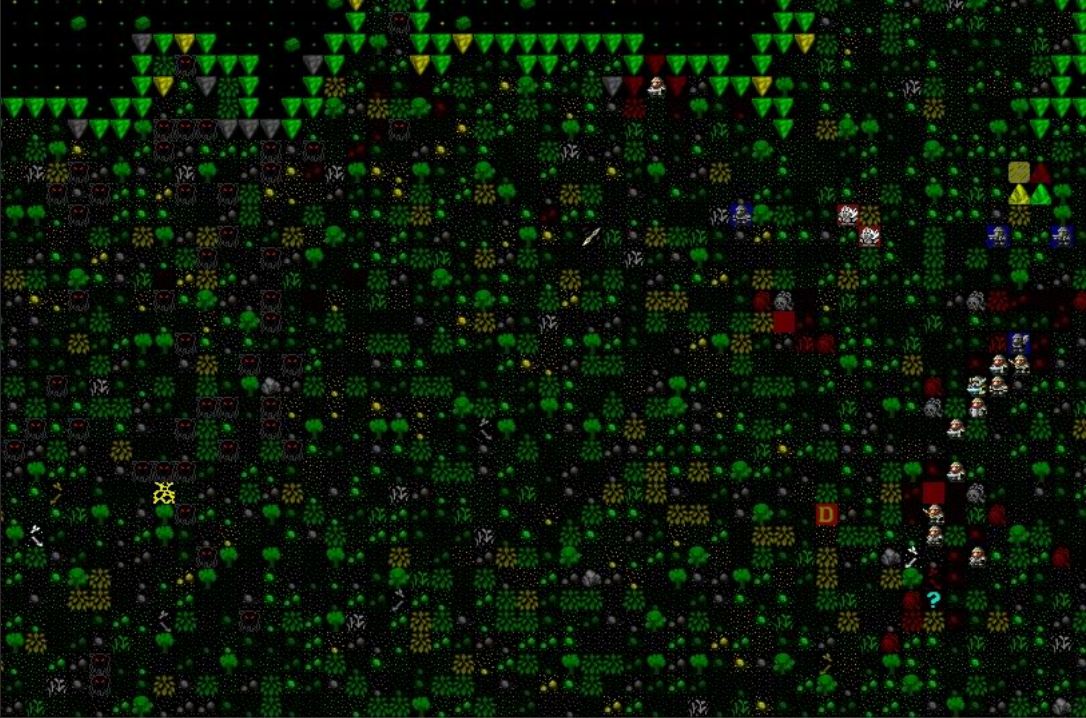
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



However, the moment they reached the top of the valley it was a different story altogether.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



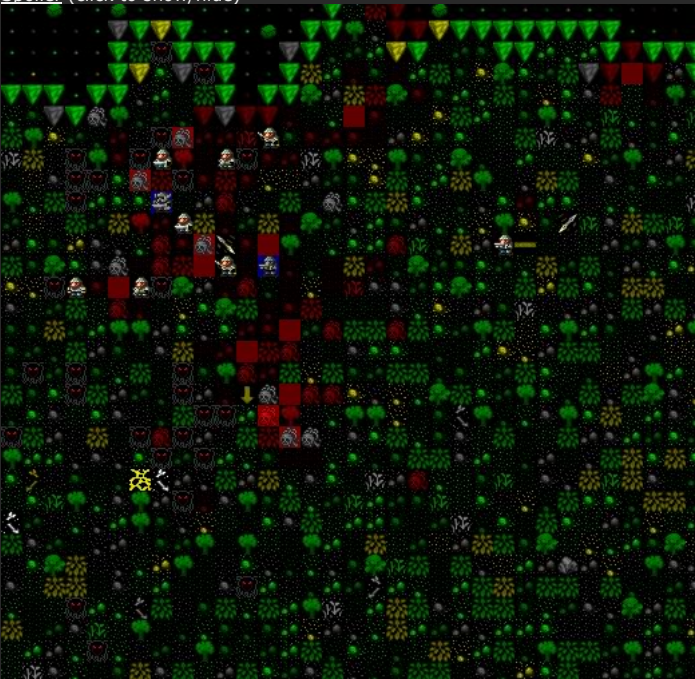


"Oh gods, get ready!" Derm warned, preparing his sword.

"This is gonna be a battle to remember." Muenster said, hefting his mace.

"Do the best you can, and kill every last one of them!" Rashem declared, waving his hammer and charging, his beard up and his Dwarven fighting instincts taking over. With a cry the assembled militia and weaponusers charged into the horde.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The battle was intense. Dwarf, Human, Elf, Kobold and Goblin fought with their best. Ocade distinguished himself with his vicious, almost psychopathic, strikes, often carving a Nothing up and leaving it maimed in pain for another to finish. Hammer of the Gods wielded her hammer with such zealotry that it actually managed to smash a Nothing's tentacle off at one point, all while she called praises to the gods. Fori was a whirl of sword-strikes, using her Elven knowledge of biology to strike the creatures' weak points. Tarran and Derm together smashed into horde like a hot knife through butter, their sword and axe making short work of the creatures. Loral, like Fori, was a whirl of sword-strokes, though he was noticeably more than willing to make the Nothing suffer before ending it. Rar, Steve and Rovod rained death from afar with their crossbows, piercing the Nothing with so many arrows that on some of the creatures it seemed there was more bolts than Nothing in their body. Gutusp wielded her sword with viciousness, slamming it through Nothing flesh with strong strokes. Sandra, on her part, took no chances, and struck while keeping herself safe. Muenster and his mace seemed to be like one of the heroes of ancient tales, taking Nothing down like they were flies. Xenos and his spear proved their worth, the Kobold's short height making it pretty easy to strike up into a Nothing's face with his spear; while Meinhard speared Nothing like whales with a harpoon. Melagius meanwhile, proved that he was the Dwarf that had killed two forgotten beasts, slicing through Nothing like they were made of paper.

Eventually the beasts all lay slain, their bodies dissipating into the black wispy substance they were made off, but leaving the place stained with their blood.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The militia quickly took stock of the situation; Melagius was wounded with a broken arm, Ocade had received a broken hand as had Sandra, Gutusp had several nasty cuts to the torso, one of Meinhard's Jagers was crippled with a broken leg, Xenos had several cuts, as did Muenster, and Hammer that seemed quite deep and would no doubt need looking at by Reg.

Importantly though; no one had died.

And now the outside was clear - for a while at least - so that the community could prepare to expand on the surface.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **bayar** on **April 23, 2011, 05:13:08 pm**

Epic. That is all.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 23, 2011, 05:47:03 pm**

...That's.... that's a lot of blood. Good god.

Welp, I'm pretty sure Armok is happy now.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Julius Clonkus** on **April 23, 2011, 05:54:45 pm**

When I opened the picture of the two armies assembled and ready to charge at each other, the music I was listening to entered the epic choir of awesome part.

I agree with the music, this was just epic.

Apart from that, it makes me want to try to stand my own against the Nothing. If the required files are somewhere in this thread of masterfully woven epic, I seem to be unable to find them, although I could've sworn they were around here somewhere at some point.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 23, 2011, 05:58:57 pm**



fantastic!  
but I'm a little disappointed no one died.  
don't think this was eventful enough for Reg to write anything up.  
good job, though :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 23, 2011, 06:07:42 pm**

Quote from: bavar on April 23, 2011, 05:13:08 pm

Epic. That is all.

Thanks! ;D

Quote from: Tarran on April 23, 2011, 05:47:03 pm

...That's.... that's a lot of blood. Good god.

Welp, I'm pretty sure Armok is happy now.

Then entire surface is pretty much blood covered, its just full of corpses and bones, a real boneyard. I'm sure it'd make a lovely painting though. :P

Quote from: Julius Clonkus on April 23, 2011, 05:54:45 pm

When I opened the picture of the two armies assembled and ready to charge at each other, the music I was listening to entered the epic choir of awesome part.

I agree with the music, this was just epic.

Apart from that, it makes me want to try to stand my own against the Nothing. If the required files are somewhere in this thread of masterfully woven epic, I seem to be unable to find them, although I could've sworn they were around here somewhere at some point.

Thanks! ;) I was listening to The Decembrist's 'This Is Why We Fight' while writing it, for a song that's not all that fast-paced and loud, it does manage to make fights seem epic too.

I'm not sure if I've put the Nothing RAWs up before, but here they are;

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)

[CREATURE:NOTHING]

[DESCRIPTION:A pulsating creature of nothingness.]

[NAME:nothing:nothings:nothing]

[CREATURE\_TILE:NOTHING][COLOR:3:0:0]

[POPULATION\_NUMBER:1000000000:2000000000]

[BIOME:ANY\_LAND]

[CLUSTER\_NUMBER:100:300]

[FREQUENCY:99]

[SPEED:10000]

[CAN\_LEARN]

[CARNIVORE]

[CANOPENDOORS]

[LARGE\_PREDATOR][EVIL]

[LARGE\_ROAMING]

[LIKES\_FIGHTING]

[CANNOT\_UNDEAD]

[NOFEAR]

[NOEMOTION]

[NOSKULL]

[NOSKIN]

[NOMEAT]

[NOBONES]

[NOSMELLYROT]

[NOT\_BUTCHERABLE]

[EXTRAVISION]

[NONAUSEA]

[ALL\_ACTIVE]

[NOTHOUGHT]

[NO\_DRINK]

[NO\_EAT]

[NO\_DIZZINESS]

[NO\_SLEEP]

[NO\_FEVERS]

[NO\_THOUGHT\_CENTER\_FOR\_MOVEMENT]

[BUILDINGDESTROYER:2]

[PERSONALITY:ANGER:98:99:100]

[GRASSTRAMPLE:0]

[PREFSTRING:nothingness]

[BODY:BODY\_WITH\_HEAD\_FLAG:2LUNGS:FOUR\_TENTACLES:BRAIN:HEART:GUTS:NECK:BRAIN:SKULL:ORGANS:MOUTH]

[BODY\_DETAIL\_PLAN:STANDARD\_MATERIALS]

[REMOVE\_MATERIAL:HAIR]

[BODY\_DETAIL\_PLAN:STANDARD\_TISSUES]

[REMOVE\_TISSUE:HAIR]

[USE\_MATERIAL\_TEMPLATE:NAIL:NAIL\_TEMPLATE]

[USE\_TISSUE\_TEMPLATE:NAIL:CLAW\_TEMPLATE]

[BODY\_DETAIL\_PLAN:VERTEBRATE\_TISSUE\_LAYERS:SKIN:FAT:MUSCLE:BONE:CARTILAGE]

[SELECT\_TISSUE\_LAYER:HEART:BY\_CATEGORY:HEART]

[USE\_MATERIAL\_TEMPLATE:SINEW:SINEW\_TEMPLATE]

[TENDONS:LOCAL\_CREATURE\_MAT:SINEW:200]

[LIGAMENTS:LOCAL\_CREATURE\_MAT:SINEW:200]

[HAS\_NERVES]

[USE\_MATERIAL\_TEMPLATE:BLOOD:BLOOD\_TEMPLATE]

[BLOOD:LOCAL\_CREATURE\_MAT:BLOOD:LIQUID]

[CREATURE\_CLASS:GENERAL\_POISON]

[USE\_MATERIAL\_TEMPLATE:PUS:PUS\_TEMPLATE]

[PUS:LOCAL\_CREATURE\_MAT:PUS:LIQUID]

[BODY\_SIZE:0:0:2000]

[ATTACK:SCRATCH:CHILD\_TISSUE\_LAYER\_GROUP:BY\_TYPE:STANCE:BY\_CATEGORY:ALL:NAIL]

[ATTACK\_SKILL:STANCE\_STRIKE]

[ATTACK\_VERB:scratch:scratches]

[ATTACK\_CONTACT\_PERC:10]

[ATTACK\_PENETRATION\_PERC:10]

[ATTACK\_FLAG\_EDGE]

[ATTACK\_PRIORITY:MAIN]

[BABY:1]

[CHILD:1]

[HOMEOTHERM:10067]

[SWIMS\_INNATE][SWIM\_SPEED:10000]

Quote from: ISGC on April 23, 2011, 05:58:57 pm

fantastic!  
but I'm a little disappointed no one died.  
don't think this was eventful enough for Reg to write anything up.  
good job, though :D

Yep, there was just a few broken bones and some scratches. It looks like I'll need to toughen the Nothing up, maybe give them adamantine skin or something. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **April 23, 2011, 06:18:40 pm**

I would write a journal entry of sorts but it appears that I have become ill. (My nose started bleeding as I wrote this sentence.)

Good work, want to see more, etcetera.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **April 23, 2011, 07:04:39 pm**

Log of Industry

Entry 1

We had arrived upon the edge of the valley that contains nomekast sometime the night before. We had all decided to camp and in the morning walk down to find the entrance to this place of legends. Before bed my mind was full of wonderous thoughts and ideas. Ideas of smoke and fire, running mines deep, and industries churning out endless weapons of war. The thoughts were so pleasant i nodded off. I awoke with a start at the sentry who had suddenly cried out. After i found out it was nothing i prepared to once again return to slumber when the sentry screamed, i turned ready to tell him what i thought about all the screaming when we saw them.....the Nothing. For me the Nothing is not some unbeatable beast, and definitely not a curse of a god, no for me they are the anti-thesis of everything i hold dear. Where i have fire to melt steel, and light the forges they have darkness all encompassing, where i had smoke and hammer of industry, they have tentacle and death of destruction. For me the Nothing was an emptiness and lacking of all i hold dear. I knew we had to escape, so i scanned the horizon for nomekast or a mode of escape. When i saw it a tower told to us by the brave tradesmen of this country. I tried to alert as many of the others as i could and then ran as quickly and calmly as i could never bating an eye just running. Sudden out popped three figures to lead us to safety.....a Human? Probably a mercenary, i will inquire latter. We hurried under ground past bridge, trap, and ballista. We werer passing the militia when i noticed other figures clearly not dwarf yet i was running to quickly to sort out what they were. I enter the city proper and now am safe. Now i must find the leader and tell him or her my talents and see if we can setup and industry to rival all others and to push back the nothing,.....also not to self find leader of dwarven traditions and find out about the non dwarfs.

Thanks for including me great so far hope i didn't write to much

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **April 23, 2011, 11:24:39 pm**

Alright, nicely done folk. Derm, can you send for some people to help me move the injured? They're not likely to die just now I've seen to that but we gotta get them down below so me and Reg can fix them up proper.  
Anyone with small cuts and such get over to me or Fori and we'll bandage you up then I'm going to need you to go to your rooms and stay there for a bit until I get time to come get you sorted.

OOC: Basically after volrath got (maybe?) infected I'm trying to qaurintine people with open injuries for a couple days to make sure they aren't infected as well. It's probably nothing to worry about though. Probably.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 27, 2011, 06:42:07 pm**

*2nd Slate 677 - Afternoon*

"Come on, get moving! Get that gneiss up there! Or would you prefer to be doing it while the Nothing are swarming you?" Shin called, pushing a Dwarf forward. The architect had taken charge of the building of the secure compound on the surface. With the militia's victory in the offensive, they had won themselves valuable time. It was guessed that it would take at the very least two weeks before the Nothing were a threat again.

A Dwarf can do alot in a week when it comes to masonry, fifty Dwarves and twenty assorted people of other races could do alot more. All other tasks were to be suspended, everyone was conscripted into the masonry, everyone it seemed, except Stas, who again seemed to have found a way to avoid working, Brosso who was working on his circus and disdained working on the surface, and the newcomer industrialist Stronghammer Fireforge, who was working at the forges.

Walls with fortifications were to be built, a great drawbridge would span the the river Squeezemunch, the old stone bridge that had been built to cross was to be torn down and replaced with a larger one. The militia kept a watchful eye, their weapons and armour never far.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



16th Slate 677 - Afternoon

"Hey look, there's more over here." Rovod called, pointing at a wooden crate. Spartan cracked it open with a swing of his pick, spilling a few short swords out,

"More swords. The Darksquids really must have killed several caravans passing here or something." he said. He and Rovod had been scouring the valley sides for the past two weeks, they had discovered halberds, long swords, swort swords, bows, crossbows, scourges and whips, various trinkets, bolts, bars of metal, blocks of rock, and more. Some of it pointed to Dwarven manufacture, some Human and some Elven. Clearly the Nothing had attacked caravans, and the merchants had abandoned their goods, or been killed.

Corpses were another thing they found. The valley was chock full of skeletons, bones strewn across the place. The supplies would come in handy, but there was that small element of guilt, of taking from the dead. Worse yet, they had no idea who were these dead people, the bones indicated Dwarves and either Humans or Elves, but they didn't know their names, and so couldn't administer the final rites, nor did they know how long they had lain there, or have enough time to take all the remains in, so many there was.

The compound meanwhile, was coming along nicely, everyone was pushing themselves to really work hard, days became a simple routine of waking, eating, working on the walls, eating, working on the walls, eating, and then sleeping. It was hard work, but the fruit was showing.

18th Slate 677 - Morning

The walls of the compound were almost finished, Shin was directing the final touches while was linking the bridges to levers indoors, to raise and lower them remotely. Spartan and Delta, meanwhile, were working on the moat that would protect the walls. While the walls could no doubt hold the Nothing back, they were still a rushed job, and they could afford no chances, so a moat was being dug which would link to the river Squeezemunch. As Delta stopped work a few moments to rest and take a gulp of alcohol, removing the helmet he almost always wore, Spartan began working. Taking his trusty pick, he slammed it into the earth.

**A section of the cavern has collapsed!  
Spartan: Miner cancels Dig Channel: Unconscious.**

The miner woke up about five minutes later to the sound of Delta calling down to him. He checked himself, he was fine, then he checked his surroundings. He was in the old section of Nomekast, the original community way back three or so years ago now, he remembered carving it out. He could have beardpalmed as he realised what he had done. Without checking where they were digging, they had channeled straight into old Nomekast, opening it into the heavens above. He finally heard what Delta was shouting,

"Get out of there before it floods you fool!"

Spartan spun round to the old farms, to see water flowing in from the river. They must have accidentally broke into the floodgate that had once irrigated the farms.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The miner could have beardpalmed again, but he didn't want to waste anymore time,

"Get masons down here, we'll need to seal this bit off!" he shouted up at Delta, before rushing out to safety.

Brosso the Magnificent surveyed the scene with his ever-present pig-tail cigar in his hand.

"Well?" he said, "What have we got? Let's have a shufty."

Bounce stood besides him, the bookkeeper dwarfed by his large physique,

"Five Nothing." she said, "All caught from the cage-traps."

They stood in the recently dug-out stockpile for creatures caught. No one knew what to do with the Nothing that had been caged by the traps during the attack. Brosso had obviously taken an immediate interest in acquiring them for his circus.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Good, good. Is that all?"

"The horses were killed by the last beast. Two mares and a stallion, the remains were butchered for 29 pieces of meat and three hides."



Brosso took a drag on his cigar, blowing the smoke into Bounce's face. She gave a cough, raising a hand to try and waft it away,

"Can you please not do tha-"

"How can I run a circus on five Nothings? Even I, Brosso the Magnificent, a noble Dwarf of a noble family with a noble history, he who ran the Northern Circus, wouldn't be able to run a circus like that. The best I could do is convince some militiadwarf to fight against them for the crowd's pleasure." he suddenly grabbed Bounce by the shoulder, "Which is not a bad idea come to think of it."

"I don't know if you can take these, you'd have to ask Derm-"

"Let me deal with the Sheriff. The problem is that five is a small number, and we don't have a steady stream of them. What we need is a mass-caging campaign, to cage all sorts of creatures to amaze the crowd. Ahh, back in the Northern Circus we had a pair of Voracious Cave Crawlers who were trained to do tricks, always a crowd-killer, by which I mean they amazed the crowd, not that they *killed* the crowd. That would be bad business."

"Well no doubt." the bookkeeper said with a sigh, deciding to renounce in changing the circus-director's mind.

"Well, I must be away, I have business in my office to attend to."

Seeing as he considered himself one of the more - if not the most - important figures in the community, Brosso had demanded an office. This had been met with the apathy and refusal he had come to expect from the lower-class riff-raff and Elf-loving ponces that seemed to multiply in this place. Brosso would see that Dwarven values and traditions and respect for his importance and noble-birth was ensured, but in the mean time he was once again forced to work himself, building himself a spacious office besides Derm's. He had filled it with three chairs, two for himself, and one for his top-hat. He also had two cabinets with his various plans in, and a coffer for his wealth. He had even made his own statue, one of Nekut Glowedguises, the goddess of the Moon. He had been told it looked more like a melting humanoid shape, but he ignored the naysayers.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Brosso stepped out of the cage stockpile, and moved towards the forges, only to stop and stare as he suddenly realised something. There was seven new forges around the magma pool, and two wood furnaces further on.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"Excuse me, Brosso?" came a voice. Brosso spun round, his top hat almost flying off. He recognized the Dwarf the voice had come from, Stronghammer Fireforge, one of the newcomers.

"Did you do all this?" Brosso asked him, waving a cigar towards the forges. Stronghammer nodded,

"Industry is the key to success." he said, quoting the ancient Dwarven classic 'The Art of Forges'.

"That indeed, though you'll want to watch out, I see some wood furnaces there, no doubt those Elves will kick up a fuss."

"Elves are no concern of mine, if they want to look after the trees they are free to go outside."

"Well said!" Brosso exclaimed, taking a puff on his cigar, and exhaling a cloud of smoke.

"I'm glad I bumped into you, Brosso. I was told you are the Dwarf to speak to about tradition."

"That indeed, I - along with Reg - seem to be one of the only in this place concerned about keeping it!"

"Yes, I've always felt it's important to keep tradition going, it has led us to victory and prosperity countless times through the ages." Stronghammer nodded, his calm voice the opposite of Brosso's loud exclamations,

"I'll drink to that!" Brosso said, "Here, ambulate with me," he motioned for the industrialist to follow, and walked off towards his circus with Stronghammer in tow, "here," he announced as they entered the work-in-progress circus, "is a work of grandeur, a piece of art. I am actually in the business, with the good Chief Medical Dwarf Reg Archist as my compeer, of carving a grand circus for all the world to see."

"There isn't much of the world left." Stronghammer said grimly, not letting Brosso's grand words overtake his logical manner.

"There's fifty Dwarves here, and more on the way I'm sure. Morale is important! And - after all - I am an artiste, the audience is waiting for a play, an opera, a show, and who am I to refuse? You see, an industrialist and a circus-director are made to get along. I have dug out some galena, sphalerite and malachite. With these ores I shall create the grandest circus known to all save the gods! Now, if you can smelt me those ores, I can ensure you not only your own private box in the circus, and any other forthcoming events, but also a way to strike a blow for Dwarven tradition! Stick with me and Reg, my good Stronghammer, and together we shall make of Nomekast and *true* Dwarven Fortress!"

20th Slate 677 - Evening

By the evening of the 20th Slate, the compound was all but finished. Urist was still linking the drawbridges up, but had insisted he could easily finish it before dinner. The entrance to Nomekast had almost been turned into an island, protected on three sides by a river.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



With this protection in place, the inhabitants of the fortress could safely walk out into the fresh air and sun, while Rovod, Doc. Steve and Rar could safely fire bolts at anything outside of the walls, while livestock could graze on the grass. It was not completely finished, Shin had plans for towers, and had discussed with Bayar the possibility of adding catapults and ballistas, but for now, it stood as it was, a sign of Nomekast fighting back, they had struck a blow, and while the Nothing would recover, the community had more optimism now than ever before, things were on the up. They could only hope they stayed up.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **April 27, 2011, 07:04:46 pm**

lol  
beardpalm  
also, finally, the number of dwarven traditionalists is growing

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **April 27, 2011, 08:09:14 pm**

"We've captured *what!*?"

It had been a long week for Derm. The resent upsurge in architecture had left his desk more paper than stone. Out of the corner of his eye he could swear that a piece just did binary fission.

"Erm. We've caught some nothings." Bosso said, suddenly incredibly nervous. Here was the man who had saved the fort on numerous occasions, had extensive military training, a great big battle axe nestled against an overstuffed cabinet, and most importantly, was able to relocate him to clean out animal muck if pissed off.

"Oh don't tell me someone filed a damned piece of paper instead of, oh I dunno, TELLING ME TO MY FACE!"

Derm rummaged around in a pile to his left, shock waves making a particularly non-euclidean tower to his right cascade into a sad heap on the floor.

"Oh you have got to be kidding me," He said, peeking at a form near the bottom of the massive IN pile. "A fucking battle report, that's all they could be arsed to do!? Oh hey, we killed some nothings, nobody was injured, this blokes quiver needs to be refilled, oh one last thing, WE CAPTURED FIVE FUCKIN' ELDRITCH ABOMINATIONS IN WILLOW CAGES! NO BIG FUCKING DEAL, RIGHT!? NO NEED TO TELL THE DAMN SHERIFF, IT'S NOT LIKE HE'LL CARE!"

"Sir?" Bosso said, now incredibly frightened from the display. Paper was strewn everywhere from violent swings on an arm. A piece drooped in front of his face. It was a request for the privy to be cleaned out. He picked it up and stuffed it under the chair. It bunched up and crawled somewhere to do unpleasant things of its own accord.

Derm took a couple deep breaths and sat down, twitching slightly. "I'm fine, I'm fine." He thought of something. "Why did you ask about them anyway?"

Bosso brightened immediately. "You see, I plan to requisition the Nothing for my own personal circus! It will be a big hit! If I can tame the little buggers, I can..." Bosso was suddenly aware of a vague sense of doom normally awarded to narcoleptic raccoons on a major freeway. He had the presence of mind to notice Derm's eye twitching rapidly, and his hand reaching for the big battle axe next to his desk...

He was halfway down the hall when a scream of indignant rage broke down the door.

**"A GODS DAMNED CIRCUS OF ALL THE RETARDED BULLSHIT I'VE HAD TO PUT UP WITH A FUCKING CIRCUS AAAAAAA I'LL KILL YOU I'LL FUCKING KILL ALL OF YOU AAAAAAAAAAAAAA"** and rapidly degenerated into sounds not meant for the dwarven tongue.

The chase lasted three hours, disturbing every dwarf from his office to the dining hall, and was abruptly ended by Fori, with much ease of practice, flipping Derm, twisting his head, and stabbing her fingers into three parts of his back and neck. He immediately folded over like a sack of melted butter and began snoring. What happened next is lost to history but it was generally believed to be very touching if not a bit awkward.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 27, 2011, 08:18:42 pm**

Dear random diary:

Today Derm just went berserk. Normally, I would vote to have him relieved from his position.

Until I found the berserkness to be reasonable:

Last battle, we caught 5 Nothing.

What are we going to do with them?

Oh, nothing stupid like showing them off in a circus. Oh surely no way...

Yes, they're going into a goddamn *circus*. 'Effin *Nothing* in an 'effin *circus*.

I'm going to have to remember to punch Bosso before he dies when the Nothing get loose.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **April 27, 2011, 09:58:38 pm**

A while after the incident, Mainhard rapped lightly on Derm's office "Hye be needink tue shpeak wifh hyu Sir." He waited for an answer.

in the lab, a clay jar sat on a table, it's lid slightly off, a strange blue glow can be seen within. Next to the table, two more jars sat flat to the ground, the word 'HEART' carved into both of them.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **April 27, 2011, 11:09:01 pm**

Log of Industry  
Entry 2  
I have successfully expanded are industrial capabilities, as well as have allied my self to Brosso on matters of tradition. I will definetly have to locate willing workers to help run the new industry. I however in the interest of the fortress will go and discuss with derm the possibility of running and maintaining the main industrial components of the fortress. I do not want the job for power as my friend Brosso seems to be doing, I want the job as i feel im the most qualified to be running large scale industry as that has been mine and my families business for generations. I can already see that many resources have been wasted on the local religion, which has obviously hindered the progress of industry. This i another reason that i seek the management position of the industry as the sherif is clearly unable to keep watch of it all, and clearly needs help with the work load. The number of non dwarves is quite astounding, especially the goblins....tsk..tsk. If the grand industrialist had seen the sight of kobolds he would have flipped. Well im off to enquire from thee sheriff, locate help for my industry, as well as to hopefully meet this Reg that Brosso spoke of, and to fill out the work requested by Brosso. Thankfully industry is prevailing.

(loving the way things are going and you have got my guy bang on the money great work)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **April 28, 2011, 08:36:59 pm**

Loving everything so far i wonder how the elves are going to react to my "unethical" tree harvesting :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 30, 2011, 03:34:57 pm**

OK peeps, my hard drive has collapsed and decided that it'll never work again, so I've lost everthing on it. The backup I have of Nomekast extends back to before the attack onto the surface, I've played through it now, nothing major has changed (e.g. no deaths or the like) however this was before Kadzar's mood, so we've lost that artifact.

Since there's no major change except for Kadzar's mood, I'll go back through the posts and simply remove the references to it, then I can start on the next update.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **April 30, 2011, 10:24:41 pm**

Oh, that's a shame. Good thing you had a backup at all!



ah horrible luck. hopefully everything will be ok now, best of wishes.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing

Post by: bayar on May 01, 2011, 08:59:41 am

Sucks to hear that. :(

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing

Post by: Aequor on May 01, 2011, 07:33:52 pm

Meh, could have been worse, I lost several save games and some (replaceable) school work, but the good thing is that I have a new hard drive that's twice the size now (600gb! Sheesh, I remember when 50 was considered limitless).

1st Felsite 677

More refugees had arrived while the coast was clear, nine Dwarves, an Elf and another Human. Of the Dwarves, they were split into two families, one with three children, the other with two. Furthermore they had brought with them a horse, a horse foal, and a donkey with a foal. Brosso immediately took charge of the animals, though they certainly weren't fantastical, they were the beginnings of his circus.

Derm had refused to allow the circus-director to use the captured Nothings for his show, instead they were under lock in their iron cages behind the lead doors. It was still as of yet unknown what to do with them, but there was talk of letting Torvold examine them and experiment. Ibruk for his part, had suggested sacrificing them to the magma, citing the *Book of Ikeng*, 'from magma does all life flow', since the Nothings were from the gods, let them return to them.

4th Felsite 677 - Afternoon

Gutusp was fuming. Since the arrival of the newcomer Dwarves, her own child, the spoil-of-war Elf-boy she had saved from the destruction of her home and dragged all the way here had taken to playing with their children. *Playing!* There were better things to do, things that the Goblin-raised Dwarf needed the boy to do while she was busy *not* doing them. It'd be laughable if it wasn't so infuriating. That boy was *her* slave, for her to be forced to waste time searching Nomekast for him was disgusting. *Simply disgusting.* She finally located the Elf-boy playing down on the Fiery Cistern, in the area that had been cleared when Tarran had led a team of miners to find gold and silver. He was playing with the Dwarven children, as she suspected. She couldn't make out what exactly they were playing at, her Dwarven, while it may have improved a bit since she arrived, was still no good, and Goblin was all she spoke or *wanted* to speak. She guessed it must be some game involving nobility, considering one of the Dwarf-kids held a stick of tower-cap like a sceptre, while another kneeled before him. Another burst out from behind a pillar, waving sticks that branched out, almost like...tentacles!

A Nothing! These kids were playing some silly game involving queens and Nothings. Well, *her* kid had better things to do. She was about to give them a piece of her mind when Bax shot besides her. She was confused for a second, then saw Atis playing with the children. The two glanced at the children, then at each other,

"<<Slave problems?>>" Bax asked in their natural Goblin,

"<<Slave problems.>>" Gutusp confirmed. The two nodded, and burst out from behind the shale pillar they stood. Gutusp grabbed her Elf-boy by the ear, dragging him off while angrily chiding him in Goblin; Bax took Atis firmly by the collar and steered her away, likewise scolding her for leaving without asking him. As the two moved up towards the home level, they passed Sandra. Bax stopped a second,

"Ah, Sandra. You haven't seen Stas, have you? I-" he stopped as he noticed Sandra wasn't listening. She stood completely still, a glazed look in her eye, before she turned round and strode purposefully up towards the workshops.

Sandra/Ryva Miller withdraws from society

5th Felsite 677 - Afternoon

Tarran watched as Muenster slotted in the last green glass window. He cast his eye over it, admiring the fine crafts dwarfship,

This is a masterful green glass window created by Muenster McCheeseMaker

With a heave, the glassmaker slid the window into place, and stepped back,

"There, all done, and I'm quite proud o' it, if I do say so myself." he said, wiping his brow with the back of his hand.

"Beautifully done." the weaponsmith agreed. With the windows in place, his cottage was finally finished after almost three years of work. It had been a long struggle, but now he had his own place again, like in the old mountainhomes. He was the only one in all of Nomekast to have his own private property, complete with a lead dining-room, windows overlooking the lake and also the community, and a bedroom. Not to mention the currently empty rooms he could later put to good use.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



9th Felsite 677 - Morning

Brosso had been humiliated by that Elf-loving sheriff, Derm. And worse still had been denied the Nothing that would have been his star attractions. Though the noble Dwarf had been grossly attacked and chased (chased! A Dwarf of his stature!) he knew there was little he could do. He still had the horses and donkeys the new refugees had arrived with, and the cage traps in the caverns would eventually yield results, he hoped. Presently he was on his way to check up on his performing animals, which had been put out to graze in the surface compound. The circus-director shielded his eyes with his tophat as he stepped out into the morning sun. He'd have to eventually speak with Derm about putting a roof on this surface area, to shield them from the harsh glare of the burning sun.

The first thing he noticed was that the horses were neighing in alarm, eyes fixated on an area above and behind Brosso. A bolt thudded into the dirt in front of the horse foal. Brosso spun round, and saw where it had come from,

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



He swore an ancient Dwarven curse. He had to get his performers to safety!

This plan, however, was stopped as he saw another group rapidly approaching,

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The Dwarf shot into the cover of the entrance to Nomekast. Beckoning and calling wildly for the animals to follow him. However, they were in too much alarm as bolts began to rain down on them. The donkey foal shot across the bridge out into the valley, only to find itself nose-to-nose with another squad of infected Goblins,

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The bridge! Brosso had to close it, before the Goblins got across! It was up to him to save the fort! Summoning his strength, the circus-director sprinted to the lever, and with a last forlorn look at his hoped-for circus performers' pincushioned bodies, pulled it. The bridge rose, sealing Nomekast off once more. Outside the Goblins rained death, until they stalked off, waiting for their next prey, leaving the horse and donkey corpses to rot in the bright sun.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Derm swiftly summoned everyone to the dining-area, to tell them of the news Brosso brought. If the infected Goblins were ambushing, that meant the Nothing couldn't be far behind. Not only that, but the outside compound was vulnerable to crossbows and bows shooting from the valley above.

"So the answer is simple." Shin said, crossing her arms, "Take out these Goblins, then we can quickly wall off the vulnerable side to the north, not only that, we can add in fortifications on the walls, so we can shoot at *them*."

"Oh yes, I'm sure our well-trained force of...five - at most! - can beat the dozen or so Goblin *soldiers* out there." Reg snarked.

"What are you on about? There's more than five." Melagius interrupted.

"I said *well-trained*. Just because Fori occasionally wields a sword doesn't make her the equivalent of Rion."

"You leave Fori out of this! And Rion too!" Derm said angrily, Fori put a hand on his shoulder, a reminder to the sheriff to not let his temper get the better of him again. The doctor held up his hands,

"All I'm saying is, we've lost enough people. Let's not go rushing blindly in with a group of rag-tag militia against well-trained, well-equipped troops."

"Can we even call them troops? They seem to be little more than Nothing in Goblin shapes." Torvold mused.

"The Human leading them was certainly a troop." Brosso said, "He had a bone crown no less."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"Another necromancer no doubt." Volrath growled.

"One chosen by the gods to lead their cleansing creatures across the-" Ibruk began,

"Shut up!" growled an infuriated Tarran, "It's bad enough you steal our silver without your constant preaching."

This set off a round of fierce argument which as always devolved into Ibruk and his followers on one side, and the rest of the community on the other, with the uninterested forming a third side. By the time evening approached, nothing had yet been decided, and with night falling, nothing could be done, it being too dark to hunt the Goblins. The issue would have to wait.

In the dark of the night Rakust's corpse lay rotting in the mud of the Fiery Cistern. The traitor that had indirectly caused Rion and Johann's deaths, as well as the attempted death of Derm and Fori had been impaled on her own sword, or rather, dusted by her own Forgotten Beast. However there was a shift in the air, an impossible breeze in the caves. A wispy cloud rose up from the corpse, to form a floating ghostly Dwarf.



What was she doing here? Ah yes, memories came flooding back to her. She had been killed, betrayed by Osman Umbralsprits and his Master. Her ex-Master. The Third Mystery had been a lie all along. Generations of necromantic rites built upon a lie, it almost made her smile.

She was a ghost, one of the undead she had controlled and used for so long. The Nothing had weakened the barriers between the worlds of the living and the dead, and so by chance her soul had lingered in this world, unable to get through to the other. A lesser soul might be distraught now, confined to haunting old friends and family in hopes of reminding them to bury them and let them rest.

But she had nobody to bury her.

And she wanted revenge. Revenge on the master that had betrayed her, revenge on the community that had been the indirect cause of her death. She flexed her ghostly fingers, these were no good for manipulating the matter of this world, but she had other tools. The Third Mystery was maybe a lie, but the others might not be.

A group of red-scaled creatures had spotted her, advancing slowly towards her, unsure of what she was.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





The ghostly Dwarf grinned. Crundles, once the King of Hell's minions, now just mindless creatures driven by instinct. The perfect candidates to use to test whether she could still use her necromantic powers. She was about to try when a crazy idea came into her mind. If she combined the Seventh and Last Mysteries, could she not...

She grinned a ghostly grin. Holding her hand out, palm outstretched, she spoke the words. A sudden wind flew through the caves, and a darker darkness fell around the caves, blotting out even the shine of Rakust's ghostly essence on the gemstones. A shimmering darkness rose under each crundle's feet, rising up like tendrils of smoke, covering them. When the smoke dissipated the crundles had changed.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



### Desecrated Crundle

The newly-desecrated crundles bowed before their maker. An ethereal laugh escaped Rakust's lips. This was what she'd do, turn the entire underground into her own army, and then lead it onto the surface to ravage the world.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **May 01, 2011, 07:47:11 pm**

Arguing again. Thought Stronghammer, such a waste of are resources. He had as of yet been unable to talk to anyone about coming to work in his plan of industry, he also had been unable to discuss with Derm the idea of himself taking over the management of the economic and industrial side of things to help assist derm. He shook his head, such an aweful waste though i must continue my attempts at conversing with derm and my plans for the industry. His thoughts continued to run on as the argument continued its predictable course.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **May 02, 2011, 07:53:49 pm**

Volrath Blacksteel diary entry 8:The Nightmares, I can't stand the fucking nightmares any more.Every night he taunts me as he tortures my body and soul.I... maybe I need to explane what the fuck im talking about.He came to me in a dream one night.I don't know who or what he is.He could me a demon a nothing or evil ghost, I just don't fucking know.He asked me to let him take over and he would give me power but I told him to fuck off.He did not, instead he started trying break me.Im fighting back but he is slowly wining.I think that I am now seeing him some times when im awake. Just for a seconed, in the corner of my eye, I see a man covered in darknes but when I turn to look his gone.If that is him and If he is no longer just in my dreams, I don't have long before he takes over.I need to do somthing now, and for that I need the elders help.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **May 03, 2011, 03:50:06 pm**

Diary of Brosso the Great

Times are getting more and more hectic as our new "Alliance For Dwarven Survival" (note to self - present it to the rest of our good, traditional folk) is becoming more and more overwhelmed by the unwashed masses of both elf-lovers (one of them humiliated me - note to self - take revenge) and lower races (Fori "saved" me from our sheriff, or rather saved him from an honest, dwarven beating - humiliated again).

Thankfully, the circus is nearing completion and I've managed to save both our fortress and, more importantly, my first zoo animals! (Note - must make sure nothing are mine, legal or done through goblin hands (Gods forgive me).)

Now, perhaps I might add a mighty arena to my circus, so that our soldiers and other races "friends" could practice fighting with some beasties we'll surely capture in the caves?

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I love how you bring every character alive, mod stuff to be more interesting etc. This is truly a legendary story.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **May 03, 2011, 04:25:32 pm**

Ya he really does an epic job of weaving everyone individual tale into an epic story everyone can enjoy. Keep up the epic win.....and alliance for dwarven survival wins my vote.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **alienfetucine** on **May 09, 2011, 10:45:00 pm**

Amazing, amazing stuff.  
In fact, enough so to get me to actually sign up. And ask to join. The latest human female to immigrate, if possible.  
(Spoiler'd for slight longness)  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
Name: Jessica von Sachsen

Race: Human

Gender: Female

Profession: According to her, Violinist. In-game, a wood and/or stonecrafter focusing on instruments, and taking up the crossbow when there's little expendable material at hand.

Personality: In a word, Jessica could be summed up as "obsessive". If she discovers something that interests her, she will hunt down every scrap of information on it, often rambling on the subject in question to anybody who will listen, assuming they're equally fascinated. Her greatest interest is music, the making of it, the physical mechanics behind it, the traditions various races associate with it, and more, though her obsessions have spanned such varying fields as the history of nations both elven and human, Giant Cave Spiders, and the Nothing.  
(Apart from that trait, just going to run with whatever the existing personality of the person is. >.>)

History: Born to a duchess in the Empire of the Humble Nations, Jessica saw at a fairly early age that authority seemed to drive people completely mad, but usually in a boring and petty way. When her parents died, she fled before she could be appointed in their place and be driven insane, instead taking her favorite instrument, the violin, and travelling the world as a bard and general storyteller.

She spent a number of years with the elves residing in the Holy Empire of the Ferns of Strategy, studying their histories, stories, and especially their approach to creating instruments. As a result, she is familiar with the customs and languages of both elves and humans. She is less so with dwarves, only barely passable in Dwarvish, and knows little more of goblins and kobolds than the average human.

After the Nothing appeared, she travelled between strongholds, keeping alive the flow of information and trying to study the strange beasts at the same time. Relatively recently, she began to hear tales of a dwarven fortress shared with humans, elves, even goblins and kobolds. What's more, it had repelled a great number of invaders. Interested, she struck a course for the fortress of Nomekast.

...And I realize the violin wasn't really developed until like the 16th century. But this fort has a Jäger and one characters has mentioned setting up an opera, which wasn't established until even later than the violin. So I feel some anachronism can be forgiven here.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **May 13, 2011, 06:27:40 pm**

From the log of Fori

It's been so long since I've had a chance to write, I've been so busy. Much has happened since my last entry, I'm at a loss of where to begin.

I think the battle would be the best place to start. It had been long in the making, Torvold and I had been toiling away endlessly preparing the traps. The magma trap was giving us a little trouble, but with the stonefall and cage traps, as well as the ballista corridor was deemed enough to handle whatever defilers got in. I wasn't able to see it work in person, though I could hear the echoing booms of collapsing rock and ballista arrows felling nothing like weeds in a fire. No, I was with the militia that had gathered outside to take down whatever defilers didn't make for the trapped tunnel.  
This battle was unlike the fight with the defilers when building the lighthouse. That was furious, but brief. A quick defensive ambush and retreat. No, this battle was longer. And we were taking the fight to the defilers themselves. No retreat this time. No stopping until every last one of the demons lay dead. I ran with the good dwarves, even the humans, goblins, and kobolds, charging into a massive army of the defilers. And we tore into them like a wildfire! The memory was just a blur to me, a blur of vicious stabbing, dodging the claws and tentacles of the beasts. For a long time we fought, despite our motley and varied force, we fought as one. At first, the horde seemed endless, but the end came rather suddenly. The surge of defilers simply stopped, leaving us alone and alive in a battlefield drenched with defiler ichor. And not a single living defiler to be seen. They were numerous, vicious, and fueled by a primal rage, but the defilers could be beaten! I wonder if they knew terror or fear in their last moments.

But we didn't have time to celebrate just yet. We had cleared the field of defilers, but they would soon be back. It was time to start the next part of our plan. Our first step to retaking the surface. Hastily wiping off my sword and sheathing it, I ran to the prepared stone blocks that we would use to build a sanctuary in the surface. It was interesting to reflect, back when I had first come, I had such trouble hauling the stone that the dwarves mined out. Rather frail, really. Now, this stone isn't much of a burden, I ran with a large block upon my back. The outside was a swarm of activity, and in very short order, a wall was built and a moat was dug. It took weeks of constant labor, but dwarves are tireless beings. And before long, a bit of nature was sealed off, denied to the ravaging defilers. I remember simply lying down on the grass after the last segment of wall was built, simply relishing the feel of the gentle plants. I never thought I'd get to feel it again when I first arrived. I spent the rest of the day outside, reminding myself of the joys of nature. I confess I laughed like a child as I ran about. And to taste wild strawberries again! I ate many, but I gathered up many more and brought them to the larder to share with the dwarves. I decided then and there to plant a field of them, and I heard the brewers trying their hand at winemaking. The result was quite pleasant, if heady.

On a sadder note, we did find the bleached bones of several caravans outside. The defilers had been attacking them, it seemed, slaying them even before we were aware they were here. I did what I could for the fallen, growing a memorial for them. As for the goods though, there was a little debate of what to do. A few felt that using the supplies left over from the ruined caravans echoed of grave robbery. But we really could use the supplies, and I think the dead would be willing to let us have them in return for avenging them and keeping the defilers from desecrating their remains further.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **May 14, 2011, 03:10:35 am**

Mainhard was in Torvolds' lab. He wanted to talk to the shmot dwarf, he needed to tell him.

"Ve vill be needink da Jägerdrawt. I be knowink you kan do it! Lives vill be saved!"

One life came to mind in particular. That of Volrath Blacksteel. The power of the drawt was the very polar opposite of the nothing. In seconds it would try to pull ever muscle in his body to pieces, ripping and twisting, overloading the whole of the body, forcing it to grow in that instant or die. An orgy of life bursting out and radiating from the stomach, invoking the blood to rage and frenzy in your veins. Later, Mainhard would tell Volrath of this, and ask him if he would try the drawt. The other Jägers would also be given this choice, but all this hinged on Torvolds' response.

"I haff goteen da stuff hyu vill be needink" Mainhard brought his fists together softly but firmly and looked his shmot Dwarf in the eyes "Ve kan vin diz ting Torvold, but ve need hyu to be leadink da vay wiff da Science! Vill hyu save diz fort?" Mainhard punctuated this by placing his finger to the dwarfs' chest where the beard was thickest

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **May 28, 2011, 09:07:39 am**

Sorry for the long wait guys, I've had stuff happening.

Ovg & Stronghammer - Thanks! ;D

alienfetucine - Thanks, and, sure, you're in! Bio up on the first post as usual.

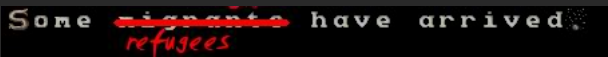
10th Felsite 677 - Dawn

The assembled militias of Nomekast met up on the surface level at the crack of dawn, the moment the sun began to rise above the valley of the Swamps of Tunneling. There was 22 of them, more than a quarter of the population. They had scanned the valley from the lighthouse, and had seen the infected Goblins milling around the southern end of the swamps, apparently having crossed the river at night to get away from Nomekast and the potential to be ambushed in the night.

The drawbridge leading from the new compound over the river was dropped and the armed group crossed. As Sheriff, Derm took charge,

"Right, we need to draw them down from the top of the valley. There were some crossbowgoblins somewhere, the last thing we need is for them to be on the high ground shooting down at us." he told the militia.

As they cautiously made their way across the valley towards the Goblin group, a piercing scream rent the air.



"There's people up there!" Tarran exclaimed, shielding his eyes from the glare of the rising sun to see.

"Some Dwarves, and a few Humans by the looks of it." Loral said, his keen Elven eyes seeing clearly up the valley, "The Goblins are slaughtering them."

"We've got to save them!" Melagius cried, drawing his sword and charging with a cry. This galvanised the others into following him, and the group stormed up the valley sides. The crossbowgoblins saw them, and began to rain a hail of bolts on them, recognising them as a greater threat than the defenceless refugees. But their bolts went wildly off, missing the group and thudding harmlessly into the dirt. In return they were greeted by a shower of bolts from Rovod, Steve and Rar, followed by the attack by swords, axes, spears, maces and hammers.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The battle didn't last long. Seven crossbowgoblins against twenty-two mostly hardened militia that had faced down Forgotten Beasts and armies of Nothing without even having any armour for the most part.

Soon the Goblins lay dead at the feet of the group, the inky skin that once covered them dissipating away into wispy black tendrils that fled into the ground. Bax stooped down to examine a Goblin.

"The Creed of Roses." he said, a surprised tone in his voice as he examined a silver pendant on the corpse of his fellow Goblin.

"What?" asked Tarran, taking the pendant and looking at it. It was a simple thing, a silver circle with a rose bush and a fish, not something you expected on a Goblin.

"These crossbowgoblins are from the Creed of Roses. They're a religious order in the Empire of Roasted Torment. They worship Tobul Mountaintufts the Ripe Growth, a Dwarven god of lakes and fish that some 'napped Dwarf slaves bought with them to the tower of Ngokangozo. More importantly, they're the elite when it comes to assassinations and 'napping important people, once managed to take both daughters of the queen of the Dwarven place next door."

"So?" asked Muenster, leaning on his mace as he listened, "It's not like this was some kind of scandalous assassination attempt that'll provoke a war or something."

"No, you don't see. The Creed of Roses are the personal assassins and bodyguard of the law-giver, ever since they were made in 150 they've been Gamo's most trusted servants. If the Nothing got them, then the Nothing got the entire Roasted Torment, and thats alot to get."

"We already knew the world outside was collapsing." Loral said gruffly, "Tell us something we don't know."

"If every Goblin and every slave in the Roasted Torment is like this." Rashem said grimly, pointing to the dead Goblins at their feet, "That's going to be alot to take down."

"This is probably still the safest place to be." Fori said, trying to inject a bit more optimism into the conversation.

"Ha. I doubt that." Steve said, interrupting, "This place is more frequented by beasts than Hell itself." he pointed back to the group of shaken refugees, "Seven, five Dwarves, two Humans. Four others died, one of the living seven has a nasty cut to his abdomen, Reg'll need to look after him." he reported. "And Loral says he can see no sign at all of the third group."

"I imagine they ran off after we're defeated these two groups." Melagius said, a note of pride entering his voice.

"We can't be sure. Best thing to do now would be to get back to Nomekast and safety." Tarran suggested, scratching his beard in thought. This was met by a chorus of agreement, and the group trudged back to Nomekast as morning rose.

Torvold stared the large blue Human down, his beard bristling with indignity.

"Are you suggesting?" the scientist said slowly, "That I - Torvold - make this...monstrosity of a drink?" he snatched up the plans that Meinhard had given him months earlier, the plans of the old Dwarven court scientist Dos Panzermench, waving them at Meinhard.

"Learn, my good blue Human; that I am Torvold! I have designed machinery so complex even I don't understand it and have made such mechanical miracles that various Temples have asked me to stop! You shall have your little drink, the danger is nothing in the face of science! And also possibly Volrath's life."

"I haff wat hyu need." the Human told the Dwarf, clearly delighted at this acceptance. Torvold raised an eyebrow,

"Haff, sorry, *have* you actually asked Volrath about giving him this stuff?" he asked. Meinhard gave a shrug,

"Not yet, I vill do so later."

"Well ask him, I'm not making this stuff just so it can be put on a mantelpiece and dusted every so often."

"My Jägers-"

"Did you ask them?"

"No, but-"

"Well ask Volrath and your Jägers first, in the meantime, I have work on the Nothing to do!"

Hematite 677

The month of Hematite passed without any great incident. Mostly, work went into expanding the community. The communal bedroom was expanded, what with the fact that Nomekast now housed 79 assorted Dwarves, Elves, Goblins, Humans and Kobolds.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

There was also talk about expanding the dining-area, which seated only 24, just under a third of the population. Down on the Fiery Cistern, work had begun on a large laboratory facility for Torvold, where he



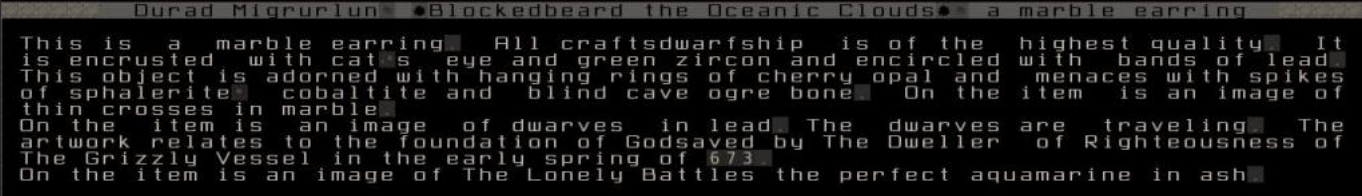
could experiment on the captured Nothing with the finest equipment forges could smelt.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Sandra, who had been avoiding society, having apparently been possessed, or as Ibruk put it, 'inspired', by the gods, ghosts or demons depending on who you asked, had finished what she had been working on.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The now expected and inevitable battle between Ibruk and Kadzar on one side, and much of the rest of the fort on the other broke out over this, with Ibruk and Kadzar claiming that as an artifact inspired by the gods it belonged in the temple, especially since to their eyes the gods had vindicated them about locking away the cursed aquamarine 'The Lonely Battles' by this new artifact which held its picture. Sandra ended the fight by deciding to wear the earring, much to Ibruk's displeasure.

Brosso and his helpers had finished the current work on the circus' magnificent entrance, and were beginning work on what would be a grand arena so that the greatest warriors of their age could test their wits against the worst nature and the supernatural had to offer. It would be able to seat more than five times Nomekast's current population, and there would be ample space for the gladiators to fight, even if ever such large beasts as dragons or such like were brought in.

It would be, to put it simply, the greatest and largest arena in all of time and space.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



There were only about a dozen of them digging, Brosso, Reg, Stronghammer and several other Dwarves who had agreed to join the newly formed **Alliance For Dwarven Survival**., but work would progress swiftly it was hoped.

Up on the surface the compound had been fortified. The walls had grown upwards, fortifications meant that the militia could attack safely with crossbows or bows from a distance, while a wall to the north blocked off any line of fire for hostile crossbowgoblins or bowgoblins. The compound was now essentially safe, meaning that there was now a safe place for people to gather in the fresh air.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Fori had also planted a small field where she tended strawberries. While many of the Dwarves and Goblins were reticent to taste them at first, they quickly began to like the taste, and a growing variety of food was greatly welcome.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





The compound was finished just days before a worrying sight was spotted on the horizon, sweeping down the valley.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Nomekast's population grew by another as Zasit, an ex-fishery worker, gave birth to a baby girl, followed days afer by Kogsak, a weaponsmith working under Tarran, giving birth to a boy, her second child.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

▶Zasit Risenalil Fishery Worker has given birth to a girl.  
Kogsak Uzkilrud Weaponsmith has given birth to a boy.

The days were now just peacefully floating past. Food and booze was plenty, safety was ensured, fresh air and sunshine was available, and any tensions and feuds were kept away, simmering beneath the surface maybe, but not disrupting the peace. For now, Nomekast was at peace.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **May 28, 2011, 09:12:15 am**

\*clapping\*

Too tired to RP, maybe later.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **May 28, 2011, 10:14:57 am**

fantastic work!  
let's hope this peace lasts!  
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)  
who am I kidding, we all just want to see nomekast burn

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **May 28, 2011, 12:54:43 pm**

Meinhard was in the hospital, the Jägers had been called in and he had made sure Volrath would be awake. The other injured might as well also hear this, this is a choice many people would have to make.

"Da Jägerdrawt. Da ting dot made me how I iz. It makes hyu Better in all tingz, or it keelz hyu dead, painfully. Torvold sayz he kan make it. Hyu drink it, hyu heal all huze hurtz in dot momont, or hyu die. Pain, it vill tezt hyu wiff da pain. beat da pain, hyu livez. Dot'z all dere his too eet."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **May 28, 2011, 02:52:47 pm**

Oh my gawd so much Nothing in that Third-to-last picture.

Time for Live Target Practice?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **May 28, 2011, 02:59:03 pm**

[Quote from: Tarran on May 28, 2011, 02:52:47 pm](#)  
Oh my gawd so much Nothing in that Third-to-last picture.

Time for Live Target Practice?

I didn't even see that one.  
Certainly worrying.



Good to see the army being effective, yet holy crap thats alot of nothing.....kill them quick.  
glad to see ya back and writing i has certainly missed this amazing story.

Industry records

It appears that another adventure to the surface was under way. It is such a waste of resources in my opinion, though the refugees was a welcomed surprise, more abled hands for industry, and two human freeloaders.....i mean guests.....to much time around Brosso, i must remain objective. Glad to see a surface compound as it will mean fresh lumber for the furnaces..though i will probaly have to guard the furnaces from the elves. I will begin a search for apprentices that can assit me in running the forges and shops in the hub of industry, aka the magma pool. It is a bit disheartening to see the sudden rush of nothings from far lands, nothing the military cant handle. Im glad Brosso me and the others have allied in are indevours as it means a great imput of proper dwarven traditions and less from non traditionalists. Well thats all back to the forges for me, i think that i will build a small little home by the forges to better safe guard them and be closer to what i enjoy.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **mcclay** on **May 29, 2011, 02:13:58 pm**

Name: Reno Monty  
  
Race: human  
  
Profession: marksman  
  
Bio: oh god Nothings in my village, abscond!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **AKingsQuest** on **May 29, 2011, 10:50:54 pm**

"You saying this could kill me?"Volrath asked "yezz".Mainhard replied"Then I am not taking it then, at least not now.I just don't think its the nothing that did this to me.I could be mistaken, the gods know all the evidence says I am.I can't tell you why, but I got this feeling deep in my bones that we are missing something".Mainhard was perplexed.Why was he refusing to take the drawt on the baseless idea that the nothing were not what was doing this to him.Maybe the barbarian, for the first time in his life, he was afraid.Afraid of something he could not kill with fists or steel.I know you are scared but...Hold your tongue boy before I pull it out.Never accuse me of being scared of any thing if you know whats good for you.I will take if I need to, but first I need to ask the black steel elders a question.Iv thought they vere dead? They are.There is a ritual all blacksteel tribes men know, that lets your temporarily merge you consciousness with those that left this world, and speak to them".How long vill this take?" Days maybe more."You don't haff that much time your could turn any daz now." "I know.I will do it as fast as I can but I will need some supply's."Mainhard was going to argue with volrath, the look in his eyes told him that his mind could not be changed."All right what do you need?"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **May 30, 2011, 09:56:54 am**

mcclay - You're in, bio'll be up with the next update and immigrants. ;)  
  
4th Limestone 677

The peace lasted straight through Malachite and Galena. The only trouble came from occasional excursions by giant toads, or the small arguments between members, though they managed to avoid fighting. Nomekast continued to expand, a walkway from what was colloquially known as the 'fort' over to the another part of the cavern had been completed, as space had already become rather cramped in the walls of the community, and so expansion seemed to only way to support a growing population the currently stood at 81.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Work on the new laboratory for Torvold had finished, it was now almost completely furnished, and included everything up to a pool of magma and a water well to draw for experiments. Here Torvold would perform his experiments, either on the Nothing, or on whatever designs or ideas he had.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Morning

Jessica von Sachsen had wandered down to the Fiery Cistern. While she had been here at Nomekast for almost three months now, she still didn't know her way around the windy passages and the gloom of the caves. The light from the magma pool, however, gave the place an almost homey feel. There was a hubbub of work around the forges, as usual. A certain Stronghammer Fireforge had taken over the running of the community's industry, and had sworn to extend their industrial capacities. He had already dug himself a cottage by the forges where he would supervise the industry, and plan the work. Meetings for some group named 'The Alliance for Dwarven Survival' also took place there. It even had green glass windows where he could keep an eye on what was happening outside.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Today she had wandered down by chance, only to literally bump into an Elf. Out of habit she immediately apologised in Elven. The Elf grinned,  
"<<<It's no trouble.>>" he replied, also switching to Elven. He held a hand out, "<<I'm Ocade. You're new here, yes?>>" Jessica shook his hand, nodding,  
"<<<Jessica von Sachsen, I came in with the last group.>>"  
"<<<Sachsen? Not of the ducal House of Sachsen, from the Humble Nations?>>"  
"<<<Unfortunately. I left that behind though, no doubt the title went to some cousin or something.>>"  
"<<<Yes, you've definitely travelled round, your accent marks you out. Where did you learn Elven?>>"

"<<The Holy Empire of the Ferns of Strategy.>>" Ocade seemed impressed, raising his eyebrows,

"<<A rare thing for them to take people in, they tend to be isolationist. I imagine they enjoyed the idea of harbouring a Human duchess who was fleeing from her birth-right.>>"

"<<I can't place your accent either.>>"

"<<Well, I grew up with Goblins, so my Elven is what I learnt from other Elf slaves and freedelves.>>"

"<<Really? That's fasc->>" Jessica was interrupted by a shout from across the magma pool. Several Dwarves had gathered around, joined by a few Elves. Ocade grinned,

"<<Better go check that out, wouldn't want to miss any bloodshed.>>"

Stronghammer stood at the centre of the circle, his fellow industrialist Dwarves stood around him, Reg and Brosso, who had been working on the circus arena and had been drawn out by the shouting, stood besides him. On the other side stood several Elves, who seemed greatly upset by something.

The Elf leading the confrontation was currently shouting at Stronghammer, furiously,

"Why do we even need a wood burner!? Isn't the whole point of this magma stuff to allow you to smelt without burning the children of nature?" Stronghammer sighed,

"The continual expansion of Nomekast's industries requires us to possess the capacities to burn wood. I am sorry if this bothers you, but you have no say in the matter." Reg nodded vehemently,

"Not to mention," he interjected, "that wood ash is an important part in making soap, which is vital in cleaning injuries to prevent infection!"

"And," Brosso added, "in making potash, a fertilizer so that the - hmph! - '*children of nature*' can grow faster, stronger, and bigger! I'm sure that something you pan - I mean, Elves, can agree with."

"And of course potash is used in the manufacture of clear glass. We are not burning wood to anger you, or to make needless coal, we are burning wood to expand our industry so that life is not only more comfortable, but also safer and cleaner. Wood will need to be cut down and burnt for the good of all."

"You mean you're going to slaughter more trees?!" the Elf cried incredulously.

"Yes." Stronghammer said simply, "And it is *not* negotiable." he added.

12th Limestone 677 - Morning

"No, I'm telling you I'm worried about Datan." Reg insisted. Derm shrugged,

"Sounds just like a passing nausea to me, you should really be keeping an eye on Volrath instead."

"Look! Steve found him last night, sitting down in the tombs, staring at that damn orichalc door Ibruk had made, and today we find him feverish and barely responsive."

"Maybe delusions brought on by a fever?"

"Oh, did I mention he'd scratched his fingers raw, scratching at that door?"

"Fine, do what you think necessary then. I'm a sheriff, not a doctor, what do you want me to do, proscribe him some medicine?"

"Well-"

A long and loud wailing reached their ears. It was coming from the hospital. Once they got there they found Datan on the rock floor, just outside Brosso's office, huddled in a mess. Several people stood a distance away, watching apprehensively, including Steve, Sandra, Stronghammer, Brosso himself and Muenster. When Brosso saw Derm he immediately made his way over,

"Sheriff! I demand you remove this maddwarf from the entrance to my office!" he cried, pointing at the gibbering Datan. Derm ignored him, walking straight past him up to Muenster and Doc. Steve.

"He just jumped up and ran off here, now he's just been screaming while holding his pick." Muenster explained.

"It's not a good sign." Steve nodded, "And it's not fever."

"See, Derm? Psch, sometimes my skills are wasted here." Reg said.

"We need to calm him down." Derm said, ignoring Reg.

"I'll try." Muenster nodded, spinning round and approaching the cowering Datan. But before he could even try to assuage the miner, Datan jumped up, screaming unknown words, and slashed his pick towards Muenster. The glassmaker had the good sense to dodge, but he wasn't fast enough, and the pick managed to cut open his left upper arm. Muenster fell back with a curse, scrambling for his mace. Derm jumped into the fray, wielding his axe, while Datan swore bloody murder, swinging his pick towards the fallen Muenster but missing.

Datan Zarolon Miner has gone berserk!

Derm's axe struck true, and Datan's right hand came clean off, pick still in hand. Datan screeched like a banshee, and attempted to flee the two millitiadwarves, blood spouting from his stump of an arm. He grabbed Stronghammer with his one good arm, gibberig insanely, then fell down, weak from blood loss. Muenster slammed his mace into the miner's head, and he stopped moving, dead. For a long time no one said anything. Killing monsters or Nothing or Nothing-possessed Goblins was one thing, but killing a Dwarf who had up until now been a productive member of the community was somehing else. Then Stronghammer's eyes glazed over,

Stronghammer Fireforge Industrialist withdraws from society

He stood still for a few seconds, then spun on his heel and left the area in the direction of the workshops.

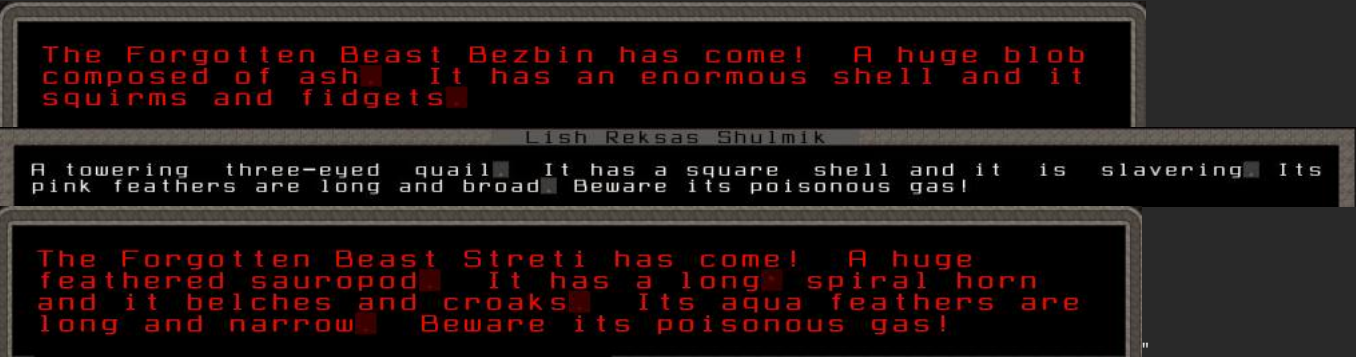
Sandra also stopped, clutching at her head. The artifact marble earring she wore that she had made herself, Blockedbeard the Oceanic Clouds began glowing with a eerie white light. For a moment it seemed she might have lost control to Ryva, then she gasped, and Blockedbeard's light suddenly faded.

"What is is?" Reg asked, quickly moving over to her, his doctor's instincts overriding any other impulses he had. Sandra looked up,

"I heard...voices." she said, shaking her head as if to dislodge what she had just heard.

"What did they say?" Derm demanded. Things like this had happened before, artifacts communing with people, and each time they warned of dangers.

"They said,



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **May 30, 2011, 10:17:35 am**

**WE HAVE COME**  
My head feels like it splits open as three voices roar through my mind.  
**THROUGH THE RAGE OF OUR MASTER WE HAVE COME.**  
I try to summon the light of my axe, and a faint outline appears.  
**THOUGH WE HAVE NEVER SEEN THE LIGHT OF DAY, WE ARE HERE TO BRING ABOUT YOUR END.**  
I pry open my eyes, and there they stand.  
**I AM BEZBIN, FIRST OF THE TRIO, AND YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE.**  
*I AM LISH, SECOND OF THE TRIO, OH YES, OH YES!!*  
I AM STRETI, THIRD OF THE TRIO, YOU INSIGNIFICANT WORM.  
I stand up a bit, the surprise wearing off. The shining axe solidifies in my hand.  
They laugh, a dark eldritch sound of nightmares.  
**YOU THINK WE HAVE COME TO PLAY?**  
YOU ARE NOT EVEN WORTHY OF OUR TIME.  
*YOU CAN'T BEAT WHAT YOU CANT DODGE! OH NO OH NO!*  
Two separate hatches open on the Bird and the lizard, and a greenish-purple mixture fills the landscape.  
And I fall over, unable to move.  
*SO SAD, SO LONG! MAKE SURE TO NOT COME AGAIN!*  
YOU ARE WEAK, NOTHING BUT FOOLS AND USELESS PARASITES!  
**IT'S TIME WE FINISHED THIS.**  
A giant pulsating shell-sphere rolls over me and I can't breath. Ash befouls the air, but I can't move.  
I black out.  
And I wake up again.  
Recovering from my shock, I rush off to find the military.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **mcclay** on **May 30, 2011, 11:19:57 am**

oh shit.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **May 30, 2011, 01:35:39 pm**

Oh goody, more Forgotten Bea-...

Wait, Poisonous gas?

Oh god. Oh god. Oh god oh god oh god. Please don't tell me I'm going to be in the first group. D:



**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

**Post by: Stronghammer on May 30, 2011, 01:37:40 pm**

Awesome so far, I cheered a little when my guy stuck it to those elves. Thanks for the cottage i loves it. I wonder what im off to make, it must be something of industry and must be kept from the priests. Lastly HOLY SHIT, good luck with those three, im glad im not a fighter.

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

**Post by: Fortis on May 31, 2011, 12:28:20 pm**

From the log of Fori:

The dream has changed again. As of late, it had grown more infrequent, I was rather hoping that it would cease to bother me. But I was still curious about that ancient elf in the oasis of green. And tonight, I found out.

It began in a similar fashion as the other dreams. I walk in the cursed forest, devoid of life save for the black trees that have no leaves but tiny, writhing defiler tentacles instead. I was there with armor and sword. But this time, I wasn't alone. There were the dwarves of Nomekast with me, bearing arms as well. Not just dwarves, but humans too and other elves. Even goblins and kobolds. The ethereal elves who used to ignore me, regard me with scorn or disdain, or name me 'traitor' were there again too in the distance. Except now, not a single one ignored me, or rather us. Nor did any shout names or accusations. To an elf, they looked on with fear.

And again, there was the ancient elf sitting in the oasis of green grass amid the dead land. The sapling still grows at his feet. He again smiled to me, and beckoned, and again I come. And as before, made for him and his oasis of green amid death. The unearthly trees around me shift, becoming defilers, and again I draw my sword with a shout. But this time, other shouts rose up as well, as my assorted companions fell upon the defilers. In a mirror of the battle that occurred in reality, the defilers were slain utterly and completely. After years of having this dream, I finally step onto the green grassy oasis of life. As I did so, the black ichor of the defilers staining my armor and sword seemed to suddenly vanish.

It was then the ancient elf spoke to me, after gesturing for me to sit with him. "Welcome Fori, child of the forests," The ancient elf said. The language he spoke in seemed to be an ancient form of elvish, but I could understand it. "We've waited a long time to meet you." Naturally, I had so many questions for this being, and his greeting only brought more to mind. I voiced the one that had been the foremost in my mind.

"Who are you, elder one?" I asked, sitting down near him on the grass.

"We are the spirits of the elves of old. Those that still care for their descendents anyway". The ancient elf answered. "Thousands of thousands of men and women, who linger near the mortal plane to whisper wisdom to the next generation through the trees."

"The spirits!" That was quite a revelation to me. Even if it was a dream, even now during waking I find it hard to doubt or question it. "Forgive me, it's been so long since I've communed with the spirits. So many have been destroyed, from the nothings and their goblin thralls burning the forests. And now the dwarves are planning on cutting more trees down, and I don't know how to stop them."

"Destroyed? Child, what do you think the trees are? And what do you think happens when one dies, whether through axe, fire, or simple age." The ancient elf asked me.

"They are the manifestation of the spirits of old. And if they are destroyed, so is the spirit." I responded. That is what every elf was taught. At least every elf in the city I grew up in. But the ancient elf simply shook his head.

"Long ago, when the world was still new, and the gods walked with mortals, the gods of the world made gifts for their races," The ancient elf began. "The dwarven gods made the mountains for the children of the stone to use and cherish. And the gods of the elves made the forests for our kind. To this day, the dwarves still cherish their stone and mountains, but they use them as well. They carve them, shape them, and build them up into walls that keep threats at bay. They refine the ores into metal, and forge them into weapons and armor and tools. But the elves, the teaching has become twisted over the ages. They do not use their gift. It has been made into a burden instead."

"But... The trees are sacred... how can we possibly use them if it means destroying the spirits?" I responded.

"Child, have you not guessed by now? We are not the trees. They are but the channel, and not the only one." The ancient elf said. "Honor the trees, and treat them with respect, for they are a gift from the gods. But do not mourn the spirits, for we are not harmed by the destruction of trees. And do not let a rift form between you and the children of stone form because of their use of your gift. There are dangers enough in this ruined world without creating more within. Guide them instead. They have helped you to preserve an oasis of life amid death," He gestured to the sapling tree growing in the patch of healthy grass. "And there is still much to do. Life hangs upon a precarious balance still, and the defilers seek to devour all that remains."

It was a while before I had spoken. I found the beliefs I had held shaken badly again, as when the defilers first overran my home. I eventually decided to avoid the issue, and switch the subject to another pressing question. "Ancient one, what are the defilers? Who sent them?" I asked.

"The dwarves' name for the defilers is apt. From what we spirits can tell, they are not life, nor death, nor even the abominable combination of the two in undeath. They are simply nothing, manifestations of void and emptiness." The ancient elf replied. "We have looked hard, but we cannot find who has sent them. Nor does that matter, for they are here, and your generation must face them. Now, my time here grows short, for another danger is coming to your sanctuary. But before we part ways, there is something I must tell you. You must be prepared to be strong like an oak. A storm is coming, and you are at the forefront of it. You have already resisted the first winds, but the defilers have stronger agents to send. Thralls corrupted by the essence of nothing, and the spirits of traitors who do not sleep in peace. You must weather it this storm, but in doing so you will shield the weaker saplings behind you and give them a chance to grow in more peaceful winds. In time, they will grow strong enough to support you, but for a long time, you must be ready to stand on your own. Now awaken Fori, for you are needed."

Sure enough, I awoke at that point. I hurriedly wrote this dream down lest I forget. I had much to ponder and think about what the ancient elf had said. I don't know if it was all true, who knows what the sleeping mind can create in these dark times. but I have the feeling that it was no figment of my imagination. I must talk with those who know more of religion than I. Perhaps Kadzar will know more of what this means. He may be a fanatic, but he's more level headed and reasonable than Ibruk, and I respect that he is willing to take up arms to defend our home. I should share this with Derm too, he has had many visions himself. And I also need to eventually talk with this Stronghammer, and reach a compromise between him and the other elves. At the very least, I'm hoping to agree to leave a grove of trees untouched within the walls, and the chance to harvest the seeds from the ones that are cut down so more trees might be planted. After all, the supply of wood would dry up pretty quickly if no seeds were saved to grow into new saplings and trees.

But that must wait. The spirits were right in the dream, as a call to arms arose in the halls. More forgotten beasts have been sighted. I hurriedly dressed, grabbed my armor and sword, and rushed to the defense of my home.

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

**Post by: alienfetucine on May 31, 2011, 03:15:18 pm**

*A series of thoughts on 12th Sandstone, 677*

Where did that fellow, Ocade? I think it was, get to? I had some questions for him.

What's all the shouting for? Are we under attack? Wait, "kor" is "cavern"... From the caverns?

And... "beast" is "fer"... "Something beasts in the caverns"? Wait, *forgotten* beasts, I think. Isn't that what the dwarves call those... abomination wandering under the earth? I heard this place had a lot more of them than is usual for a fortress this young.

I think I'd like to watch the military at work again. I could grab a crossbow and help out, I doubt anybody would mind that and they aren't that hard to use...

Wait, did they say three? But don't those things travel alone?

...I've definitely got to see *this*.

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

**Post by: Ovg on June 02, 2011, 02:21:18 pm**

Diary of Brosso

Those elven unwashed savages are at it again! Who would have thought, that even now and here, at the end of our world and in the last enclave, they would object burning trees! "Oh! Look at them Dwarves! Defilers and eviill!". Somebody has to teach them a lesson they will not forget soon!

I'll have to talk it over with some friends tonight, away from prying ears of the lower classes and races.

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

**Post by: TALLPANZER on June 02, 2011, 03:22:05 pm**

Bronze spear, steel shield, full armor. Meinhard once more dawned his mantle of war.

"Poizen iz eet? Goot! Dat no problem for a Jäger. Ve beink leek frogmen dat vay."

The he switched from dwarven to his native tongue of old human.

< I shall deliver on to you, my friend in peril, all of that which has been requested. >

after speaking the old words he turned to lead his troops.

"Ve gotz to meet da uther groups, Ve be needink da traps! for dese vuns."

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

**Post by: Mangled on June 05, 2011, 12:50:55 am**

"Right you lot if you have a scarf or a spare bit of cloth somewhere I suggest you wrap it round your mouth and nose so you don't get poisoned, if you don't have one either go borrow one from someone or hang back and cover the archers." Steve's voice was muffled under the layers of cloth he had wrapped around his head and the addition of dark goggles he'd found at the bottom of his kit bag made him look almost as soulless as the thing they where about to fight.

The people around him where getting the idea though and either fixing scarves to cover their faces or ripping bits of cloth from jackets or whatever they had to hand. "Hang on Fori, this should work better than a sock. Okay chaps, anyone gets cut, shout for Fori as she's wearing most of my spare bandages now."

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

**Post by: Dohon on June 14, 2011, 05:45:55 pm**

This is a grand tale indeed! In case you need some more meat of the grinder, sign me up for a male Dwarf. Named Dohon. Preferably a Hammer Dwarf or a Metalsmith (any will do), but in the end, it is up to you. :)

**Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

**Post by: RogueArchivist on June 22, 2011, 11:22:11 am**

Name: Ugo Sosleng  
Race:Goblin  
Job: Mechanic/ Marksman  
Bio: Ugo comes from a joint dwarf/goblin city of industry and technological advancement, where he was a scientific researcher.  
With the coming of the nothing he was forced to flee as the defenses eventually crumbled. He wishes to study the nothing to find the best ways of taking them apart and see if there is any way to advance other fields of science with their parts. Ugo also really misses his tea and scones.

(Basicly mad scientist goblin with an English accent. Speaks dwarfish perfectly. Give him a crossbow when bad guys come.)

Hey guys I have been lurking this for a while now and it looks fantastic  
ah... racial tensions, multiple forgotten beasts, a evil threatening to overwhelm the world... like any good dwarf fortress

anyway I have come to beg for placement with the fortress

Name: Unknown- answers to Juggernaut

Race: Human

Job: Axe/Hammer soldier

Bio: A man from an unknown past, clad in rusting,bloody armour, who arrives amid a fury of blood and death to the Nothings. He is for an unknown settlement that was destroyed in the wake of the Nothing attack and driven mad by the death of all he knew. He would have died if not from the vision he received from Armok who rose a great blood lust within the man, causing him to slay the attacking nothings within his village and bless him with the mission to drive back the Nothings in a tide of blood. Following the death of his home he forged a set of might plate armour from the remains of his home and doused it the blood of the Nothings. Now he seeks only to eliminate the Nothings from this world and has seen the Bastion of Nomekast as a place to stand and fight.

On a side note, he is very religious but comes at odds with the priest of Nomekast for his endless war against the nothings and the refusal to accept the end of the world. At best ignores the priests and the temple, viewing the battlefield as Armok's true temple and the blood of enemies as true offerings, instead of pansy statues and rocks.

Remember if you can't kill your enemy with it, its not worth making! :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **masam** on **July 16, 2011, 11:50:19 pm**

hey everyone. I just caught up a couple other threads after some..computing issues...i'm starting from where I was last..is the cheese maker still alive?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Aequor** on **July 22, 2011, 02:57:43 pm**

Wow, almost two months, really? Sorry for the long hiatus guys, my time management has been disorganized chaos recently, and writer's block hasn't really helped.

Sneaky Walrus, Dohon & RogueArchivist - thanks, and you're all in, bio's are up on the first post, as usual.

masam - Muenster is still fine, he's one of the most experienced soldiers in the fort at the moment actually, and has made some masterful glass windows.

4th Limestone 677 - Morning

The militia and any skilled in any way with a weapon had assembled within the courtyard where the soldiers usually trained. The entirety of the community was in a state of heightened alert. The children had been gathered out of the way and put out of harm's way, the Fiery Cistern, at most risk from attack, was to be quarantined until the beasts were dispatched.

The militia had organised themselves in a rough semi-circle around Tarran, Derm and Ibruk. Tarran was de-facto the militia commander since Rion's death, being the most experienced soldier in Nomekast, Derm, as Sheriff and apparent seer when it came to Forgotten Beasts, stood as his equal, while Ibruk, who for a long time had been de-facto head of the community until the past year and still held Kadzar and his warrior-priests utmost loyalty, had insisted on being part of the proceedings.

"Right," Tarran began, "we're looking at a particularly nasty situation, people. Three Forgotten Beasts. Three."

There was murmuring through the crowd, three Forgotten Beasts at once was unprecedented in recorded history.

"This is a clear message from the gods," Ibruk began, rather predictably, "something has displeased them within Nomekast, we have been lax in our piety, they warn us now to redress our ways."

"There are two on the Fiery Cistern, Bezbin and Streti, and one still in the Lower Levels, Lish Reksas Shulmik, 'the Sin of Seducers'." Derm said, ignoring Ibruk, "Streti and Lish both breath poisonous gases."

"Aye," Doc. Steve interrupted, "I've already got the lot to cover their mouths and noses. I don't think it'll be enough to stop if you linger too much in the stuff, but it'll help a bit at least." he waved at the militia. Usually looking ramshackle at their best, they now looked like marauding nomads, their heads wrapped with any kind of cloth their could get their hands on, some, like Steve, even sporting goggles or eye-wear.

"Good idea." Derm nodded, "The best thing to do would be to keep back and let the marksdwarves deal with Streti and Lish if at all possible. Bezbin should be no problem, a blob of ash isn't the nastiest of things after all."

"Right, so the plan is to kill Bezbin, pick off Streti from afar, then get to the Lower Levels and shoot Lish if...he? she?...it hasn't already come up?" Melagius questioned. Tarran nodded,

"The most important thing to remember is to stay away from Streti and Lish. We don't know what that poison gas does, but judging from how Rion suffered from the dust..." he trailed off, but all knew what he meant, Rion's death had affected the permanent militia more than anyone else.

"Right, are we all agreed? Then let's move."

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Reflections from the magma danced off the rough rock face of the Fiery Cistern, usually quite busy with activity, especially since Stronghammer had taken over the industry, ramping the facilities up hugely, it was now silent and deserted. Some tools lay abandoned on the cavern floor, where some of the more frightened Dwarves had simply dropped them and ran up to the home level, too afraid to remain on the same cavern level as two Forgotten Beasts.

"Right, everyone fan out, keep an eye out, warn about any noise. *Any noise.*"

They did so, cautiously making their way through the rock network that was the caves, eyes wide open for any sudden sighting of monsters.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Bezbin was the first they saw. The squirming sphere-like monster of ash topped with a shell bounded from the shadows like some eldricht monster, screaming in some incomprehensible language, if it was language at all.

"Get out its way!" Steve cried, his voice muffled behind his layers of cloth. He fired a few bolts from his crossbow, they embedded themselves in the beast, but it did not stop Bezbin. The beast bounded onto Melagius, enveloping him in its ash. Melagius tried to swear but received nothing but a mouthful of ash for his trouble. With his sword he was able to cut himself free. Bezbin did not stop there, punctured by several bolts fired by Rar, Rovod, Steve and Jessica, he continued onwards, squirming like some unnatural living slime. Waves of ash emerged from his shell, and he spread himself out thin like a film of sludge, sliming towards the group.

**MOON TURNS BLUE, HERE ENDS YOU.** he said in his voice that resonated from all parts of the ashen slime that made him, like some chorus. It became like a chant,

**MOON TURNS BLUE, HERE ENDS YOU.**

**MOON TURNS BLUE, HERE ENDS YOU.**

**MOON TURNS BLUE, HERE ENDS YOU.**

The ashen sludge climbed the cave walls, spreading like some toxic liquid, his shell edging slowly towards them like some rock being moved by waves. The militia continued to hack at it, their blades and bolts going through and hitting the rock beneath. Then Rar launched one more bolt, and without warning Bezbin suddenly stopped, and the wave fell from the walls, collapsing as though gravity was only now acting upon it, falling onto the cavern fall as lifeless ash, covering the floor in a coating of ashen dust. His shell sat motionless.

"Everyone okay?" Derm asked, wiping his brow as he sheathed his sword.

"Pathetic." Ocade tutted, poking a pile of ash with the point of his sword.

"So, monsters of ash exist?" Jessica pondered, as she ran a gloved hand over Bezbin's shell.

"Aye, the usual story is that they're beasts warped by demons." Muenster explained.

"They are the souls of creatures tortured by Hell, loosed upon the underground to kill others and expand the Legions of Perdition." Kadzar corrected. The nature of the Forgotten Beasts was a basic part of temple dogma, and something that religious thinkers had spent years pondering.

A sudden crash made them all jump. It came from the direction of the forges. A scree like that of a bird rent the air.

"Lish!" Tarran exclaimed, "Damn thing must have flown out of the Lower Levels and into the forges!"

The group sprinted back to the drawbridge. The forges were devoid of life, the only noise was that of the magma bubbling. Meinhard was about to say something when one of the lab's lead doors went flying through the air, smashing into a pillar of rock.

"He's in the lab!" Sandra exclaimed.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)





As if on cue, another crash sounded from the building.

"Right, it's at the entrance on the far-side. If we go in from the pen, we can avoid being bottle-necked." Loral observed. This course of action was agreed, and they entered through the holding pens. The five Nothing that were caged there sat motionless, eyes staring at the group as they passed. Inside the lab proper, Lish stood by the entrance, crushing the remains of a table with its feet. Had it not been for the slaving jaws, three eyes and huge size, Lish would have been almost comical with its pink feathers. The quail stared them down, not moving.

AH! it said, in what sounded an almost childish voice. *THE INSECTS HAVE COME TO PLAY! WHAT WILL WE PLAY, INSECTS? WHAT CAN WE PLAY?*

Doc. Steve let off a bolt in response, it pierced Lish's right wing.

*SO THE INSECTS HAVE STICKS! LET'S PLAY, INSECTS! LET'S PLAY A GAME, A GREAT GAME, A GAME SO GREAT YOU'LL DIE OF FUN!*

With that, Lish gave a screech, and launch itself at the group. Jessica, Rar, Rovod and Steve let loose a flurry of bolts. Lish's leap worked against it as it fell upon the combined spears of Xenos, Kadzar's warrior-priests and Meinhard's Jagers. With a pained screech it let loose a stream of gas from its beak until Meinhard's spear pierced its heart and it gave a shudder then was still.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"These Forgotten Beasts are surprisingly frail." Rashem noted, lowering his warhammer, "If these are their best, we will soon have wiped their scourge from the world."

"It's the speaking that annoys me." Rovod chuckled, "I prefer a quiet enemy."

"Is there any significance to their words, Master Kadzar?" Hammer of the Gods asked, deferring to the highest temple authority in the absence of Ibruk.

"I do not know." the zealot replied, "I am sure Master Ibruk would, though. He has studied the prophecies of the Blind Prophet of the Broken Rock, and the Ocean Princess in great depth."

"Right. From what I can tell, no one's got any symptoms of poisoning." Steve declared, having examined the Jagers and priests, "I can only guess that the poison is useless, missed, or slow-acting."

"There's still Streti to deal with." Derm pointed out.

As it was, Streti seemed nowhere to be found. The group prowled the caves, but nothing came back to them except silence. Until finally, they heard a dull murmur. Weapons drawn, they approached. But it wasn't Streti, it was a group of strange creatures. Their shapes were vaguely humanoid, but they seemed to be made out of pure darkness, except for shining red eyes, and black sticks topped with a reddish-sphere.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"What in all the layers of the world, are those?" Melagius exclaimed.

"I don't know, but I get the feeling that they're probably not friendly." Rashem said grimly.

His prediction proved true as the creatures notice the group. They let loose a cry, and hefted their sphere-topped sticks. The spheres glowed, and launched what almost seemed to be balls of gas. One hit Fori, it was like being punched. The group retaliated to this attack with a hail of bolts. For all their apparent magic-sticks, the creatures died swiftly, no match at all, and with no casualties on the Nomekastian side except for bruises here and there.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Once dead the group was able to examine them closer.

"Troglobytes." Rar declared.

"Strangest trogs I've ever seen." Melagius said, picking up one of the sticks the troglodytes had used, the entire thing shattered into wisps of black smoke.

"Dark magicz." Meinhard growled. Kadzar nodded,

"These are not troglodytes, they're more some dark creature made from troglodytes."

"It doesn't matter, we still need to find Streti." Loral said. Almost as if on cue, a great roar came from some other section of the caves. The group hurried over, to find their enemy waiting for them.

YOU ARE SLOW, MAGGOTS. Streti said, its voice a refined croak. HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO SAVE A WORLD IF YOU KEEP YOUR ENEMIES WAITING?

Streti stood motionless, watching them from afar, doing nothing but occasionally giving a belch.

I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD EVEN BOTHER TO FIGHT YOU, YOU PATHETIC HATCHLINGS. WHETHER I LIVE OR DIE, AND WHETHER YOU LIVE OR DIE, NOTHING CHANGES. YOU HAVE ALREADY LOST, YOU INSIGNIFICANT BUGS. YOU HAVE LOST AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN UNDERSTOOD IT YET.

The sauropod suddenly stood up,

DO YOU KNOW WHY WE WERE FORGOTTEN? the hatches on the lizard opened, BECAUSE WE KILLED ALL THOSE WHO EVER SAW US. gas spewed. Jessica opened fire, followed by Rar, Rovod and Steve. The rest of the group hung back until the cloud dissipated somewhat before charging in. Streti gave a loud bellow, and batted Derm away, then headbutted Hammer of the Gods, sending the Goblin flying into a rock pillar. The beast erupted with another cloud of gas that engulfed the fighters. With its tail it slammed into Rovod, making a loud crack that suggested broken bones. Finally though, it collapsed under the weight of the blows.

HEH. YOU REALLY ARE IDIOTS. EVERYTHING IS ALREADY IN PLACE. it managed to croak before Doc. Steve sent a bolt flying into its head and it fell silent.

-----

Bounce had been getting some fresh air up at the lighthouse when she saw it. Four more refugees. She quickly alerted the rest of the community, who agreed to lower the drawbridge of the compound so that they could get through. They would have to be careful, all their best fighters were down on the Fiery Cistern fighting Streti and company, and the Nothing swarmed above-ground as usual. The four were apart, two came down from the hills, but at opposite ends, the other two were coming fown the valley following the course of the river, again at opposite ends. From what she could see, three looked tall enough to be Humans, Elves or Goblins.

Getting the new refugees in was mercifully easy and bloodless. The Nothing were currently swarming on the opposite side of the river Squeezemunch, away from all-but-one of the refugees. The unlucky refugee caught near them was able to dodge them and get across the bridge and into the compound.

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It was Fori who first showed the symptoms. As the militia made their way back to Nomekast, she gave a hacking cough, and soon became too dizzy to walk. Gutusp followed shortly after, then Xenos, Sandra, Loral and both of Meinhard's Jagers, Reg Medtobiger and Sodel Sikeliton. Derm was at Fori's side within moments, asking if she was alright. The Elf was having trouble breathing, and the beginnings of a fever was showing. The same symptoms showed with the others.

"Streti's poison gas!" Doc. Steve suddenly swore, "Get them to Reg! Quick dammit!"

The group doubled their pace, but those affected seemed to be lethargic, suffering from some partial paralysis. Eventually Gutusp, the most obviously affected out of them, fell, completely unable to move.

"Emxa." she managed to swear in Goblin, before giving a hacking cough that faded into nothing as she became too paralyzed even to breathe. Steve grabbed her, trying his best to help her breathe, but eventually he was forced to give up. Streti's poisonous fumes had done their dark work.



"Get the other's to Reg!" Derm screamed, carefully helping Fori forward.

They had reached the magma forges when a resounding crash alerted them to something.



A humanoid figure wreathed in an aura of flames stood by the forges, propelling fireballs at the structures until the broke and plunged into the magma.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The fire man had clearly not noticed them, instead moving into the already-damaged laboratory. More destruction was heard from within.



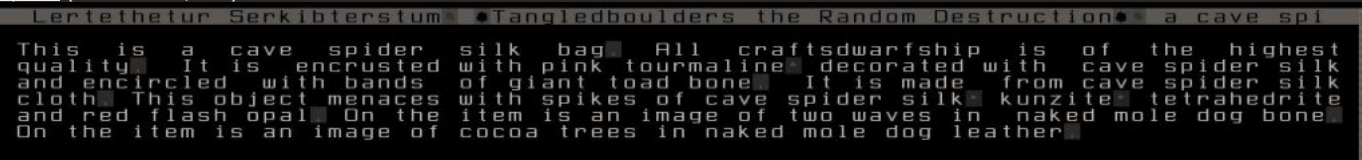
"Get the people to the hospital, we will take care of this." Kadzar said firmly, as he and his warrior-priests prepared their spears. Rovod, Rar, Jessica and Rashem remained behind too, crossbows at the ready. The battle with the fire man was brief. The creature was trapped in the laboratory, and was soon pierced through and through by spears and bolts. With a shrieking cry its flames died, leaving nothing but ash behind. But a worse scene met them after they had killed the fire man. Torvold lay dead, burnt to a cinder, within the lab. Evidently the scientist had seen Lish's corpse, and judged it safe enough to return to the lab, only to be surprised by a fire man that no doubt came from the magma pool.

-----

Fori, Xenos, Loral, Sandra and the Jagers did not suffer the same total-paralysis that Gutusp had. They continued to run a fever against which Reg could do little, and they still had difficulty moving their limbs, still having some partial paralysis, but they could at least breathe. Furthermore Rovod had broken a rib, and Hammer of the Gods had had her upper spine smashed apart, though she could still walk fine, a quick suture and wound-dressing by Reg and she was back training - against the doctor's orders - but training nonetheless.

Stronghammer Fireforge's 'divine inspiration' or simply 'strange mood' as many people simply called it, ended soon after the militia returned. Despite having no knowledge of weaving (his area of expertise was mass-scale industry, not artisanship) he had made a cave spider silk bag. Ibruk did not try to explain what exactly it was supposed to represent, the priest staying mostly quiet in the face of the tragedy and drama that had recently occurred, apparently unwilling to stir the hornets' nest.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The four newcomers were introduced; Reno Monty, a Human marksman who had escaped his village as it was destroyed. Dohon, a hammerdwarf and metalsmith who Stronghammer was pleased to welcome to the expanding industrial base of Nomekast. Ugo Sosleng, an eloquent Goblin scientist from one of those rare multiracial cities, who quickly became very interested in taking over Torvold's experiments on the Nothing, and was delighted to find Dos Panzermench's schematics and plans that Torvold had never had the time to experiment with. And finally, a grim Human who simply went by the name 'Juggernaut'. It soon became clear he was a zealous Armok worshipper, with the bloodthirstiness to match. He disagreed with Ibruk however, when shown the temple, declaring a battlefield to be a better shrine than a pile of rocks.

Gutusp and Torvold's funerals took place the following day. Most people hadn't known the Goblin-raised Dwarf very well, except for Bax and some of the other Goblins, but in a place that seemed almost constantly under siege by some eldricht monster or another, the loss of any fighter - and Gutusp had been an able fighter - was bad. Meanwhile, her Elven protege, the boy she had insisted was still her slave was put under the care of the fort's Elven community. Torvold on the other hand, had been one of the founding members of the community, and had been responsible for the trapped corridor and many of the mechanical defences that had kept Nomekast safe. While he had sometimes seemed rather insane, he had still been a good Dwarf by anyone's standards.

As the 4th Limestone ended, there was little in the way of celebration for surviving the trio of Forgotten Beasts that had attacked them. Two deaths, seven wounded, six of which were still running high fevers and partially paralyzed and some strange new threat down in the caverns, while on the surface the Nothing still sat in their great swarm, waiting for their prey.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Again, if anyone whose character has died wants another, just ask.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **July 22, 2011, 08:09:02 pm**

Heck ya, welcome back. I have to say you still have a perfect and awesome nack for story writing. Stronghammer clearly made the bag to contain his many profits. And yay a smith has joined, though it is quite said to have lost so many, though one was a goblin which is ok, lol. Keep up the great work PLEEEEEEEEEAAAAAASSSSSSSE. Oh and all praise the industrial base and might of Nomekast. Oh and was wondering if I could create the "Iron Guard" to protect the industry and act like a security force to prevent thefts and what not, of course I would command it though would not go into combat myself. Just a thought, and request.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **mcclay** on **July 22, 2011, 10:27:59 pm**

Journal of Reno Monty:  
Ahhhh, finally, a day away from that blood crazed idiot Juggernaut, idoit would run after the smallest of nathing groups, nearly killing us all. at least the goblin and the dwarf weren't drooling idoits like him. This place reeks of death and diease, though considering what happned here that is not suprising. Maybe my half brother will join the hordes outside our gate. Always had a knack for hiding his hertiage from both sides...



The mind of "Juggernaut"

So this is it. The bastion that Armok guide me too and the hold from which we shall drive back these foul beasts.

If only it was not filled with cowards and weaklings!

Yes some dwarves are filled with the righteous courage of the Lord of Blood Armok, even others such as myself, Elves, Men, Goblins and even Kobolds are blessed with his strength and courage but others...others are cowards and weaklings, not worthy of the time and effort spent protecting them. They cower at the site of these Nothings and flee at their very presence.

I had to travel with one such coward, this "Reno Monty", BAH a weakling and a coward! At least the others were willing to fight such as Dohon, a fabled dwarven smith who showed the strength of his arm or Ugo who, despite his size was willing to stand and fight, and whose his mechanical plans are ingenious...yes with my newest allies and friends we shall make fine warriors and guardians of our new home.

Alas our home has not reached its true strength. Yes it is true that the dwarves have taken steps towards a base of operations, with their mass magma forges, working within the depths and that the militia force has had triumph after triumph over the foul creatures below.

But it is still not enough!

The forges must ring loud with the creation of weapons of war and a true Army must be forged to drive back the beasts that attack us. I have plans that I must show to Ugo, he will know how to make them come true, plans to lead the fort back to the surface, to create a grand castle from which we can rain down death upon our foes.

**The Nothing strike from all sides, but we shall not falter.**  
**We shall drive them back, into the north from whence they came.**  
**We shall retake our world, in a tide of their blood.**

**And we will have VENGEANCE**

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Tarran** on **July 23, 2011, 11:14:43 pm**

Oh jeez, we're lucky we didn't loose everyone who came in contact with that gas. Still, 2 people is a straining toll on our community.

I vote those beasts be cast down into the abyss they came from. Throw them down the magma pool! ...Just because.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Ahra** on **July 24, 2011, 06:59:11 am**

can i have an human swords or axeman?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **July 24, 2011, 08:30:50 pm**

Laboratory Log  
Ugo Sosleng

-At last, something resembling civilisation! How Ive missed it...  
Must discover if they have tea and/or scones here.  
-They do have a Laboratory, belonged to a dwarven chap by name Torvold.  
Poor fellow got crisped right before I arrived apparently. Pity.  
-Ah, my wonderful test subjects. None other than 5 Nothing. This shall be...  
informative, entertaining? Perhaps both.  
-I simply /must/ dissect one of these nothing! I have been itching to discover if/how they sustain themselves, and if/how they reproduce.  
-Hmmm, this "Jägerdrawt" looks interesting. One ponders what effect it would have on a Nothing?  
-I shall have to see about aquiring a crossbow and moddifying it. If there is one sure thing, it is that there is nothing that Science cannot improve.

OOC: Sorry for the rambling and the spelling mistakes. Im kinda out of practise rping online, and im currently sick to boot.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Fortis** on **July 27, 2011, 02:00:35 am**

From the log of Fori

How I wish I picked a thicker scarf. Or held my breath for a little longer. Or maybe whatever it was is potent through the skin. I don't know how, but I was infected by the foul miasma of the forgotten beast. It's stricken me with a debilitating weakness, my limbs and body are sluggish and slow to respond to my will. Even breathing from time to time is difficult. I have to focus on each breath, consiously willing myself to continue inhaling and exhaling air. But fortunately, aside from the initial episode, I don't have trouble with it often. I hope that means that my body is working the poison out of my blood.

Still, this weakness and paralysis keeps me laid up here in this bed. I tried to leave once, but my legs were too weak to support my weight and buckled. A couple dwarves had to carry me back. Even now, holding this pen takes effort and concentration. How I hate it. Idleness chafes at me, there is so much that needs to be done, so much I could be doing to further the survival of this good fortress. Crops to be sown or harvested, or continuing Torvold's work, spirits grant his soul a peaceful rest. Even hauling stone and boulders would be better than this. I fear that the strength that I worked so hard to gain while living with the dwarves will fade away while I'm stuck doing nothing in the hospital. At the very least, couldn't they take my bed up to the surface? I would think the fresh air would do my lungs good, and I could commune with the spirits of the trees and share the news with the dwarves. Derm's taken me up there from time to time, and he comes to visit me at least twice a day, more if he isn't busy. Spirits bless him.

At least there was some good to all of this. The little elf slave that the goblinish dwarf owned is now free and has proper elf parents. I would have adopted the child myself if I hadn't been laid up. But Torvold though, he will be missed. A brilliant mind, to say the least. Even the fraction I learned under him is incredible. I plan on continuing his work once I get out of here. We've fortified the surface, now it seems we must fortify the caverns as well, building traps or walls to keep out the dangerous beasts in the deep. I've got several ideas that would bring down even a forgotten beast. I wonder if the smithies would mind me borrowing a little of their magma. Few are the enemies that cannot be defeated with a little of the life-sap of the mountains.

(What followed on the pages after were several sketches of different mechanisms, traps, and floor plans for fortifications in the caverns.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **TheOddDemon** on **July 27, 2011, 06:59:01 pm**

In a time before time, there were six races. Dwarf, Elf, Human, Goblin, Kobold, and a race whose name has been forgotten by the others. This race was nomadic, never staying too long in one place. This race worshiped the gods of the sky under which they wandered. All was well, for a time. Until an Elf civilization grew angry about these creatures who mocked the trees by wandering the empty plains, and attacked, killing most tribes in one fell swoop. The remaining tribes gathered together and look to their allies for help. But the Humans and Dwarfs turned a blind eye to their plight, and the remaining tribes were pushed back to a volcano. As the tribes gathered their defences, the Elves prayed to their gods, and the gods answered, crumbling the slopes of the volcano and plunging the tribes into it. As they burned, the tribes prayed to their gods, and the gods raised them from the volcano, and gave them dominion over the sky. But the Elf gods cursed the race to forever be marred by their burns,and to forever be know by a horrible name, and the race hid their wounds under hoods and cloaks, and forever hated not only the Elves, but those who abandoned them in their time of need.

Eldrich StormSap: Bogeyman

He is calm and and collected around all races but tends to be snarky around elves. He is cynical about life, not only due to the other races fear of his kind, but now due to the Nothing. He tends to stare at people until they become uneasy.

He, like most Bogeymen, is a hunter/trapper.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Aequor** on **August 05, 2011, 11:42:21 pm**

Stronghammer - Thanks! ;D

Ahra - Sure thing! Bio up on the first post.

TheOddDemon - A Bogeyman? Now that *is* an interesting idea! Anyways, you're in, bio up on the first post as ever.

*Sandstone & Timber 677*

All through the rest of the Autumn Nomekast bustled with heavy activity. Down on the Fiery Cistern Stronghammer Fireforge pushed his workers to improve the industrial base of Nomekast. The forges were expanded, a larger walkway over the magma pool was built to help prevent accidents.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



With smelting going at full-pace, the old stockpile where the bars were kept was no longer enough, and as such a new one was carved out, with separate rooms to store armour and weapons, and another room to store metal goods. The entire stockpile complex was sealed with two large lead doors to try and prevent thefts, such as that of the silver bars by Rakust, the loot of which was still unaccounted for.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



While Fori and the others afflicted by Streti's poison remained feverish and sluggish through the months, that didn't stop Fori from deciding to take charge of Nomekast's protection. The defences on the Home Level were strengthened, with towers being made at each entrance, where marksdwarves could fire down at anything that posed a threat.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Several restless ghosts rose from the dead to haunt the community, but eventually each ghost was memorialised in the Memorial Hall within the temple cemetery, a carved slab serving as the resting place for their spirits. Only two ghosts remained. A macedwarf who went by the name of Ablel, and who had been spotted causing trouble by moving objects, or outright stealing them.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

**a (silver halberd) has been misplaced. No doubt Ablel Cattenakum Ghostly Macedwarf is to blame!**

And Mosus, who had been a hammerdwarf in life, and who now spent all his time floating around the main meeting hall, silent.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Memorial slabs to both had been carved, but their souls were not put to rest, staying on this plane. Ibruk had said it was not unheard of those who had great fears of death to remain as a ghost even when the proper rites were given, and so for now both ghosts became temporary members of the community.

"Well," Brosso brayed loudly, "I believe that this meeting of the Alliance for Dwarven Survival may be called to order." he took off his tophat, dabbed at his face with a cave spider silk handkerchief lightly and put the tophat down on the chair besides him. Around the table in Stronghammer's forge-side house sat the other members of the Alliance for Dwarven Survival; Reg, Stronghammer, and several other members of the Dwarven community. Outside of them they knew several other Dwarves sympathetic to their cause of protecting and promoting Dwarven values.



"If I may take the lead, the tree-hugging riff-raff are our primary concern. Their protests to our wood-burning facilities are as ridiculous as they are senseless. The world is falling apart, and they still complain about the cutting down and burning of valuable resources. Valuable cave resources, I should add, far outside Elven 'jurisdiction', if it could be called that." Brosso continued. Stronghammer nodded vehemently,

"Two Elves were caught by the wood furnaces last night, attempting to steal the wood logs prepared for operations today, and one of them heavily intimated a desire to, as he put it 'smash the death-furnaces'" he said calmly as ever. The slightest of shocked gasps came from around the table, "they were stopped before any trouble could occur, naturally."

"By the beards of all the gods! That amounts to attempted theft and vandalism!" Reg exclaimed, "That's a case you could put in front of Derm. Say what you want, the fellow does try to do his job, and he wouldn't let an attempt to break down the social order slide."

"Hmm, but can we really trust the Elf-lover?" Brosso wondered in his typical bombastic voice, "There could be what the ancient legislators of lore would have called, 'a conflict of interest' there."

"The matter aside," Stronghammer said, "I have taken steps to forming a guard to protect the forges, an 'Iron Guard' if you wish."

"Wise man. Never trust an Elf! That's what I've always said! While our ancestors were creating vast machines of magma and steel, theirs were singing to trees."

"So that sorts that matter out. If you gentledwarves would excuse me, I have to get back to the hospital for the evening check-up." Reg said, standing up, giving each Dwarf present a farewell, then leaving. Stronghammer looked round,

"I believe that is all there is to discuss this week. If no one else has anything to add I believe we can end this meeting."

With a round of nods and farewell the Dwarves slowly trickled out until only Brosso and Stronghammer were left. The two exited Stronhammer's cottage and basked in the warm light of the magma forges.

"It occurs to my mind, my dear Stronghammer. That an organisation as critical and important as ours should have grand offices, especially if we are now also to host your Iron Guard. I dare-say that such offices and barracks and such-like could easily be carved out same as my grand arena and circus." Brosso said, lighting a pig-tail cigar and taking a puff.

"Excuse me?" came a voice. The two Dwarves turned and came face-to-stomach with a large Human clad in rusting armour covered with dried blood, "You are the Dwarf who manages the forges here, Stronghammer?"

"I am that."

"I am Juggernaut. I require your forges."

"And what do you require them for?"

"To outfit an army. We need weapons and armour, traps and mechanisms, enough to slaughter the Nothing and offer them to the Lord Armok, the Allfather. We need your forges to ring with the strike of hammers on swords, axes, and spears, that we might have enough weapons to slaughter all of Hell should we need."

"It's already done," Stronghammer said, "since my arrival these forges have not stopped their work on bolts, ballista-heads, hammers, swords, all things that keep an industry strong."

If Juggernaut was going to reply he was stopped by Brosso's happy exclamation. A Dwarf pushing a large tin cage had approached. Inside the cage was,

"A giant mole!" Brosso exclaimed happily, rubbing two hands together, "Perfect start for my circus, or possibly just as a weak foe for the arena! Ahh, but if only I could use the Nothing we have. Thrice-curse that damned greenskin scientist and that damned Elf-lover sheriff and the rest. How better to raise morale than to show our greatest foe, captive in a circus, or a zoo, just an object to be seen, not a monster to be feared!" he took another large drag of his cigar, and exhaled a great cloud of smoke at the giant mole, "Ah that, I tell you, my good Stronghammer, nobody understands the importance of a good circus in keeping a society together. It's as I always tell them; good circuses make good societies."

15th Moonstone 677 - Morning

Despite the long months of rest, Fori, Xenos, Sandra, Loral, and Meinhard's Jagers remained feverish and lethargic. Though their condition had improved somewhat, to the point of their being able to walk, their movements remained slow. The Jagers were back to training, though it was clear that they were not going to be as martially able as before. Meinhard hoped to cure this with the Jagerdrawt, but before that he still needed to get the necessary items for Volrath's ritual. Volrath himself remained under quarantine in the hospital, occasionally being allowed out for fresh air and to move, but little else. Sandra and Loral were also back to training with their swords, but likewise they were much slower than before. Xenos split his time between tending his crops at his secret little farm on the Fiery Cistern, and training with his spear. Fori likewise took up her place at the farms, helping to bring the crops in.

But not today. Today she had gathered the Elven community of the fort, of which there were about 15 out of the 80 or so inhabitants of Nomekast, to tell them what the spirits had told her.

She was sat by the edge of the farms, which were empty at this time of the morning, most people were still having breakfast. Derm stood besides her. She had come to value his presence, he was always so happy to help. She had already told him what she was about to tell the assembled Elves, and he had insisted on being here to keep the order, as a sheriff should. After all, she was about to defy almost 700 years of Elven tradition and deeply-held beliefs. Some of the Elves here were old enough to remember the original priestesses and queens, some of the Elves here had even met the original priestesses and queens, including the ones that remained.

"Thank you all for coming," she began quietly, calmly, "What I want to tell you here today isn't easy. Some of you won't believe me, some of you will no doubt think I am betraying our race and the spirits. But what I need to tell you is important.

The past few months I have had...unsettling dreams. And in these dreams one spirit in particular spoke to me. For centuries we have guarded the trees of this world, we have fought for them, we have died for them, we have communed with the spirits through them, and for so long, we thought that they were the spirits. But when the spirit spoke to me he told me that the trees are not them. They are but a channel to the mortal world through which the spirits can speak. They were a gift from our gods to us, a gift to cherish and protect, but also to use. Instead we became almost neurotic in our refusal to do anything to them, and we forgot the truth. The trees are not the spirits, they are a channel, but there are other channels, and the trees were created as a gift so that our race could use them and grow strong."

For a long time complete silence reigned around Fori. Shock registered on every Elven face, and no one dared speak. Then one Elf, a slender female who might once have been poised to become an acolyte, pointed a thin, accusing finger at Fori,

"That dust has done more damage to your head than your lungs!" she growled, almost spitting her words out. A few cries came out in acceptance. Derm growled,

"Watch your tongue."

"You've spent so much time with these Dwarves you're beginning to become like them! And now you come spouting this-these...blasphemous, horrid, horrible, nasty *lies*! Just to try and justify your Dwarf friends cutting down the spirits who have survived the onslaught of the defilers!" she spat on the floor before Fori, then swirled round and marched away. Several Elves followed her, leaving Fori with Derm and six of the 15 Elves. Derm placed a hand reassuringly on her shoulder,

"You did your best, Fori. They'll have to find out the truth eventually."

7th Opal 677 - Night

They met in Stas' 'Thieves' Guild' hide-out, hidden on the main level. Stas, in his usual shadowy cloak, stood waiting for Bax to arrive. When the greenskin did, with Atis in tow, the Dwarf welcomed him in and invited him to take a seat. In the corner of the room a silver bar lay, shining in the torch light, the loot from their heist several months ago that they had managed to pin on Rakust.

"So then. A shame Gutusp died." Bax said. Stas nodded,

"Poor lady. A nasty way to go, and I was planning to invite her to join our...fledgling organisation."

"But that's not all; have you spoken to Ocade? Weren't you going to invite him in?"

"Yes, he seems interested. I'll bring the topic up with him when I next see him."

"And I suppose you've heard about Shin, haven't you?"

Shin had been struck by divine inspiration or demonic possession depending on who you asked, and had completely withdrawn from society, prowling the corridors for materials to build something.

Shin - Architect withdraws from society

"We'll see if she makes anything worth...borrowing. But for now, we have important business."

Stas unfurled a sheaf of pig-tail paper. On it had been carefully drawn a plan of the new bar stockpiles, around the edges were noted times and people.

"Now, I have been able to observe that recent smelting has yielded at least two dozen gold bars, all of which were placed securely behind thick lead and copper doors by our good friend Stronghammer. Now, this is simply but what complicates things, is that Stronghammer has been having troubled with Elves arguing over his burning wood or something. The important thing is that he's formed the 'Iron Guard' which - as the name might imply - guards the forges. This means we'll need to act at the right time, between guard-shifts. Now the times and people on guard I've noted over here. As you can see we'll have a half-hour to act at most. That's a half-hour to break through the lead doors that guard the stockpiles, then the copper doors that guard the bar stockpile, get the gold bars, and escape, leaving no evidence behind us."

"A tall order. You'll be bringing Ocade into this?"

"Consider it his initiation test."

"Well. Lil' Beardy here could probably serve to distract the guard, and buy us some more time. If we have sacks prepared to put the gold in, we can dro-"

"Drop it off at a well-secured, hidden spot on the same level, rather than risk dragging it up to here, yes."

"Then later we can slowly bring it up here, hiding it among stacks of bolts or whatever."

"Exactly my thoughts. Birds of a feather, Bax. This plan will take some care, but in return, we'll have more gold than a minor noble. Enough gold to buy us a passage to safety if this place ever collapses, or to use to bribe some of the less...principled people of this community."

"Well you can count me in, Lil' Beardy too."

"Excellent! I'll talk to Ocade tomorrow, then we'll prepare everything."

8th Opal 677 - Morning

It was Sandra who spotted them while getting fresh air on the lighthouse, several black shapes on the top of the valley. Too thin to be Nothing, and certainly not animals.

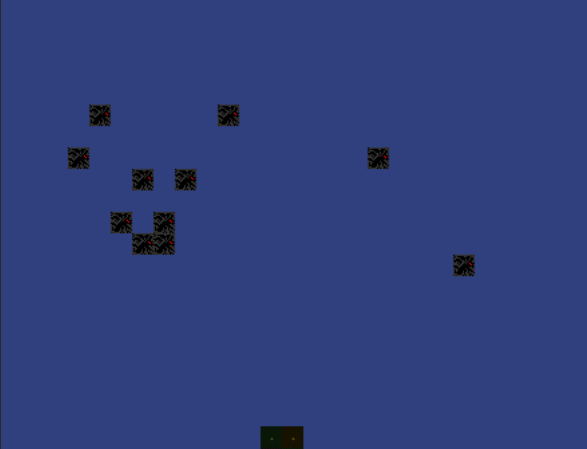
More refugees.

Some ~~significant~~ refugees have arrived

Still slightly paralyzed, she made her way down the lighthouse and warned the others. The usual preparations were made, the militia got their weapons together, ready to move out and help the refugees get through the Nothing. However as they moved out into the outside compound, a surprised yelp made them stop. It was Bounce, the bookkeeper. She was pointing up at the sky,

"What in all recorded hells are those?" she cried.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"Whatever they are," Muenster exclaimed, "they're diving on the refugees!"

The strange bird-like creatures dived on the refugee group, scattering them. Several of the creatures, drove their victims straight into the river, where they killed any who tried to get out of the water.

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)

Obok Tungemur Potash Maker has been struck down  
Litast Likotbiban Bone Carver has drowned  
Urist Storluttirist has become a Furnace Operator  
Zuntir Taningiz Cheese Maker has drowned  
Reg Udistilral Ranger is no longer enraged  
Tosid Rabadlikot Weaver has drowned  
Reg Udistilral Ranger has suffocated

It was a massacre, of the eight refugees, only two remained, running into the compound, one shrouded in a cloak and hood, the other clearly Human. The militia, seeing there was nothing they could do, followed, and the drawbridge was slammed shut behind them, sealing the surface away. Once inside, Tarran took charge as militia commander,

"Steve, check the guys that came in, get them to Reg if their hurt. Muenster, raise the drawbridge for the lighthouse. I don't want one of those things flying down the tower and getting in."

"What were they?" Reno asked, the Human marksman had agreed to help the militia.

"Looked almost like flying Nothing to me." Melagius said, "They don't even have the decency to stay down where everyone can stab them any more."

"Flying Nothing..?" Reno muttered, "That'd just be *wonderful*."

They were interrupted by a strangled yelp from Steve. Immediately the militia had their weapons ready. Steve had finished checking up on the Human refugee, an axeman named Ahra, and had been checking up on the second refugee, removinga his hood, revealing burnt flesh and the distinct face of,

"A Bogeyman!" Steve exclaimed, jumping back from the refugee.

"I would prefer the name Eldrich Stormsap, if it isn't too much trouble." the stranger said.

"Just when things couldn't get more multicultural." Melagius muttered with a half laugh, "What'll we have next I wonder? Crundles?"

"Well, what do you suggest we do with him, Sheriff?" Rashem asked Derm. Derm shrugged,

"I suppose it'll be up to popular vote, as it always is."

Well, I've struck a bug. There's those two ghosts who don't turn up on the memorial slab engraving list, so I can't get rid of them. It wouldn't be a problem if it wasn't for one being a poltergeist who steals things and the other hanging out right in the middle of the meeting hall.

Nomekast - So multicultural even the ghosts are permanent residents!

Anyways, I'm going to be gone about three weeks. I'm sorry for the real lack of updates the past few months, I'm getting stuff all done ready for my last year in secondary school/high school, and its taking up most of my time. Ironically, I should have *more* free time when school restarts.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **August 06, 2011, 01:45:25 am**

Derm sighed as he sat down to yet another session of... *paperwork*. He eyed the massive, towering stacks of sheets and regulations and overcomplicated *bureaucracy*. He didn't think anyone really knew how complicated dwarven law was, and how twisted and contrary it was at times. For instance, the law banning platinum forged warhammers set down by some King out of greed a few hundred years back that nobody had ever thought to repeal, *despite platinum being the best metal for a warhammer*.

He sighed again and dragged another sheet to him. He had to inspect *Every single law for mentions of conduct involving bogeymen*. This would be the *fourth time*. he would have to do something like this (He briefly cursed the general ethnic acceptance of the fortress but stopped halfway through.). Derm knew there probably wasn't any, but if he missed even one thing... He wondered briefly if something even *would* happen but dwarven nature struck the thought down before it could form. He was at least grateful that no Snooty Nobles had yet to appear. He dreaded the day he would have to strike down or chain one of his friends.

He blinked and rubbed his eyes, staring yet again at page 307 of the Dwarven tome "Codes of conduct" as written by Urist Tinfoiled one hundred and twenty hears ago. He wondered how Fori was doing. She was being strong in the face of this illness, but he couldn't help but worry slightly. He shook himself and turned back to the book.

*sliift*

He blinked again and stared at the words on the page.

*sliiiiift*

His eyes darted around his somewhat cramped office. He could swear that he heard something... He yawned and shook his head. Probably just his senses playing tricks on him. Like earlier when his favorite mug went missing and turned up behind his bedroom door, wedging it shut.

***scrape***

He froze, eyes darting toward the nearest filing cabinet. Overstocked with old papers, it shuddered slightly.

***scrape***

He definitely wasn't imagining things. He slowly reached for his axe...

The cabinet exploded, and a great slender shape rose up.

The Titan Papyrus Labors has arisen! A snake composed of paper, it writhes and undulates rhythmically. It's mouth eternally spews forth gibberish unto its enemies!

It roared a string of subclauses and lunged at Derm, who quickly struck with his battleaxe, parrying the blow. Derm swing with his axe, tearing a gash in the side, and spraying his office with blood!

"Ha! take that you... you..."

Derm paused as he realized what he was looking at.

**"YOU FUCKING HELLSPAWN YOU CAUSED ALL THIS GODSDAMNED PAPERWORK I'LL KIIIIILL YOOOU!"** He roared and took another swing.

*~~~*

Later, at the dining hall...

*~~~*

Everyone was gathered in the dining hall for some inexplicable reason.

Then a giant snake thrashed in through the doors, his scar riddled body holding a dwarf upon its head.

"Behold!" he shouted into the indistinct mass of faces. "I have bested the foul paperwork once and for all!" Cheers sprung up from the crowd as they all swarmed around him. The priests were bowing and hailing his shining achievment, and the architects stopped to scribble massive plans for his new housing on the walls themselves!

He searched out the crowd and hurried forth on his snakey stallion, and he rode up to Fori on the suddenly forested hill he was on. He climbs off his mount and went to greet her when she suddenly pulled a massive hammer out of nowhere and- *CLONG*

*~~~~~*

Derm jolted into awareness and fell back to the ground, him having been sent flying from a cabinet crashing on top of his desk.

An invisible giggle sounded throughout the room as a lingering poltergeist fled the scene.

He groaned and glared at the heaving piles of now horrifically messed up workload.

"I really need a bigger room." he thought. "Or at least more cabinets." He grumbled. He'd have to get the desk repaired... He yawned again. Had it been that long? he glanced at a nearby candle timer and grimaced. He'd deal with this in the morning.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Sneaky Walrus** on **August 06, 2011, 04:16:58 am**

-The mind of Juggernaut-

It appears that there are those among this community that know the value of strength and steel, dwarves such as Stronghammer. Even now the forges ring with the sound of metalwork, ready to outfit the army of Armok....the notion of the "Iron Guard" also intrigues me, perhaps I may help organize such a force, for the forges need protection for those who seek to cause trouble within the fort... Ha! the "Alliance for Dwarven Survival" may believe they can plot in secret but Lord Armok guides me...

-----



intriguing....  
The elves have realized where we stand, particularly this "Fori" who has begun preaching radically different notions to the traditional beliefs of the Elves  
hmmm....  
It would pay to visit these Elves, and let them know of a ally for their cause....

-----  
  
If only others within this fort would act as honorably instead fools such as Brosso who demands the creation of circuses instead! BAH!....hmmm....Yes...Yes My Lord I see....This could be an opportunity ... yes I am sure that my comrade and friend Ugo could alter this plan into something much more suitable, an Arena to both test our warriors, train beasts to serve and defend our fort while collecting knowledge of the Nothing... now if only I could force Brosso to fight Ha! I will teach him for speaking ill of my comrades....

-----  
  
**CURSE THE DAMNED SOULS OF THOSE BEASTS!**  
New Nothings have appeared and slaughtered a group of refugees who seek safety at our home!  
**This** is why our plans must go ahead and we must retake the surface world!  
**This** is why a great fort must be built above the gates of our home!  
**A bastion must be built**, from which we can rain fire down upon those who threaten to engulf the world!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ahra** on **August 06, 2011, 09:51:43 am**

*The mind of Ahra:*  
  
*I never really belived the stories that circulated about the fort that had bested the uum spawn? oh wait here they are called nothing,*  
  
*But atleast i ventured out from hiding and followed a group of pepole that were going there, their leader said he could feel an "pure" settlement or was it priest?*  
  
*And later on that boogeyman joined us, strange as hell last thing i heard about them they crushed an man from my villages head when he chopped down trees.*  
  
*But here i am, in the near legendary fortress serving in the militia, my friends are probably dead and i almost died too beacause of nothing birds that killed all except me and the boogeyman.*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **August 06, 2011, 11:33:46 am**

From the Log of Fori:  
  
I pray to the spirits that I'm doing the right thing. That these dreams I've had aren't just delusions of a stressed and harried mind. The meeting with the other elves went about as well as it could be expected. I was called a blasphemer by one of them (who rather reminds me of Ibruk), and most of the elves stormed off. A few remained appeared to at least consider my ideas. None accepted them outright. At least Derm was there to support me. But are my dreams true? I was so sure of it at the time. But now, doubt lurks in the shadows of my mind again. But the alternative, that millions of wise, noble, and caring spirits have been forever silenced, destroyed at the hands of the defilers, is a horrific tragedy. One too terrible to even contemplate. Can I be blamed for taking refuge in a lie or insanity?  
  
At least there has been a little good fortune in other areas. It's been a long, slow process, but my strength is gradually returning. I haven't fully recovered, but at least I'm no longer bound to the hospital bed. Not that I can complain about Reg's and the doctors' care, but I chafe at being idle when there is so much to do. Something that they recognize and respect I think. Anyway, with the aid of a cane, I can make my way about the fortress in my weakened state, though I have to take it slow lest my healing lungs fail to keep up with my body's demand for air. Still, it was enough to help me continue Torvold's work. In the forests, elves often grew platforms in tall trees, where hunters and bowmen could keep watch over the lands below. I adapted this to work in the caverns, building towers up high, commanding a wide view. Should trouble arise, the crossbow soldiers can rain bolts down upon any danger.  
  
Speaking of danger, the surface is once again barred from us. The defilers are adapting to the barriers we've put in place, and have taken to the sky on black wings. They can fly over our walls, hover out of reach of our weapons, and dive to attack with the swiftness of eagles. I heard of their attack upon the refugees, where only two out of a group of eight survived to make it to the fortress. There was nothing we could do save to shelter the two that managed to make it to our gates. I only hope that our crossbows can keep the flying beasts at bay. Swords won't do much good, not that I can wield in this state. Maybe I should learn how to use one of their crossbows? Especially if the rumors are true, that one of the survivors was a bogeyman.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **August 06, 2011, 12:56:35 pm**

Journal of Stronghammer  
  
It seems that the elves know no bounds. Just recently they attempted to destroy a wood furnace. Normally im quite understanding, however to damage Industry is to damage are community and defences. I will have to enact a new rule for around the forges...no elves or non forge works unless cleared and checked by my Iron Guard and myself. I will not have disidents damaging all we have built. Hopefully with the addition of the Iron Guard I will be able to prevent any more damage. On a side note I will have the workers begin construction on new "Grand" offices for the members of the Alliance, as well as a barrack for my guards. There is as usual lots of work to do and not enough hands. I must also bring charges to derm about what the elves attempted to do, charges of theft, vandalism, industrial espionage, and threspassing. Hopefully Derm will act within the law and punish thoughts responsible. Well of to my duties.

OOO Best of luck in your preparations for school, and as always great story. LONG LIVE NOMEKAST

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TheOddDemon** on **August 06, 2011, 04:36:32 pm**

As StormSap fixed his hood after the dwarf had so rudely pulled it up, exposing his charred face to the painful elements, he walked inside. He tried to walk past the guards, but cry's of alarm, pushing and shoving combined with the exhausting trip, got the better of him, and he collapsed.  
  
As the dwarfs surrounded him, he dreamed.  
  
He dreamed of the expansive cloud city of Helissia, the center of all bogeymen activity. The halls of storm clouds, who within them lived the Nightstalkers, the leaders of the bogeymen all around the world.  
  
He dreamed of the Stormwalkers, those who acted as both scouts and ambushers, bringing back resources for the city.  
  
He dreamed of the destruction of of his clan of Stormwalkers. They had dropped around a target, only to discover it was a creature of the void, later known as the Nothing. the bogeymen had been, in fact, the first species to find the Nothing, and recognize the threat. But at the time, the Stormwalkers had no idea what the Nothing were, and his clan was no different. The Nothing did not understand pain, and so the bogeymen's attacks did nothing, and the Nothing killed all but one, and StormSap ran. he ran until he found a place to climb back up to the clouds. He told the cloud to get to the city.  
  
He dreamed of the cloud port, where he saw hundreds of other Stormwalkers reporting the same as he.  
  
He dreamed of the Nightstalkers order, to herd the Nothing to the forest retreats of the elves. He remember burning the forests as the Nothing attacked.  
  
He dreamed of the flying Nothings assault on Helissia. The old Stormbringers, told the clouds to strike them with lighting, and the clouds complied. But there was too many, and they broke though, killing civilians left and right.  
  
He dreamed of the evacuation of the city, how the people rushed on to the cloud barges. He remembered Seeing a new cloud forming. He jumped onto that, and raced of in a random direction. He remembered being struck over a forest, and blacking out. He remembered waking up to dwarfs surrounding him, and he remembered them running to the fortress. Then he drifted off to a dreamless sleep.  
  
OOO: I wonder how Fori will react to a bogeyman in the same hospital room.  
  
OOO: A good song for the bogeyman race would be The Nomad by Iron Maiden.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Mangled** on **August 08, 2011, 11:28:58 pm**

Steve's writings:  
Haven't wrote for a while since I've been doing some tests to see if I can make something a bit better than scarves and other bits of cloth to protect us from poison spores and gas. I'll have to talk to Stronghammer and ask him if I can hire one of his lads to make me some sort of facemask with some sort of filter on it. I haven't got anything to pay him for his work but hopefully he will understand the need for the militia to have protection incase another poisonous beastie shows up.  
I'll probably have to talk to that goblin scientist if he's still around first though to see if he knows if such a thing as this has been attempted before and if so what sort of materials should be used for the filter.  
  
Now that that's been written down for someone to read later, we have a new person living with us, two people dead with us and a rather polite bogeyman that walked out of myth and into the fort. So all in all a pretty average day.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **August 15, 2011, 03:11:53 pm**

Good luck with school ;D  
  
The Iron Guard reminds me of Corneliu Codreanu's Iron Guard: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YTmJPhkOI7Y>. Name? Check. Fascism? Check. This is gonna be awesome.  
  
-----  
Diary of Brosso the magnificent  
  
Our Iron Guard is the rightful and proper answer for our problems with less desirable \*friends\*, we have here, and together with good Stronghammer's assistance we shall soon bring major change to our less-than-happy social structure. Would you believe they have indeed tried industrial sabotage against my friend's buildings!? Those tree huggers are more insane then they appear destroying the only thing keeping them safe regardless of having already lost a lot, and seen that proper industry is a mighty, steel vanguard against any possible danger from the nothing.  
  
In other things worth a mention was an attack by yet another \*ancient and powerful\* beastie, which this time seemed to deploy some sort of poisonous vapors, which upon inhalation proved crippling or deadly. Many fell to it's syndrome, both dwarf and other, including young Fori (will have to do something to either help her or ease her suffering, I really have to save her voice for the opera - note to self).  
  
Another nuisance as of late is Derm again, this scourge upon proper racial relations seems to be trying to either prove himself a prophet (by screaming insane things when monsters attack) and also upon my personal projects: he seems to be getting affectionate with Fori! MY future prima donna! I have to stop him!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Deamonpies** on **August 16, 2011, 05:41:23 am**

Good luck with school.  
  
This is one of the most impressive community fortresses i've seen because of your attention to detail and writting ability.  
  
When your back can I get dwarfed please.

As an engraver/smoother.

called Felix.

He is calm and reserved and just wants to get on with his job. He doesn't care who lives in Nomekast as long as they let him do his job.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **August 18, 2011, 10:49:15 am**

Laboratory Log  
Ugo Sosleng  
2nd Entry

-In light of the recent air raid by flying nothing(?!), it becomes clear to me that I must perform a live autopsy on a nothing as soon as the lab is repaired. I should talk to the Sheriff, Derm I believe his name is, about volunteers from the militia to act as security during the operation in case of "incidents".

-I am troubled by rumors I am hearing about this "Brosso the Magnificent". It seems that he is building a circus and want to dispute Science's claim on the labrats I mean nothing. Only the light of scientific inquiry can cause the removal of fear fueled ignorance about our enemy, not parading them about in a pit!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TheOddDemon** on **August 27, 2011, 01:07:02 am**

\*Pant pant pant\*

The cave-swallow woman ran through the caverns, the ceiling being too low to fly. She ran through the twisting passages, fleeing past riches that would be, to a dwarf, unimaginable. To her, they were just shiny walls. She ran up a slope, and tripped over a crundle, sending her falling into a ravine. As she looked up, she saw the three twisted, shadowy figures that had been chasing her.

"Oh no, plea-please no!"

\*\*\*

Eldrich had woken up a few hours ago in a hospital bed. There was a couple of dwarfs in the beds to his left. To his right...

There.

Was.

An.

Elf.

He simply stared at her for what seemed like an hour. She shifted in her sleep, as though aware of his gaze. He stared for a while longer, then got out of the bed. He walked over to the Elf's bed, and paused, as if unsure. Then, as if making up his mind, he put one of his two ritual daggers, and its scabbard, in her hand. Her fingers closed around it, and he walked out of the room into the hallway.

He went to the left, walking and turning seemingly without purpose. He passed two thieves talking about their plans, and easily pick pocketed their ill-gotten gains from them without notice and continued on. He passed an old man grumbling about them young'ons and turned right into a dining hall. There, he paused, listening to the loud argument coming from the hall.

" It is a demon, a murderer, a monstrosity! We must kill it before it kills us!"

" Now listen you old coot!"

" DID YOU JUST CALL ME AN OLD COOT?"

" I sure as hell did. I used to tolerate your ... ""zeal"", but that was before you started talking about murdering burn victims in their sleep!"

"IT IS NOT A BURN VICTIM! IT IS A KILL-"

"Ahem"

Silence fell instantly, and the assembled creatures turned to look at the masked and caped figure that stepped out of the shadows.

" In my society, the accused are allowed to defend themselves in front of a jury. I thought yours did too."

The "old coots" cult sneered at him, but the cries of some of the dwarfs drowned them out.

" Yeah! Lets hear what the bogeyman has to say!'

"Bah! Fine, hear what the murderer has to say! I will be in the temple praying to the gods for your souls!"  
The "old coot" turned and stomped out, his cult on his heels.

Eldrich watched them go, then turned back to the crowd.

" I will admit, we do kill people. But we need the resources. Our clouds cannot support tools for getting resources, and when was the last time you heard of a city that would trade with the bogeymen? Or one that would even talk to them?"

There were some uneasy murmurs among the crowd.

" Would you not kill to keep your children alive? Would you not kill to keep your race alive?"

He cleared his throat. " We have to kill, or our city's will fade and our family's will be food for the Roc's. I don't know how to make that any clearer to you."

He stared at the murmuring crowd for an minute, the turned and was about to leave when the dwarf that had been arguing with the old man came up.

"Er, hello, my names Derm. Uh, what's yours?"

".....Eldrich....."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ahra** on **August 28, 2011, 07:28:19 am**

Ahras journal:  
I cant sleep for longer times, the same dreams haut me whatever i do,  
pictures of my village blazing, an unwavering tide of The spawn set alight by the fires.

the worst was i recognised one as the flames destroyed the black covering, i had seen him die in the mountainpass of \_ Idsberg\_ in the battle of the Broken pride, the bane of the Asir. I had been in the same regions militia and fought alongside him, watching him get his throat ripped out in the clash between our tens of thousands soldiers and an tide of every monster in this world, twisted to the point of daemons,

Ogres in robes of black with dark clubs, even holy titans had been corrupted as i recognised the gray iron scales of Azkulem, the titan of the Tin ridges, and entire legions of northern goblins and their trolls still wearing their gear and weapons, drenched in dried spawn blood, they were called the Fallen, the ones that had lost to the spawns, we avoided that by setting the forests in the pass ablaze,

((The elves here went mad as i told them, pretty funny "you set an entire forest alight??!!" "May the spirits curse you" pfft the spirits are everywher and nowhere, they excist with us without goddamn trees.

Bloody man-eating elves, they only won the war against the excavated confederation since they set our field alight and stole our food and took our weapons, that civilization is thieves to the bone. but lets get on with the dream.))

And he became one of them. He seemed to look at me in gratitude as i hacked trough his ribcage to his spine with my simple woodsmans axe before as cloak of black dissipated and we ran, ran, and ran until we reached the fort, and safety....for some time.

Ah well i think im gonna see if i can find that eldrich? or whats his name was, he was an interestion fellow.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **August 31, 2011, 03:42:06 pm**

Hey peeps, I'm back. Thanks for all the well-wishes about school. I've almost finished all I need to do, so I'll get an update done in the next few days. Deamonpies, thanks, I'll add your character in when I get the update up!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **August 31, 2011, 04:56:01 pm**

excitement!  
glad everything went well.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **August 31, 2011, 08:43:28 pm**

Welcome back. Have to say i have been in withdrawl for more Nomekast, glad to have you back.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **katana** on **September 03, 2011, 03:08:18 pm**

I just read through the entire thread. It took me days. Great story :D  
Could I have a male human swordsman named "Katana" who's obsessed with killing stuff and refuses to talk about the past?

Side note: Some funny stuff:  
highlights

Quote from: Mangled on May 03, 2010, 11:16:32 am

Alas, poor sober!  
We hardly knew ye.  
No seriously, who was that guy?



|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
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| <div><div><div><div><div><div><span></span></div></div></div><div><div><div><span></span></div></div><div><div><span></span></div></div></div><div><div><div><span></span></div></div><div><div><span></span></div></div></div><div><div><div><span></span></div></div><div><div><span></span></div></div></div></div></div></div> <div>Quote from: Aequor on June 22, 2010, 08:58:34 pm</div> <div>Also, ProZock, your <del>deaf</del> gobbo's profile is up! You're in luck, there was a migrant with a child, and the migrant died!</div> |
| <div><div><div><div><div><div><span></span></div></div></div><div><div><div><span></span></div></div><div><div><span></span></div></div></div><div><div><div><span></span></div></div><div><div><span></span></div></div></div><div><div><div><span></span></div></div><div><div><span></span></div></div></div></div></div></div> <div>Quote from: Gutanoth on September 21, 2010, 11:03:40 am</div> <div>Quiet you! this is a forgotten beast. he may have as many legs as he likes. provided he reminds no one.</div>                     |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **mcclay** on **September 03, 2011, 06:10:05 pm**

Journal of Reno, Location: Nomekast.  
Today I saw my half~brother today. He was upthere with his adpoted race. Flying on wings of metal and magic, plain to see to anyone who was looking closley. Thankfully they were all watching the migrant slaughter down below. He looked right at me, I swear the fucker even waved to me.

Reno's recurring nightmare, Dream location: village of Letherna.  
Reno had not yet been born that day but his older and untainted brother would talk long of it, scaring Reno and Rahl into staying in the cace. it was just before the first major city fell. A band of Nothing swept into the village, killing all in their sight. Reno's father, for some inexpicable reason, was diffrent. He instead opted for a good ol' fashioned rape. He left Reno's mother within an inch of her life and her 8 year old son horrificly scarred in both senses. They both escaped from the village to cave in the moutians. two monts passed and Reno's mother died. but not before she had given birth to Reno and Rahl Monty. Reno looked like very other human child, expect for the fact that he was slightly blurry around the edges and Nothing usually ingored him, a testment to his father. Rahl however had goten most of the Nothing DNA and looked like a very humanoid nothing. Both lived in the cave until they were 18 and their Brother died. After that they wnet their seprate ways, each blaming each other for the combantion fo a rockfall, bear attack, blueberry bush, bird poop, HFS portal, kitten heart and Nothing potral that had all contributed to his death. These are the things Reno dreams of every night.  
((is this an accbetabla backstory?))

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **September 07, 2011, 09:20:23 pm**

Just readed the entire thread. Lovely! Posting to suscribe- and good luck with school.  
EDIT: Scratch that, I would want to be kobolded.  
Name: Konith.  
Gender: Male.  
Race: Kobold.  
Profession: Markskobold  
Custom: "Borrower".  
Personality:  
He's a thief, to put it simple. He likes valuable objects and is skilled in lockpicking and moving silently. Can't stand looking at a gold bar and not having a plan to take it. Other than that, I'll stick with whatever the personality is.  
History:  
Konith's cave was destroyed by the Nothing. He escaped and heard of Nomekast and now plans to go there. And he would like to join the local Thieves Guild if he finds out there's one.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **BranRhi** on **September 08, 2011, 07:40:05 pm**

Fantastic narrative styles guys. Request to be human (humaned?)  
  
Name:BranRhi  
Job:Duel-wielding crossbowman  
During the final battle for a human fortress he was briefly engulfed by a Nothing leaving him covered in scars and unable to speak. He wears iron armor to cover the scars and carries a crossbow in each hand.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kurotabo** on **September 08, 2011, 07:59:09 pm**

This is actually pretty cool. I would like to be goblined as:  
Kuro a swordgoblin who uses 2 swords, one in each hand. And who wears steel chain covered by a cloak,green if possible.  
  
Trained under a elven ranger named Thaco Oakendale after being captured by his tribe. The tribe was wiped out during one of the first attacks by the Nothing. Kuro has no problem with elves, dwarves, or humans thanks to Thaco's teachings. He only wants to wipe the Nothing out.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ahra** on **October 03, 2011, 09:11:20 am**

something happened IRL?  
  
also very long time bump

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **katana** on **October 05, 2011, 09:57:15 am**

:/

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 25, 2011, 02:15:40 pm**

I'm real sorry for dropping off the face of the earth for two months like that, there was stuff and more work and illness and laziness. However, I think I may switch to shorter updates, which means I should (normally) be able to update more often, cover more people and events, and there'll be less of a 'slog' in reading through everything.  
  
katana - Thanks! Sure thing! Bio up on the first post, as per usual.  
  
mcclay - The only problem I can see is 'Nothing DNA' since the Nothing don't have DNA to speak of, it would be more sort of 'essence' or 'magical influence macguffin'  
  
Lord Allagon - Thanks! Bio up on the first post as usual.  
  
BranRhi - Thanks! As with the others, bio up on the first post.  
  
Kurotabo - Thanks! Once again, bio up on the first post.

Opal 677

In the end calm thinking won out; Derm had confirmed that the only Dwarven law relating to Bogeymen was one set down by King Ilral Actedgates in his rewriting of Dwarven law in 420, banning them from owning any land within the Kingdom of the Grizzly Vessel. Why such a law had been necessary was unknown, as the last Bogeymen to be allowed within the Kingdom had been a diplomatic mission that had been run out in 215 upon the coronation of Logem Stilledboard. Bogeymen from then on were not seen within any Dwarven lands, save for in the Despotate of the Momentous Manor, which for many barely passed as Dwarven due to their traditions at odds with the rest of Dwarven society, such as slavery.  
  
Of course, many of the Elves had protested violently, the age-old feud between them and the Bogeymen would certainly not be settled by something as 'uncivilised' as Dwarven law, but since the original Dwarves that had founded Nomekast had been from the Grizzly Vessel, it was that Dwarven Kingdom's laws that held sway. And so Eldrich was allowed to stay. In a fort where already half the inhabitants were non-Dwarves what was one non-Dwarf race more?  
  
Life continued in Nomekast as ever it did. Winter had set in hard now, though temperature-wise it meant little underground. What it meant was that the fields lay fallow, and so Fori could pursue her goal of raising to scratch the defences of Nomekast, and also continue her attempts to discuss the message the spirits had given her with her fellow Elves.  
  
In Stas' Thieves Guild planning for 'the grand heist' continued, Ocade had been brought in and Stas and Bax had put out feelers and found a Kobold by the name of Konith who had wanted to join. He'd been let in, with the same caveat as Ocade - if the heist went well, they would be trusted enough and be a proper part of the guild.

Down on the Fiery Cistern mining work had finally finished on Brosso the Magnificent's arena.

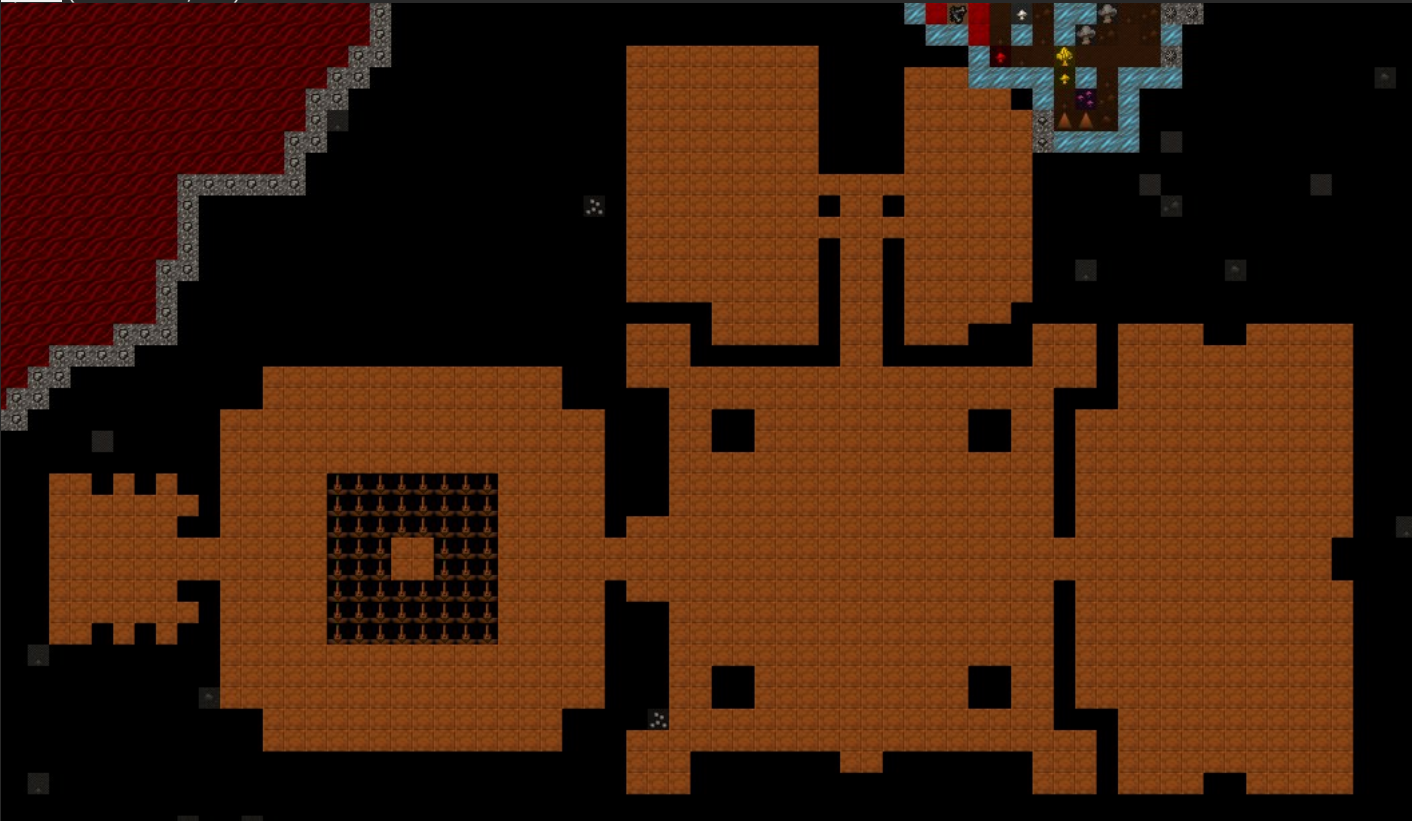
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The circus-director had already drawn up plans with his fellow members of the Alliance for Dwarven Survival for the Alliance's new offices and the barracks of the Iron Guard. Adjoined to what had once started

as a circus, but now included an arena amongst other things, it had been designed in Brosso's usual style, with large and grandiose halls, pillars, and an atrium with a grand pool.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The Iron Guard themselves had already been formed under Stronghammer, there were only four of them at the moment, but that was more than enough to guard the forges.

The surface remained barred to the community, and no refugees had been spotted. After a while many of the flying Nothing dissipated across the valley, flying away, however there always seemed to be at least a half-dozen, flying frantically across the Swamps of Tunnelling, as though - and probably indeed - searching for anything living they could tear up.

#### 4th Obsidian 677 - Afternoon

Ugo Sosleng flexed his green fingers in anticipation, his hand hovering over the tray of scalpels that lay on the granite table before him. Chained by the side of the room was one of the Nothing that had been captured a few months ago now. The creature was completely still, its red eyes fixed on the Goblin scientist. Ugo took up his quill and began to scratch his preliminary notes on the pig tail paper he'd been provided. He'd quickly learnt that pig tails were among the most versatile crops that could be harvested above or below land. Dwarves cut the plants into strips and beat them into sheets of paper, they brewed them into ale, they spun them into cloth, they could even be made into fine cigars, as Brosso was apt to showcase.

#### Experiment 1 - Subject 1

*Subject seems unresponsive and completely immobile. It has a habit of staring at whoever is closest to it, but does not actually move or struggle against its restraints. Full-body live autopsy will be performed to see what exactly compromises these 'Nothings', Sheriff Derm has insisted on members of the militia being present in case of escape, which may affect the creature's temperament and reactions. First an incision will be made in one of the creature's tentacles and the ensuing blood - or whatever liquid synonymous with it - will be collected.*

Happy with these preliminary opening notes, the Goblin took a scalpel up, weighing it in his hands like a professional, and turned to the Nothing. The red eyes stared back into the Goblin's own. Ugo chose a thickish tentacle, and carefully, sliced into it. The Nothing didn't move. Liquid like smoke poured from the incision, dripping onto the floor where it coiled like smoke and dissipated into the air. Quickly he seized a green-glass beaker - the Dwarves apparently didn't currently have the facilities and resources to make clear glass, especially as the Elves were kicking up a fuss about the wood burners - he held the beaker under the wound, and let the vapoury liquid collect inside it, once he had enough, he slammed a cork onto it. The liquid inside coiled and curled like smoke in a non-existent wind, but all it could do was rise to the cork, then fall back to the glass floor, unable to dissipate into the air. Ugo took up his quill again,

*Liquid was successfully extracted. Nothing made no attempt to avoid being cut, and had no reaction at all, only continuing its current focus of staring at whomever is closest. Nothing 'blood' appears to be an ethereal liquid that acts like smoke when it touches a physical object. Once it has touched something, it attempts to dissipate into the air, this can apparently be stopped by containing it inside a sealed glass beaker, or possibly any container small enough? Tests will need to be performed to see exactly what this liquid is and its effects and/or uses.*

Putting down his quill, Ugo put the scalpel back in its place, and took a large knife. The next test was to amputate one of the Nothing's limbs and observe the effects. He advanced on the chained creature, knife gleaming. The Nothing's eyes stared back, but it didn't move.

#### 15th Obsidian 677 - Evening

Once more the Alliance for Dwarven Survival had gathered in Stronghammer Fireforges' cottage for their meeting. While work had begun on their new offices, it would still be several months before the place was carved out, and more still before it was fully furnished. Stronghammer opened the meeting with a bombshell;

"Last night the Iron Guard caught an Elf; she had just destroyed the wood furnace." as was Stronghammer's style, it was very matter-of-fact, but it roused shouts of anger.

"This is just what I warned about! Elves can't be trusted near anything and anywhere civilised!" Brosso brayed.

"And what has Derm done about this!?" Reg demanded, frowning angrily. As Dwarves went, the doctor was a more 'moderate' member of the Alliance, but that certainly did not make him the friend of those who refused to accept Dwarven tradition and society while living in what was essentially still a Dwarven fort.

"He was informed about the matter, remanded the Elf into custody and given her a 'final warning'." the industrialist replied.

"For shame! Back in the Mountainhomes it'd be a month in jail or a hammerstrike straight away! There'd be none of this malarkey and bureaucracy!" Brosso thumped a meaty fist onto the table, "This is completely unacceptable!"

"What's more worrying is that they slipped past the Iron Guard." Reg remarked. Stronghammer allowed himself a smile,

"I wouldn't worry, I have a measure already in mind to further protect our valued industry, and volunteers already at work."

#### 16th Obsidian 677 - Morning

"Stronghammer! You can't be serious about this." Derm exclaimed. The sheriff stood with the industrialist and Brosso on the Fiery Cistern, near the magma pools. Around them masons and volunteers of the Alliance or the forges went to and fro with granite blocks. Brosso answered for Stronghammer,

"Completely serious, Sheriff. You have consistently failed to protect our industry, the Iron Guard will have to do the job for us!"

"Yes, but a wall around the forges?"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"I mean, you didn't even ask for permission or-"



"Planning permissions and construction permits do not fall under the remit of Sheriffs, they go under the Mayor." Stronghammer said firmly.

"We don't even have a Mayor! Look, you can't just start blocking off random areas that you want, the whole point of having a Sheriff was to-"

"Well then we'll need to elect a Mayor! But until then, the wall stays, and anyone wanting to enter the forges will have to pass the checkpoint and the Iron Guard. Good day Sheriff Derm."

Right, so I want to try something, like with the voting on Sheriff. That is, you get to vote for whoever is Mayor for the year (game year). This should avoid things like the fact that Stas has been Mayor since it was first activated in the game, since he has the most friends, due to his lack of work, which doesn't work in the actual narrative, where Stas is much more quieter and less known, thus unlikely to become Mayor. So basically, if you want to be Mayor, nominate yourself, and vote, form your political blocs, ~~blackmail~~, etc, etc.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **October 25, 2011, 03:05:20 pm**

OMG BY THE BEARD OF ARMOK YOU HAVE RETURNED. Welcome back most glorious authour of one of the best stories going. Its nice to have you back i have truely missed this epic story. I like the wall and iron guard inspection of all entering, you truely know my character. I would like to nominate my self and vote for my self, and i think we all know what party my character would represent. Anyways keep up the great work, next cage traps should be setup to protect the forges from illegal entry, i realise in game no one would actually get captured, but it would be great for the story. ANYways thx again great story.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **October 25, 2011, 05:00:58 pm**

(Welcome back Aequor!)

From the log of Fori

Much has been happening of late, and I haven't had much of a chance to record my thoughts recently.

My strength is all but returned now, as the forgotten beast's poison has finally worked its way out of my system or run its course. I can now walk without the cane, and I can use my sword again, which is good, because I sampled one of the crossbows, and I found that I simply didn't have the sheer strength to cock it, though my aim was good. In addition, I no longer have to stay in the hospital. But something odd did happen in my last few days in the hospital though. I awoke one morning to find myself clutching a dagger. It wasn't elf or dwarf make, even goblin or human. It had a very intricate build, with an oddly shaped blade and strange engravings. It struck me more as ceremonial rather than practical. After questioning the other patients, they told me the bogeyman had left it with me. For what purpose though, I had no idea. Was it a challenge? Was it a peace offering? Was it a tribute, or a bribe or just a random friendly gesture? And what should I do in return? In the end, I decided to fall back on the elf customs. When one gives you a gift, it is polite to give something back. I left a basket of my strawberries on his bed, a portion of my private stash that I was saving. They were some of the few left since the surface and my fields became closed to us. Anyway, until I can speak with the bogeyman, I keep the knife with me, in a sheath on my hip opposite of my sword.

After I left, winter was soon approaching. After the hard work of harvesting, there was little field work to do, as the fields were left fallow during this time. Still, I found there was much for me to do. With the brilliant mind of Torvold dead, I was in the unusual position of being an unofficial expert in mechanisms among the dwarves, since I was among the few that studied with him. It is quite a lofty position to fill, and I can't come close to his level of brilliance. Yet. I am learning though, as I go through his old notes and schematics. Slowly, I am grasping and understanding the mechanisms that he has designed, the intricate science behind it. Even with my rudimentary knowledge, I'm seeing many potential applications of this study in the defense of our home. Soon, I will delve into the designs that the unusual human Meinhard had brought. Torvold always seemed to speak respectfully and approvingly of whoever had made them and sent them with Meinhard to our home.

But I am not the only mind here at least. There is another working in the late Torvold's labs. A goblin by the name of Ugo Sosleng was studying the defilers that we have captured. His expertise was in the study of life rather than that of mechanics, but I still offered my assistance to him. At first I thought I might be disturbed or nauseated at the live dissection of a defiler, but the creatures weren't life of any sort I knew. They weren't even undead, and I recalled the words of the ancient spirits from my dream, manifestations of the void he called them. Still, they're corporeal and can be slain, and if we can find new ways to do that, all the better. I wonder if they can be poisoned somehow. All the same, I was glad for the guards that Derm had posted during the examination, and I kept the sword and new dagger handy.

However, I still continue to try and win over some of the elves to the understanding of the trees and spirits my dream or vision had shown me. Some of them seem to accept it, and others I can tell at least want to accept it, but aren't convinced. However, others have stubbornly clung to the old beliefs. In response to my spreading my message, they just cling all the harder and brand me a blasphemer and heretic. A rather bitter irony, I had hoped that this message would help to unite our scattered race with the others, but it just seems to have created yet another schism and source of friction. They're getting more extreme, and had set fire to one of the furnaces.

Still, it seems that my message has done a little good. I was approached by one of the humans, a massive iron clad man who goes by 'Juggernaut'. It seems he had been keeping an eye on the dissent among the elves. We spoke some about the problems the elves were causing. I agreed that, if he needed, I would turn my skill with mechanisms towards helping their forges, particularly the magma ones. The more magma used, the less plants that need to be burned to fuel the fires. But I wasn't ready to help him with the wall to thwart the elves. I was still trying to win them over, and it wouldn't help to begin actively opposing them yet. But I fear that it might come to that.

There's also going to be an election going on soon. Seems that the community decided that it needs a Mayor, and it's going to be put up to a vote. I must admit that I'm tempted put myself up for nomination. It'd mean less time on the fields and in Torvold's labs, but It would mean a saner head guiding the fortress, out of the hands of Ibruk and his ilk, and of the elf radicals. And having an elf in a position of power might soothe their worries over the misuse of trees. But I don't think that an elf mayor for a dwarf fortress is going to happen in this day and age. Still, I might see how the rest of the fortress accepts the idea. Who knows, I might just have a shot. I am rather dwarf like for an elf I guess.

Lastly, Brosso again approached me about being his prima donna in his opera house, and I again refused. There's simply too much for me to do here to waste time with that. I'm glad I stand a head and shoulders taller than him, so I wouldn't get that smoke from his cigars in my face.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **filiusnox** on **October 25, 2011, 05:07:59 pm**

*Ocade's Ratskin Journal*

I'm putting myself up for election, with promises of a stronghanded government dedicated to destroying the Scrouge known as the Nothing, strong laws, and military might.

((Can I do a little speech thing, Aequor?))

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 25, 2011, 05:26:44 pm**

Quote from: filiusnox on October 25, 2011, 05:07:59 pm

*Ocade's Ratskin Journal*

I'm putting myself up for election, with promises of a stronghanded government dedicated to destroying the Scrouge known as the Nothing, strong laws, and military might.

((Can I do a little speech thing, Aequor?))

Sure, everyone feel free to make speeches and do all the campaigning you want to on whatever issues you want.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **October 25, 2011, 06:22:27 pm**

Oh hey, this is back.

Oh hey, a vote for mayor.

Oh hey, I can't remember basically any of the characters in this. Darn.

Not voting for myself because I doubt anyone really likes my character.

So I'll vote for the most moderate dwarf or human in the community, both in views of other races and in laws. Not Derm, though, he seems too attracted to Fori to possibly ever be moderate. Is this kind of vote okay?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **October 25, 2011, 06:31:31 pm**

I'm not running for mayor as the sherriff cannot be mayor AND sheriff. Also I have enough shit to deal with already. In story, that is.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **mcclay** on **October 25, 2011, 06:56:48 pm**

Journal of whateverthefuckmycharctersnameis

Seems our resident scientest has gone to work on a Nothing. Good for them, when he is done with his expermients I will go and ask him if I could see his results and his ideas of what a human~Nothing crossbreed would be like. I can't let anyone know about my ancserty, the Asshats at that Dwarven Alliance thing would send those bigoted thugs they call the Iron Gaurd after me.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **October 25, 2011, 10:10:37 pm**

Vote for me for a fair and just government. I am not pro any race, but am rather pro industry and am pro the fort. I think of things logically and fairly, not elven and dwarven. I have taken measures to secure the forges, not in an attempt to separate the people, but rather as a way of protecting the property of the public. Some might say that i am for getting rid of the non dwarves as is suggested by my inclusion in the dwarf alliance. However i have joined the alliance as it is the only force willing to help protect are industry from sabatoge and destruction. Even recently when my guards caught the elf who burned one of are forges, the elf was not beaten or harmed, instead she was handed over to the sheriff for justice. I am not a dwarf out to seek power and dominance, i am a dwarf out to seek the best logical, peaceful, and efficient path for are fortress. To help you see that i am a good choice and that i have the skills, you need but look at the weapons used by are valiant warriors defending us, or look at the armours protecting them from harm. My being here in this fort has brought much good and prosperity, and so i ask vote for me to lead you, in these times of hardship, vote for me if you want equality in everyday, vote for me if you want your ideas to be done, vote for me if you wish to have a voice in the desicions, vote for me if you want your beliefs protected and safeguarded. Thank you all for your time and consideration.

\*Yay go STRONGHAMMER :P\*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Sneaky Walrus** on **October 26, 2011, 03:28:26 am**

The thoughts of Juggernaut

I have conversed with Forli and she now knows of my willingness to help her in coming conflicts with the elves of this fortress as well as agreeing to working with Magma... /sigh If only she would realize that those elves are stuck within their traditional notions, they fear change as they are already locked within a radical motion, by living beneath the earth with their Dwarven enemies of old, and I fear any more friction will lead to violence...I fear for Forli for when the time time comes she will have to make a choice between the fort and her people. Still she stands strong and I will endeavor to support her attempts at unity.

The Alliance for Dwarven Survival are making all the right moves in all the wrong ways. If only they had gone to Derm and petitioned or at the very least forewarned him about the creation of the wall around the forges. I support this action, as it is both the center of a military works and is a target for thieves and traitors within our midst, however their clumsy handling of the situation could lead to more dissident among the fort instead of unity. Bah I bet that pompous fool Brosso was a driving force behind this action, he even petitions for one of our main agricultural leaders, Forli, to become an opera singer. Tit. Despite their wall I believe that the stealing of goods will continue. I must investigate this futher.

An election for mayor is being held soon. I am fully behind Derm as our military leader, as he has proved himself both capable and fair in previous cases, but I doubt he could balance this with the mayoral position. Stronghammer appears to be the best option so far, as he appears to be primarily interested in the Fort first and the alliance second, but I fear what his actions would be if he were to succumb to the vice of ultimate control. Still he has earned my respect as being a man of his word and appears to judge fairly despite race, however I fear that dwarves like Brosso would believe their own ideas would come before others and in their own superiority of their position to others. I will have words with Stronghammer and make it known, only to him, that I will support him and act as a guardsman, while attempting to foster unity between the rest of the fort for his actions as leader, such

as informing him about the changes within the many communities within the fort.

Hmmm I wonder how the mayor would react to the idea of community leaders within each racial group, a council of six (Dwarves, Elves, Men, Kolbolds, Goblins and Bogeymen) , each representing their people and setting forth their problems to him instead of dealing with them as they appear.

(ooc) Sweet Jesus riding a Dinosaur its been a while!  
Anyway on to important matters Stronghammer you've got my vote since I think you can do it better than anyone else and I think it will be funny to have a chance to shut Brosso down ;D  
Also, as I mentioned, I think there should be council of six (how many races do we actually have in this zoo of a fortress?) which would be a decent idea seeing as there is bound to be some conflict between the races and we might as well have an arena set out for it!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **October 26, 2011, 06:51:09 am**

(ooc) thanks sneaky walrus, my character is all about efficiency and logical plans so everything you have said about him is pretty bang on the money. Also thanks for your vote, aaaaaand the council idea is really good as it will allow discussion between the different groups as well as a way to bring things up to the mayor (hopefully Stronghammer) before they become too big of an issue.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ahra** on **October 26, 2011, 05:41:50 pm**

Journal of ahra:  
  
*Dwarves and humans, funny and tries to survive  
Elves, goddamn annoying and self-destructive.  
I am serious, the iron guard is the only sensible persons in the fort.  
They remind me of the westerns that fought the goblins, do or die  
and the elves want to die!!!  
I will have to talk with stronghammer if they will accept an human  
guard squad...*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kurotabo** on **October 27, 2011, 04:14:55 pm**

The Journal of Kuro  
  
The last time I was truly happy I was a prisoner. Those long days ago, with Thaco Oakendale... Funny isn't it? I'm afraid I'm getting ahead of myself... Let me elaborate. My name is Kuro Emeraldeyes, and I am a goblin, one of the downtrodden and demented. I was born the son of a Priestess and a goblin drunk, so my story isn't a happy one. At age six I was taken from the hellish temple I called home, and given to the military Warmaster Goret Hammerdriven, who raised me to be a "Helldrinker", one of our special soldiers... The name never made sense to me. Years later, we were about to conquer an elven tribe to be a new tower, but it turned out the elves were far stronger than we thought. They sprang trap after trap, used ambushes and guerilla tactics. It came to pass that I was the last one standing against what must have been sixty elves. Of course, they didn't give me the benefit of death, no, they made me watch as they ATE my comrades. After, they gave me a choice: Serve the Village Ranger, or be made into stew. I swallowed my pride, and became servant. I found the Ranger to be a reasonable elf, first one I met, and after twenty years, we became friends. He taught me how to hunt, forage, and the joys of eating green... Took me about a hundred years to stop puking. I passed another one-hundred-twenty years in peace and happiness... Until THEY came. I watched Thaco Oakendale, my mentor, be ripped apart, his wooden blades useless. I somehow survived all this, but my tribe didn't. Picking through the dead, I scavenged up clothes, food, and armor. I took Thaco's shredded cloak, and retrieved my ancient steel blades from the chief's hut.  
  
Kuro felt the wagon shudder to a halt, the other refugees groaning as they pulled themselves out of half-sleep. He'd arrived at Nomekast; he'd arrived at his new home.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Sneaky Walrus** on **October 28, 2011, 12:33:14 am**

Thanks Stronghammer :D  
With the council I was envisioning something like the council of Elrond from Lord of the Rings, but maybe we can have it somewhere cool instead of overlooking a bloody forest and instead have somewhere like hanging over a massive lava pit/waterfall or looking over the underground cavern.  
Maybe we can have a massive council chamber shaped like the forts symbol or, if that's too hard/weird (dwarves have weird symbols), have something like the Omega symbol  
<http://internationalcoincollectors.com/blog/wp-content/uploads/2011/03/omega.gif> where each of the members sit along the sides while the current mayor (or better) sits at the head.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **BranRhi** on **October 28, 2011, 11:01:40 pm**

Opal 677  
  
Finally made it to Godsaved, or Nomekast as these dwarves call it. Much better off than I imagined the last traces of civilization would be. Saw a little girl following a goblin through the dining hall while I was eating, very strange to me although no one else even looked twice. Guess the end of the world brings people together.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **October 29, 2011, 01:14:03 pm**

Brosso climbs heavily on a table, adjusts his cigar and top hat and eyes the crowd which has gathered to find out what all this commotion is. Interestingly no other dwarves of Alliance for Dwarven Survival or Iron Guard nearby.  
  
Taking a long drag of his cigar, he begins his little speech:  
  
My fellow Dwarves and non-Dwarves! I wanted to speak a few words to you as a friend. \*puff\*  
  
You know how tough the times are, there is no doubt of it. Countless of your fellow kinsmen lay dead, countless more will die if some radical steps are not taken. \*puff\*  
  
The beasties, commonly called nothings, are the gravest danger we have ever faced as a whole, but there are also enemies within the fortress. Ones who wouldn't think twice of trading our and their lives for some petty ideological wars. \*puff\*  
  
Who are they you ask? Is this the shorties, the humies, the tree-huggers or the greenskins? No, the enemies I speak of do not care about your race, religion or ideology. All they care about is their own agenda, one that will kill us all so that they can make sure we can't interfere with their intricate plans. \*puff\*  
  
An ancient enemy they are, worshiping their foul gods, probably they are responsible for the plague of nothings that endangers all we know and love!  
That's why we have to set aside petty animosities we hold against each other and have to work together to fight back and reclaim our ancestral lands. \*puff\* \*violent cough\* \*mutter: "holy armok"\*  
  
To that end we'll need weapons and armor, which only our forges may provide. I understand all of us know that without them, our case is lost and we are already dead and forgotten. \*puff\*  
  
That's why I speak to you today. I ask you to forgive and forget, and vote for our industrialist, Stronghammer, who is the key to survival for all of us, the Alliance for Dwarven Survival, progressive \*wink at Fori, who is passing by\* and conservative elves, humans, goblins and whoever else we've got in our fortress. \*puff\*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **October 29, 2011, 01:14:35 pm**

Good thing Nomekast lives again!  
  
I can't wait to see what will the election and post election chaos bring ;D.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **October 29, 2011, 06:19:17 pm**

nice speak Ovg thanks for the support.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **November 02, 2011, 12:03:30 pm**

*Konith's Log  
I have arrived to Nomekast. It wasn't quite as I expected but that's not something to worry. There was quite a commotion when I got here, something about walls and the Iron Guard. Seems like there's a pro-dwarf group who built wood burners, and the elves destroyed one. On that matter, elves here are quite divided. Some are the same old tree-lovers, but others follow someone by the name of Fori, who, as I've been told, disagrees with the idea trees are ancestors. Also, there's an election for mayor going on. That elf, Fori, and Stronghammer, an Dwarven Alliance industrialist, are running for it. For now, I'm supporting Stronghammer. Not going to vote for now, though. Maybe there's another better candidate waiting to show up.  
-----  
Hmm. There's a Thieves' Guild here. Planning something. I told them I'd help. And now I'm doubting about voting Stronghammer. He would form more squads of the Iron Guard, and the heist would be more difficult. That gave me an idea, though. I'll tell Stas. One of us should disguise/become an Iron Guard so we get more inside information...*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **bayar** on **November 02, 2011, 02:07:27 pm**

"Stronghammer sounds like decent dwarf. He won't let Brosso put fellows in cages or in pits of death. The council idea sounds good too."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **mcclay** on **November 02, 2011, 02:23:13 pm**

"I'm throwing in my vote for Fori, she seems smart enough."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **November 02, 2011, 03:49:08 pm**

From the log of Fori:  
  
So far, the only ones to step forward to run for mayor have been Ocade and Stronghammer. At first, I liked the idea of a fellow elf running, but Ocade is...strange. He seems more goblin than elf in mindset. And there are rumors that he's been hanging around with Bax. Stronghammer, on the other hand, is a dwarf through and through. Evenhanded and level headed. I could see him making a good official. But he seems rigid. He was unwilling to compromise with the elves over the issue of wood burning. It is true that the elves present weren't willing either, the only choices discussed were 'burn no wood' and 'burn any needed', and of course neither were willing to bend at all.  
  
Therefore, even though it'll mean less time amid the plants or in the labs, I have decided to announce my intent to run for Mayor of Nomekast. This fortress needs a leader who is both strong and flexible if it is to survive. I doubt the current candidates ability to be both, and no one else has stepped forward. For the good of the fort, I chose to do so. The farms, at least, can be passed on to other dwarves, men, and elves. I've worked with many of them, and I know they'll tend the crops well. I'll have to see if I still have the time to continue Torvold's work, but I think I can manage with Ugo's help. Either way, I'd better go and make an announcement to the inhabitants of Nomekast.



Later that evening in the dining hall:

"People of Nomekast. My friends and companions." Fori began, getting the attention of the gathered elves, dwarves, men, and other races. "Lend me your time for a moment. I've heard as have you of the upcoming election. So far only two have stepped forward. After long consideration and thought, I have decided, for the good of the fortress, that I will put forth myself for election."

"Our fortress needs a strong leader if it is to survive in these times. Nomekast is the strong oak enduring the storm, the cliff face enduring the pounding of the ocean. It must be a flexible one as well. Not only to counter the ever changing and evolving threat of the defilers and the monstrous beasts that threaten us. But to respond to the growing population, and the many cultures that have come together to live as one. This population is the foundation of our fortress, the roots that hold the oak in place. If we allow this foundation to crack from infighting amongst ourselves, we weaken Nomekast. As we have seen, the defilers are quick to take advantage of any weaknesses that we possess."

"Therefore, should I be elected, I will do all I can to ensure that we all provide a united front against the defiler's threat. I will endeavor to balance the needs of dwarven industry with the needs of the elves to protect nature. Compromises can be reached to allow the forges and furnaces to work to provide the goods and weapons that this fortress desperately needs without ignoring the beliefs and needs of the other races. And together, we will resist the wanton destruction of the defilers, who threaten elf, dwarf, man, goblin and kobold alike. We will find new ways to counter their threat, and we will retake our world from them, and send them back to whatever foul void they came from."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **November 03, 2011, 01:37:41 pm**

*Konith's Log*  
*That elf, Fori, just announced her intentions of running for mayor. She says the mayor should be someone flexible but strong. And, she has not said anything about protecting the forge specifically, but the fortress. That's what I was worrying about, so I think I'll vote for her.*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **November 04, 2011, 09:19:19 pm**

if Fori becomes the mayor, I'm not entirely sure what Reg would do. Leave, probably.  
Vote for stronghammer

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 05, 2011, 07:04:00 pm**

17th Obsidian 677 - Evening

Electioneering had begun for the first time in Nomekast. To some, this was a signal of the community settling more into something resembling a true, orderly, community, to others, it signalled a move back into the same corrupt communities that they had been forced to flee from. So far three names stood on the ballot, Stronghammer Fireforge, the well known Dwarf industrialist and Alliance for Dwarven Survival member who had taken charge of the forges, and Ocade, the swordself well known for his killing of forty-seven Nothing in the defense of Nomekast, and Fori, the well-known Elf farmer and the one who had taken charge of the defences of Nomekast, a move which was sure to split the Elf vote. Speeches were being made, ideas were being tossed, policy platforms were being made, again, to the delight of some, and the unhappiness of others. For many, the idea of democracy was a new thing, even if in Dwarven society it was still traditionally restrained to the Mayor's role, the nobility and monarchy taking all the 'big decisions' as it were, while the Sheriff traditionally being appointed by the local highest noble. Humans also had elections, though these sometimes ranged to more important positions; Elves and Goblins on the other hand, were new to the idea, in Goblin society only the strongest ruled, while in Elven society roles were either religious and thus limited in terms of candidates and who could decide, or else part of the monarchy, which was naturally, non-democratic. As for Kobolds and Boogeymen, no one knew or had asked, though it was assumed that Kobolds had a primitive tribal structure, and thus were also new to organised democracy.

Outside of the election, life continued. Down in the forges another controversial defense had been set up in the form of cage traps at the entrance of the newly-built wall.



This had again set off an argument about the limits of what could be done with the forges which again was stopped at 'no Mayor, no need for permission to build things'.

Meanwhile, up on the home level, work had begun on carving out an office for whoever would be Mayor, in the newly-excavated area that had been bridged to east from the fort.



Ugo had continued his experiments on the Nothing with Fori's help. He had made the discovery that after a day they seemed perfectly healed, and that even after amputating a Nothing's tentacle, that they seemed to grow back after a day. This had the worrying implication that the Nothing couldn't be injured or permanently weakened; they had to be outright killed or a day later they'd be perfectly fine again.

-----  
They met in the evening as people began to go to bed. Stas the Dwarf, Bax the Goblin, Ocade the Goblin-raised Elf, and another new-comer, Konith the Kobold.

"Right. You all know what's been happening. The damned Elves - no offence meant Ocade - have riled up that Stronghammer and his Alliance chums." Bax opened. Stas nodded,

"They've complicated everything, certainly. But, gentlemen, I don't think we need fear too much. Their 'Iron Guard' isn't much of a force to be feared of, and they've failed to realise that the metal depot is outside of their walls." he said, waving a hand on the map of the Fiery Cistern laid out before them on the table.

"But with the Iron Guard skulking it'll be harder. I've noticed one Dwarf who stands by the depot entrance all day, armed and armoured." Ocade noted. It was then that Konith spoke up, his Kobold voice much higher-pitched than Stas and Ocade's soft ones or Bax's growling voice.

"I did have an idea - if one of us joins the Iron Guard, we'd have an insider. And if they should ever be sent to guard the depot..." he let his voice trail off, but they all knew what he meant. If one of theirs was on guard, then they'd have little-to-no problem getting in and out with the goods.

"But which of us would Stronghammer let join? He's an Alliance guy, and I don't think he'd believe Stas if he asked to join." Bax said. Stas stroked his beard,

"Not necessarily. Stronghammer doesn't seem to be 'anti-non-Dwarves', more of a 'very pro-industry' and thus drawn to the Alliance which are also pro-industry. Bax and Ocade, you two are both well known as militia, he'd probably let you join."

"What? A Goblin or an Elf? I somehow doubt it."

"Or else Konith? You're a markskobold yes? I daresay they could use a ranged fighter, and Kobolds tend not to be seen quite as bad as Goblins and Elves."

"I...could try," the Kobold said.

"Then it's settled."

-----  
The 18th of Obsidian was the feast day of St. Astesh Lashsprayed, the 3rd King of the Ber Dynasty, who had re-instituted the true religion after his mother's insane heresy. To most people, it was nothing, but Master Ibruk was slowly re-instituting the old feast days, and St. Lashsprayed was after all, meant to be patron saint of the religious and the clergy, certainly topical amongst the faithful in Nomekast. Those faithful to Ibruk's teachings, Kadzar foremost amongst them, as well as the Goblin, Hammer of the Gods, who saw herself as the prophet's bodyguard, formed a community of their own. To couple it, ancient records from the Temple of the Broken Rock, had suggested that in the earliest days of recorded civilisation, the 18th of Obsidian had been a day sacred to 'The Perplexing Mirror', a very old god, who today was also known by the name 'Iklist Tunnelveil'.

As the time ran down to midnight and the start of the 18th of Obsidian, Kadzar and his fellow priests were still up, preparing the temple for the ceremony that would occur once midnight struck. Ritual was important. If the attention of Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror and the favour of St. Lashsprayed were to be attracted, the ritual had to be performed on the first minutes of the 18th, with a later service in the evening for the non-clergy.

It was extremely detailed and precise. While conventional Dwarven religion was far more lax and easy these days, Ibruk was harking back to its original form and ideas.

Lanterns had to be strung up, the altar cleaned and prepared fully, with the grand artefact idols, Slyshaken and Domas Eser in prominent position. Candles had to be lit, and of course, the priests had to be quiet to avoid making so much noise that they woke the sleepers in the communal barracks.

There was only one thing missing, the prophet himself. Kadzar searched in vain. Hammer of the Gods has gone as well, and the fact that the Goblin rarely ever left the Dwarf's side suggested that she probably

went with him. It was not rare for Ibruk to vanish so that he could meditate in the silence, but that he'd done so a mere half-hour before the ritual to St. Lashsprayed and Iklist Tunnelveil suggested an urgency that made anxiety rise in Kadzar.

He finally found the old Dwarf cross-legged by the lake-side. Hammer of the Gods stood a respectable distance away in silence. When Kadzar tried to approach the Goblin blocked his way,

"Don't disturb the prophet." she hissed quietly. She treated Kadzar respectfully and politely usually, but if Kadzar ever even gave the appearance of disturbing Ibruk, she would immediately stand her ground.

"Please. Join me Kadzar." came Ibruk's voice, calm and floating on the silent air. Kadzar came to the prophet's side, "Sit and let your mind know the silence." Ibruk said, a sense of ritual almost pervading his voice. Kadzar did so, sitting cross-legged and staring across the lake in silence. After two minutes or so of this, Ibruk pointed to the cave roof,

"A dark cloud hangs above Nomekast, Brother Kadzar. The dark beasts of the Hells stir, and await blood, the Nothing continue to purge this world of decadence and impiety. We are trapped between two forces - one divine, one profane. And I fear that our fellow pilgrims have yet to realise the devastating consequences if we abandon the gods' will."

"What-what can we do?" Kadzar asked, fear beginning to rise in him. If the prophet himself saw Nomekast as doomed then it was sure to be.

"What can we do.." Ibruk mused, then said, "'In ancient times the faithful would earn the favour of the gods by honouring them, this is what was known as both pious and proper.' That is from the second book of the *'Analects of the Old Ways'*, by St. Iton. I see only one way to ensure the protection of our fellow pilgrims if they will not protect themselves, Brother Kadzar." Ibruk rose, "We must build a great cathedral, a grand sanctuary to the gods, that they may know of us as both pious and proper. It's the only way we can avert the coming storm."

Voting/Standing for Mayor is still open for now, Stronghammer is in the lead with 6 votes (that's including Lord Allagon's 'supporting but not voting until the end in case of better candidates'), Fori has 4 (For now, I'm putting Tarran's 'vote for the moderate and pro-good-racial relations' as a Fori vote, due to Stronghammer's links with the Alliance for Dwarven Survival, and Ocade's general more violent nature) and Ocade has 1 vote.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **November 05, 2011, 07:46:29 pm**

Derm's log.

These past few weeks, months, whatever, have been hectic, the elections in particular. I feel in some way that I've failed. The would-be elf riot was on my head and mine alone for failing to reach a compromise in the forges, and with the investigation of the sabotage. In retrospect, I suppose I could have argued that fungi trees are not the same as the elves regular wooden trees and thus can be used in the furnaces, but the time has come and gone where it would make a more noticeable impact. I shall try to enact this change while I still can, anyway.

Stronghammers semi-insubordination also irks me greatly. He is one of those types who goes through the wording of law carefully and exploits loopholes, I suspect. Even though I am not 'officially' in charge of such projects, he still should have seen me about it.(Traps! In the workshops! Does he not know what a safety hazard that could be? even if they are only cage traps, the nearby magma could set the wood aflame or the metal to searing hot levels of heat.) And now he is running for mayor himself. I do not know what kind of mayer he would make, as military doctrine and Mayoral duties are much different as I experianced first hand with my transition to Sheriff. (Note, request a bigger office. there is literally paper stacked to the ceiling. Do I even need some of this crap anymore?)

Ocade I simply do not know much about. He is a goblin raised elf and has a great kill record, but he has this shifty air about him. Same problem as the millitary to noble transition I mentioned earlier. He probably will not win, thankfully. I do not think he would do well.

Fori I've known since we both got here. We've grown exceptionally close, though t has been hard to tell where we stand to each other in these times, but I have confidence that we can keep together... whatever we have. she truly is an Elf of the people, having spent as much time in the military as out tilling the fields. She knows almost all aspects of the life the commoners live, and I think that is more important to a mayors duties than military might, which is technically directed by the captain of the guard anyhow. She can relate, is what I'm saying. In the elections, nobles cannot vote, as it is a choice for the people to make. I will announce my support of her in any case, even though I cannot physically vote for her.

Maybe that will make the difference I seem to be unable to make lately.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **November 05, 2011, 08:31:51 pm**

Konith's log  
So. I'll have to join the Iron Guard. I'm thinking in the "how". Maybe demonstrate my abilities by an exceptional shot where he sees it. Maybe fake sabbotage? Maybe instigating an attack against the forges and then defend them? Hmm. Lots of things to think about. I'll go and observe the rebellious elves for now. Maybe I can get some information and tell Stronghammer, so he trusts me.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **November 06, 2011, 12:34:54 am**

Later that day Stronghammer once again left the confines of the forge areas to give a speak with some ideas of what he would do as mayor. "Fellow Nomekastians i come beofre today not to tell how i will be in general terms, but instead to promise certain freedoms if i am elected. If elected i will create a forum where every person regardless of race is welcome, to come forward will a concern, question, or desire, and have the matter discussed. If then after discussion the person wishes to continue, then a vote will be held withh all of Nomekast to figure out the will of the people and then as mayor with this knowledge i would make decsion. Also as mayor i will enact laws to protect certain beliefs customs and minoritys after they have been discussed in the forum. And the last thing i promise to do as mayor is to appoint to judges, who will be available to discuss anymatters the people may have, and will be imbued with some limited powers to act upon the wishes of the people. I know these are grand things, and that they could be discussed more at length, but know this. I swear by my beard and my industry i will follow through with all my promises." Stonghammer in his typical effecient manner stepped down from the raised surface without a wave or further comment, quickly turning and heading back to his nessesary work.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **November 06, 2011, 09:20:54 am**

Brosso's letter to Stronghammer, sent during the first Nomekast election

"Dear Friend and fellow Dwarf

I, most unfortunately, am in a deficit of time to write about all my thoughts regarding the election, therfore I would like to meet you in coming days to discuss your campaign and decisions as a mayor if luck is on our side.

I just wanted to tell you, that in my most humble opinion it would be greatly beneficial if you were to include some religious notes in your speeches as well as proclaim that we shall not burn any overworldy wood in our forges (as we would not infact be able too even if we wanted, as too many beasties are roaming the great above to start any wood-related operations).

Another matter at hand is the Iron Guards membership policy, which I believe much requires clarification. I strongly support that all races shall be permitted to join, as this would provide it with a much more egalitarian, and therefore more popular facade.

May justice prevail  
Brosso the Magnificent"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **November 06, 2011, 12:09:44 pm**

There was a strange clunking sound heard through out the halls, but none could find it's source. It echoed in the dark dry caves, moving through the fortress with ease. The clunking stopped at the hospital. A moment later the door was thrown open.

"Hy Hem Beck Sveethot!"

There, in dirty blood spattered armor, stood Mienhard, a ruk sack in hand and a grin on his face. He put the sack at the end of Blacksteel's bed.

"Hy gut yer stuff. Som uf eet was hot tu find. Now geet hup! Hyu been in bed fur monts!"

Whit that Mienhard made his way down to the lab and opened one of the cabinets. Inside there were several green glass beakers filled with blood, all labeled, there were also several bags of herbs, leaves, fungus and roots, the spoils from all his time hunting through the caves. He took stock quickly. He figured there was enough for six draughts and one mad brain boost. Closing the cabinet, Mienhard may his way back up into the main area.

"Hokay, Hy hem voot fur Fori, eed mhy boyz thu vent thay oop!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **November 06, 2011, 12:38:20 pm**

"I Stronghammer do swear to disallow the burning of all above ground trees, as it does go against the beliefs of some of are fellows. Second i swear to protect all religious beliefs and practices of all who are in the fortress as well as promise to create places of worship for every religion. THAT is all" Stronghammer goes back to his forges to over look work and to arragne a meeting with Brosso.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **BranRhi** on **November 06, 2011, 04:11:20 pm**

The dwarf counting the votes didn't notice the human until he was standing in front of him. He glanced up to see a armored figure holding a tiny slip of paper. The human placed the paper down and walked off. The dwarf picked it up and saw it had only one word: Fori.

BranRhi's Notes  
Have decided to cast my vote for the elf girl, can't place my trust in an armed force that isn't protecting ALL of the civilians who live here. That includes the elves. If the girl wins the election I may need to see if forming a unit dedicated to the people would be possible.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **November 06, 2011, 04:29:52 pm**

Hey, Aequor, what part of  
[Quote from: Tarran on October 25, 2011, 06:22:27 pm](#)  
...the most moderate **dwarf or human** in the community...  
do you not understand? ???

I'm voting for Stronghammer, because Fori is an elf.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 06, 2011, 04:33:44 pm**

[Quote from: Tarran on November 06, 2011, 04:29:52 pm](#)  
Hey, Aequor, what part of  
[Quote from: Tarran on October 25, 2011, 06:22:27 pm](#)  
...the most moderate **dwarf or human** in the community...  
do you not understand? ???

I'm voting for Stronghammer, because Fori is an elf.

The part where I completely missed that? Or else I spontaneously decided Fori would be a Dwarf from now on...nope, definitely missed it through my own stupidity. ::) My apologies. So currently that's 7 for Stronghammer, 5 for Fori, 1 for Ocade.



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **mcclay** on **November 06, 2011, 09:10:00 pm**

The great hall quickly ended after Stronghammer's speech. A figure moved through the drak, carry large pieces of paper, a set of paint and paint brushes and whatever works as glue. When the citzens woke up the next day posters covred the wall. Here are some examples: A poster with an image of an old miner and elf stuck in a searing hot cage, clearly screaming in pai. The caption reads; Do you really want this next to our workshops? A picture of the Iron garud stomping across a cavern, forcing eleves, goblins and humans out the caption reads; Do you really want these thugs in charge? A force of iron gaurd being torn to pieces by a pack of Nothing. The text reads; Will they really protect us from the true threat?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Tarran** on **November 06, 2011, 09:20:30 pm**

Tarran's random log:

*"Recently someone has put a bunch of posters on the hall wall. I torched them because honestly, I don't like them there and feel as though they should just go away. Not that I like the Iron Guard or whatever, I just don't like those posters. They're out of place.*

*When I find whoever put those posters up, I'll give them a good whacking for wasting my time."*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Kurotabo** on **November 06, 2011, 10:01:40 pm**

Kuro walks into the voting hall, and was astonished! How could a people who are constantly drunk create such an amazing place... And then he saw their voting system. A stout male dwarf stood behind a towercap table, chalk in hand, gesturing at a black board. *"Is this seriously how they decide their leaders?"*, he thought. He walks up to the table, and says in his elfiest voice, "One on Fori for the running, please." The dwarf glared up at the goblin who was grinning like a moron before scrawling a tally under Fori's name.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Fortis** on **November 06, 2011, 10:24:48 pm**

From the log of Fori:

The election is proceeding rather well. Even though I'm not used to this sort of means of deciding leadership, I seem to be holding my own fairly well. I'm not quite as popular as Stronghammer, but I have much more support than I expected to get. Even if I lose now, the issues I have raised and addressed will be in the thoughts of the people, and if a satisfactory solution can be found to this issue of wood burning, I'll be satisfied even if I'm not elected as mayor.

I've notice a few things that bothered me though. Someone has been putting up campaign posters for me. But they aim to vilify Stronghammer rather than conveying any meaningful message. I've been removing them when I see them. I'll address my supporters later, and tell them that while I appreciate the effort on my behalf, I don't want lies spread about Stronghammer. If I win, I want to win because the people of Nomekast genuinely thought I was the best for the job, not because of fear mongering done that just divides the fortress further. The last thing this fortress needs is more schisms. I think Stronghammer is a good and logical dwarf, but not all people here are logical.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Stronghammer** on **November 06, 2011, 11:48:13 pm**

Stronghammer after having left the dinning hall quickly heard about the spread of the "posters". He was actually very slightly annoyed (the most emotion he had shown in his life). After all i have done for this fort some plot to wage a smear campaign, this must be addressed he thought to him Once again he went and gathered people but this time he brought he political oponents as well as Derm and the military. "My fellows I brought us here just for a quick discussion and a hopeful agreement. We all went into this election wanting the best for this fortress and its people, and having the people choose their leader. However it has come to my attention that a slight smear campaign attempted to start. I would like to thank my fellow Fori as well as my supporters for removing the banners, and would like to let the people of Nomekast know that by waging a campaign in that matter you not only hurt and spread lies of the intended victim but also of the person who you are supporting. Therefore i would again like to thank everyone for the immediate removal of these posters, as well i would like to ask that each and everyone to refrain from slandering eachother and just win by good and honest means. Thank you everyone." Stronghammer quickly thanked everyone and then lefted to oversee the forge work.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Ovg** on **November 08, 2011, 12:44:15 pm**

[Bad Roleplay]  
Brosso was nervously pacing back and forth in his office, when a dwarf carrying a note entered. Quickly he found himself seated and a lit cigar put in his mouth, he has not seen the old crazy that energetic since, by Armok, since the very beginning!

Brosso quickly explained his restlessness.

"I can not belive, good sir, that the good folk around Nomekast could have given birth to so much hate as is being spread by those slanderous posters." The dwarf agreed, that yes, it is definitely evil and vile to slander Stronghammer. "That's why" he argued, taking a long drag of his cigar, "That's why something has to be done friend! We have to take action! Our fortress must not fall! Will you help us or doom us all?". The dwarf, a bit confused due to the constant stream of rapidly spat out words, nodded in approval. "And here is what our endavour shall be: Take those, he handed him a large box full of posters and a box of Brossos favourite cigars, and spread the truth around!". The dwarf left and Brosso could return to his scheming.

"Dear Stronghammer

Our meeting could proove to be quite disastrous during the election, or so I think being new to this whole election thing, but we can use our most trusted friends to brief eachother in our thoughts and actions.

I have "encouraged" a fortress courier to spread a couple of posters around, they seem similar from afar to those slandering you, but they are fundamentealy diffrent in meaning.

Ps.

Can you think of any way to make the Iron Guard seem more benevolent? Perhaps have them renovate rooms, make furniture or give away gifts? And our industry defense scheme 1 is proving to be quite a PR disaster and as such it has to be marketed as something for safety of Nomekast's civilians, not their subjugation."

Brosso's Posters, from "Nomekast's First Election Propaganda"

Poster #1  
This poster shows a group of dwarfs, elves and humans in a cage. The cage is held by a rope over darkness and a cloaked figure is cutting the rope.  
Stronghammer armed in Iron Guard armour is leaping for the cloacked figure.  
The text under the picture reads "Don't let him doom us all! Vote Stronghammer!"

Poster #2  
This poster depicts a human an elf a dwarf a goblin and a kobold putting on Iron Guard armour. Behind them small symbols of all civilisations and "Nomekast" in huge letters can be seen. They seem happy and excited.  
The text under the picture reads "Iron Guard: A force for Nomekast!"

Poster #3  
This poster shows Fori, Stronghammer, Brosso and Derm standing together, holding hands. They emanate light. Darkness surrounds them.  
The text under the picture reads "Only together can we prevail!"  
[/ Bad Roleplay]

Seriously, this is extra damn fun. I love you in a bro way Aequor.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Tarran** on **November 08, 2011, 02:42:23 pm**

Tarran's random log:

*"Someone set up posters.*

***Again.***

*One of these days I'm going to slather the walls around our mountain home in anti-adhesive gels.*

*I suppose I'll get to work torching them, then. Not that I don't like their message, it's just that it's some of the most annoying ways to get supporters for a cause."*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Stronghammer** on **November 08, 2011, 02:52:09 pm**

Message to Brosso via safe messenger "I agree with everything you have said thus far. As such i have decided to get Iron Guard individuals to smith crafts in their off periods to then behanded out to any coming into the forging area or passing it. I also intend to have the cage trap clearly inview of everyone, padded and made a safe as dwarvenly possible. I appreciate the posters however some may not agree, so maybe another form of advertisement, anyways keep up the good work. From the Office of Stronghammer. Please burn on recieving as i have done with your message to combat the idea of scheming and evidence."

(ooc) ya great job Aequor loving the story.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **bayar** on **November 08, 2011, 04:06:22 pm**

"Paper with messages keep getting plastered in the dining room. The one with things dressing in armor seems nice enough, wouldn't mind wearing armor while shooting the ballista. The one with Fori, Stronghammer, Derm and Brosso seemed odd. I mean, I kinda understand why Derm and Fori might hold hands, but Stronghammer and Brosso ? Bad head images."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **November 08, 2011, 07:04:45 pm**

*Konith's Log  
Someone put posters about the election. **Twice.** I don't think it's the same person, though. The first posters were more against Stronghammer, but the other ones put him as the supreme salvation. Saw a dwarf with a torch burning the posters and muttering about 'slather the walls with anti-adhesive gels'. It seemed like a good idea, so I also took off the posters I saw. However, I kept them in my room. Maybe I can do something with them later.*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **BranRhi** on **November 09, 2011, 05:09:11 pm**

From the notes of BranRhi-  
*After over a month of living here I see my earlier opinion of the unity in this fort was wrong. Theres a fire here just waiting for spark to ignite it and this election just might be it. Between the two major nominees, if Stronghammer wins there is a possibility of riots from those who want wood burning to end, if Fori wins theres no telling what the more radical members of the Iron Guard might do, especially if she tries removing their barricades and cages. Noticed the Anti-Iron Guard posters and the campaign posters in response. Also saw a dwarf burning them. Wonder if he'd burn a poster that only offered training designed to combat the Nothing. With the current tension it wouldn't hurt for us to remember our true enemy. That will have to wait until I've seen the fort's doctor about my scars. They hurt, but the Nothing on the surface should be far enough away not to affect me. Must just be my old age finally kicking in...*

As Reno slept in his room something came down the hallways, it waas moew shadowy this time, having almost lost control of its form. It reminded its self to spend some time lying low before it would do its work again. That morning as the dwarves woke up they saw posters frmo both sides on the walls. However thes poster made arrows to the great hall and were fundmentally diffrent. All the creatures showed signs of rot and decay the the darkness was filled with red eyes. The closer they got to the great hall the worse thry became, withe the living figures becoming corpses and the darkness forming into all to familiar forms. The ding hall was clean of them expect for one wall in whic posters showing dwarf ans other races skeletons and Nothing attacking them. The posters spelled out these words: ssssup Bro. Reno stood before them, shriking the same lines over and over again " HE'S IN, HE'S IN, HE'S INININININ!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Aequor** on **November 10, 2011, 06:10:27 pm**

Guys, you're all awesome. That is all.

Voting stands at 7 for Stronghammer, 6 for Fori, 1 for Ocade. The voting'll close next update, which should be in a few days (no promises though, I'm too unreliable).

20th Obsidian 677

The elections were heating up as Stronghammer and Fori became clear leaders neck-and-neck. Posters for both sides and neither had been pasted up, torn up, pasted up, burnt down. Issues of the day became political credit, the issue of the forge became a weapon in the hand of Fori's supporters, while Stronghammer's supporters exploited the Iron Guard as a grand protective force for Nomekast. All three candidates were making their speeches, their policies and more. Nomekast not being a traditional Dwarven fort with a nobility attached, it was expected that the Mayor would have even more power here than in other Dwarven fortresses. As things seemed, Fori had currently captured a lot of the non-Dwarven vote, but Stronghammer had a strong base amongst the large Dwarven population, and many non-Dwarves besides. Though behind his two election rivals, Ocade for his part had ensured a sizeable chunk of the Goblin vote, who agreed with his idea of a stronghanded government, a lot of those more thirsty for revenge against the Nothing also flocked to his banner, and he also had a good part of the Elven vote, specifically those who distrusted Fori due to her revelations on the spirits.

With a multicultural fort, it was a more intense election campaign than any remembered from the mountainhomes or towns. To others still, it seemed a joke to have elections while the world above was still being torn apart piece by piece.

Outside the election there was little happening, a Dwarf going by the name Felix had been seen beginning to smooth the halls, when asked why, he replied something along the lines of 'just doing my job'.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The clarification on the Iron Guard's membership had seen a few people join, Konith the Kobold and Ahra the Human, all while the dispute over the forge wall and cage traps continued to blaze, and several Elves swore bloody murder at what they saw as calculated attacks on their community, dismissing the Iron Guard and the Alliance's forge protections as baseless accusations against peaceful Elves protesting the murder of trees.

"No, I tell you, it's a disgrace." came Brosso the Magnificent's booming voice. The large Dwarf was sidling down past the training grounds towards the hall, a none-too-enthusiastic Derm besides him, "Such bile and vile propaganda! Those posters that-that *spread such lies* throughout the fort! Then there's that insane 'Reno' and those crazed posters about the Nothing. No, Sheriff, this won't do one bit! It is highly inappropriate for such things to happen under your so-called watch!"

"If I remember," Derm replied, his voice firm and hard, "there were posters about voting for Stronghammer too."

"Not my concern. Nothing to do with me. And anyways, they promoted peace and unity, as opposed to fearmongering about searing cages. Scientists across the world have conclusively proved that the heat from magma pools never heats cages to the point of burning flesh!"

"Nothing was proved! They tested it on *fire imps*!"

"Nonsense. Irrelevant anyways, these anti-Iron Guard posters are just fearmongering, racism, lies, propaganda and insults!"

"Posters are hardly against Dwarven law!"

"But libel is!"

Derm sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose in exasperation,

*"Electioneering Law of 348, 133rd year of King Logem Stilledboard's reign. 'Anything put out by an electioneering campaign - including therein anything written, drawn, spoken and others - for Mayorship is not covered by the Libel Law of 197, 3rd year of King Litast Shieldanguish, unless they target a prescribed Royal Organisation, a member of the Ancient and Grand Nobility, a member of the Royal Government - excluding the incumbent Mayor but only if they are seeking reelection - or a member of the Holy and Timeless Eternal Temples of the Broken Rock.*

This means, Brosso, that seeing as the Iron Guard is not a 'prescribed Royal Organisation, nor members of the 'Ancient and Grand Nobility' nor of the 'Holy and Timeless Eternal Temples of the Broken Rock' and neither part of the 'Royal Government', the posters are not libel."

Brosso went purple in the face, dabbed at his forehead with a cave spider silk handkerchief, and bit down so hard on his cigar his teeth chomped straight through like a guillotine and the severed part fell to the floor where it smoked,

"Antiquated laws of a collapsed dynasty!" he cried, spitting out the bit of cigar he still had and waving a hand grandly with fury, "It's incomprehensible that such old laws made by a king whose reign was such a disaster that it ended with the collapse of his dynasty that-"

"That king is also the longest-reigning Dwarven monarch, and his reign is commonly seen as the golden age of the Kingdom of the Grizzly Vessel. And the law allowing planning permissions to be granted from Mayors and not just aristocracy also dates from his reign. Now, you wanted us all to play by the law yes? If not, then your wall and traps in the forge is also illegal."

"This is legal blackmail!"

"No, this is law, full stop. If that's all, Brosso, I need to go see about getting some more cabinets made."

And with that, Derm left the circus-director steaming with anger in the hall.

"And now they place traps, build walls and form gangs of thugs, that they might prevent us from saving the spirits!" the Elf cried. Calls of agreement rose. Fori sighed, the Elf, who went by the name Imiwa, was her main opponent in trying to convince her fellow Elves that the trees were only a link to the spirits, not the spirits herself. She had good support from the Elves, and as she had been on the cusp of being made an acolyte when the Nothing struck, the more conservative religious Elves flocked to her.

While originally these meetings of the Elven community were to convince them of the spirits' message, they had quickly become just a focus for the Elves to talk about happenings and problems. None of them noticed the small Kobold hiding behind a pillar, listening to their every word. Imiwa continued her little speech,

"And who are we to go to to protect us? You, Fori? The Elf who's more Dwarf than Elf nowadays?" a few laughs came up, while some of Fori's supporters booed what was traditionally viewed as a deep insult to an Elf's honour. Fori knew better than to respond, and sat there silently. "Or maybe Stronghammer, the Dwarven industrialist?" laughs now echoed around the cave clearing, "No, I fear we can only count on Ocade."

Fori raised her voice now,

"Imiwa. I'm sorry that you see me as more Dwarf than Elf." she turned to the assembled Elves, "I'm sorry that I came here and told you that all we'd been told was false. But the spirits gave me the message, I'm but the messenger. I'm sorry that things have flared up, that the Dwarves in the forges are acting so. But violence isn't the way, we all know that. I'm sorry that we cannot agree on everything. But insults and a schism in the Elven community isn't the way. The only winner there will be the Defilers that destroyed our forests, our homes, our lives and families. The spirits-"

"The spirits are the trees. This is what all Elves grow up learning, is it not?" came a curious voice. It was a newcomer by the name of Kuro. He had attended the previous meeting but was for the most part ignored. After all, he was a Goblin. He was a curiosity amongst them, though there were tales of Goblins, Humans, Kobolds or even Dwarves being raised in Elven society, for most of them this was the first of such specimens they'd seen.

"Even the Goblin knows the truth!" Imiwa spat.

"I'm not picking sides, I just wa-" Kuro began, only to be cut off by Imiwa,

"You've just abandoned the ways of your ancestors Fori, that's what it is, no need to truss it up as revelation."

"The spirits-" Fori tried to continue.

"The same spirits you accept the destruction of! And now Stronghammer dares to say he - a Dwarf whose ancestors grubbed around under rocks while ours crafted living cities and spoke with spirits - will create a place of worship to the same spirits he kills!"

"And what would the spirits say? What would they say about the fact that you want to split the Elven people in fighting factions, that you insult Elves between every breath, that you want to collapse the only community that has a chance of pushing the Defilers back and saving the forests that are left?"

"Pah!" Imiwa spat, "You speak of the spirits as though you weren't aiding their deaths!" and with that, she stormed from the clearing, her supporters soon leaving after her. Fori sighed deeply, if she was making progress, she couldn't see it.

Everyone was going mad as far as Reg was concerned. Both literally mad and - actually, nope, just literally mad. First the idea of voting in an *Elf* in a *Dwarven* fort. Next this 'Reno' who apparently had a nervous breakdown and seemed to think something terrible had sneaked into the fortress.

"Something terrible - hah. Maybe several." Reg muttered to himself, washing his hands before turning to his latest patient. Things had been calm the past few months. He only had check ups to do on those still affected by the poison of the forgotten beasts, sort a few colds. Small-scale stuff, no death. No more.

"So." he said, his voice dripping with skepticism. "Just a bad dream you say?"



The Human nodded.

"I'm a doctor, not a dream psychologist, but dreams don't make you put up posters and stand in the middle of the hall screaming about someone getting inside the fortress."

"I didn't put the - it was a vivid dream."

Reg noted the unfinished sentence. Psychology wasn't his forte, but this man was obviously hiding something.

"Right. A *vivid* dream."

"Uh, can I leave now?"

"Hm." Reg absent-mindedly drummed his fingers on the stone table. Reno was hiding something, and the fact he was hiding something told Reg nothing good - as if he needed more of a reason to start distrusting the other races more. Reno took that as a yes and left, leaving the Chief Medical Dwarf alone, frowning deep in thought, only moving when Steve came in.

- - - - -

"That's quite a tale, my good fellow." Ugo said, stirring his cup of tea. Reno sat opposite him, his own cup of tea lonely on the table. "And if it's true, it brings many questions to mind. You say your brother was like a humanoid Nothing?"

"Yes, but he can sort of change himself a bit."

Ugo held up a finger, rose out of his seat, a cup of tea still in his hand, and began digging through a pile of rolled papers,

"Anything like this?" he asked, showing Reno a rough sketch of a Goblin who seemed to be completely covered in the darkness of the Nothing,

"Yeah, like that."

"My kinsmen seem to have been infected by the same thing the Nothing are made out of, possibly even by the Nothing themselves. It's possible that your mother was infected, thus transmitting itself to you and your brother."

"Can it be cured?"

"Oh yes, a simple knife to the throat is most effective, clears the problem right away." it took a second for Reno to realise Ugo was serious. He remained, after everything, a Goblin. Ugo leant forward, "I'm currently experimenting on our mutual monster friends, with the help of Fori - the Elf running for Mayor, you know? - and I'd be most happy to have your help, to run some tests. Strictly safe of course! Not going to put a good man and interesting case in danger."

"Uh, well. I'd be happy to, the more we know the better we can take them down."

"Just one thing; you said your brother's here. Why don't you warn Derm?"

"If anyone knew of my case...well the Alliance for Dwarven Survival is only getting stronger by the day. Please, don't tell anyone."

"Don't worry, I'll keep mum about this. Now, about the tests..."

Remember when this had more DF gameplay than abstract story in it? Yeah neither do I.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **November 10, 2011, 06:26:23 pm**

Derms Log.

That was the best day I've had in a long while. I suppose I should clarify. Bosso came storming up to me while I was going to have a small spar with one of the dwarves in the training hall, I've got to keep my skills sharp after all, and he starts ranting and raving about the posters that have gone up lately. I'm not much fond of them myself, but they aren't illegal. We had a bit of a back and forth before I completely shut him down and turned his argument right back on him. I did this with a complete poker face, mind you, left him sputtering in the dust behind me.

I made if about three more hallways down before I burst out laughing. I will treasure the look on his face forever. Had a decent spar too, but nothing special. These laws really came in handy today. I wonder what else... hmm.

Still somewhat peaceful, non-political side. Haven't had a forgotten beast or nothing incursion in what feels like months. Good thing too, the visions really take a toll on me. I still wonder at times about the axe and the duels, but for now it's none of my concern.

In any case, I'm feeling a bit cramped. I think I'll go for a stroll down in one of the caves, like back in the good old days when I was a celebrated explorer and milita man instead of the unpopular sheriff.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **November 10, 2011, 06:47:01 pm**

Tarran's random log:

*"Observations 1: Someone is insane.*  
*Observations 2: Someone was laughing at the top of his lungs. Hmmm.*  
*Observations 3: Someone seemed pissed. Hmmm.*  
*Observations 4: The elves seem riled up. I only hope that they take their anger out on our common enemy, the Nothing.*  
*Observations 5: We have not been attacked recently by Nothing.*

*Conclusion: Everything is A Ok. No problems in this fort. Nope. No siree."*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kurotabo** on **November 10, 2011, 08:33:46 pm**

Kuro sits in the corner of the dining hall, scanning the crowd with a weary eye. He sighs, opening a pouch around his neck, and fishes out his whetstone. He draws one of his steel swords, and begins to sharpen it, as he does when he thinks deeply. *"This isn't what I expected my new home to be... A big debate over how to run things, especially when those abominations are right outside!* A dwarf bumps into him, nearly causing him to drop his whetstone. He just barely catches it. "Sure wish I had a room, wouldn't have to spend so much time in this **burning** dining hall!" His mood soured by the earlier meeting with the elves,he needs something to hit. Sheathing his sword, he stands up and heads off to the sparring room.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **November 10, 2011, 11:15:48 pm**

Stronghammer sighed when he looked at the many reports and updates on the workings of the forges as well as the vote. He had heard about the confrontation between Brosso and Derm. He knew tensions were bound to become raised with the campaign, yet he didn't like how it was tearing the community apart. And the problem Fori was having with the elves, being split. He almost wondered if he should shut down the wood furnaces.....almost. But no he must remain strong and efficient as he always had and continue on his course, yet he wondered if it would tear the community apart. Stronghammer sighed once more and opened the desk drawer, to indulge himself in the one thing he ever would indulge in and give his efficiency up for. He pulled out his small gem collection, and marveled at the many cuts and facets of the gems, perfection and harmony in each one. As he gazed upon them he was able to relieve some of the pent up stress. He also remembered a time when his collection was bigger, a time when his family's mines prospered and the sound of hammer on anvil sounded throughout the hall. He glanced back at his gems and gave a sad smile only three gems remained, a diamond, ruby, and topaz. He would have had more made and then purchased the best but he dared not divert the resources of the fort for such a pitiful reason. No he would wait for a time when the fort prospered more to do that. He rose from the desk locking away his gems once more as well as the door to his office. He made his way passed the many forges and workshops of the industrial area, nodding and shaking hands of the many workers, dwarven craftsmen bent over thier work creating works of art. His gaze came to the destroyed furnace still being cleaned up and he felt a small amount of anger rise before quickly being suppressed by his mental disapline once more, no time for anger on his part. He exited the foundry area passed the Iron Guard who greeted him and passed the wall and hidden traps. He slowed his walk as he passed some of the wonders of Nomekast, the cottage on the lake, the underground fields, the great temple to the gods lead by Ibruk, the grand dining hall, and the many other wonders of the city of Nomekast. As he walked he realised how out of place he was in the city, covered in soot and wearing workmans cloths. In fact Stronghammer realised that he rarely actually left the industrial sector at all. He gave himself a small smile and went over to the lake and took a seat on one of the rocks sitting around it. He pulled out the one gem he had brought with him and just sat playing with the stone stareing out into the lake thinking of his home and his place in Nomekast.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **mcclay** on **November 11, 2011, 12:49:20 am**

Something in the night grinned, it was in, it would prove his self. He would prove to his brother he was better than him. Reg's office was a mess. Medical equipment strewn everywhere and what appeared to be dead vermin covering the floor. It was the walls that drew the attetion of a viewer. They were covred in vermin blood that spelled over and over agian: you tink i'm not real reg, LIESLIESLIESLIESLIESLIESLIES. A trial of vermin blood and debries led to Umo's room. His door had been locked but it was covred with graftii saying: HE KnOWS, HE KnWSKNOWSKNOWSNOWS. the trial of blood led to a screaming Reno's room covred in blood graffiti saying:HIBROHIBROHIBRO and stuff like that. OCC: this good or am I annoying people?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **November 11, 2011, 01:15:40 am**

Tarran's random log:

*"Someone is definitely insane... Someone is spreading vermin blood all over the place. I'm going to have to get someone to clean that up, because as a weaponsmith I'm pretty sure I could be doing more important things... like making weapons. Oh, and I'm going to have to inform the militia or whoever is in charge of the protection of the fort, about said insane person's presence."*

Quote from: mcclay on November 11, 2011, 12:49:20 am  
OCC: this good or am I annoying people?

Ehh, people's mileage may vary. Your posts are *slightly* annoying to me, though it's likely more due to your spelling mistakes (11) than your post's intentions. That's just me, though.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **mcclay** on **November 11, 2011, 09:51:26 am**

OCC: the spelling mistakes are because all of this done on a Kindle Big thumbs + small buttons equals lotsa errors.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **November 11, 2011, 02:14:21 pm**

In the lab, Meinhard had placed a set of plans on the main table. The plans were for an automated training room. Derm then received an order for 30 fugi wood training spears, 10 more wood training spears, 30 stone mechanisms, 30 stone mechanisms, and 30 stone mechanisms. A request was delivered to the miners for seven Urist by seven Urist room be dug out far from the main area of the fort. New posters went up in key places around the fort, they only stated "Jägers now recruiting. Meet in the new training room"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ahra** on **November 11, 2011, 06:45:46 pm**

jägers?

From the Log of Fori:

The race has evened up a little bit, and I'm closer to overtaking Stronghammer in the election. Not bad for an elf who has never even voted in one before I think. There's lots of posters for both sides, I don't think I need to add more of my own. Rather, I'm trying for a more personal approach. I've begun holding sessions in the dining room to talk about the election and what I'll do once I'm elected. I use it as an opportunity to field questions from the various citizens. I do my best to answer them all, as truthfully as I can. One common question was 'will I shut down the furnaces?' usually voiced by elves. To which I answer that I won't. If anything, I want to expand the magma based forges and furnaces, so that there would be less need for burning wood. But at times, the dwarves need wood, and in these cases, I would seek a compromise with the elves. Perhaps they could follow derm's suggestion, and simply use the mushrooms from underground instead. Or there are ways for elves to ethically harvest wood (indeed, wooden tools and weapons are preferred among the elves.) Perhaps they could do so for the dwarves? I'm not certain how that will go over though. At any rate, I would remove the cage traps, but allow the walls to stand. After all, it is a pool of liquid rock, we wouldn't want any of the children here stumbling around in that area.

Another common question is what will I do about the nothing, and how I will reclaim the surface. To risk another battle with the defilers, especially the winged ones, would be dangerous. But Torvold has schematics and plans for several magma based traps. I think that they should be expanded on and implemented, to let the life sap of the mountains burn the defilers to ashes. As for reclaiming the surface, I'm not sure how just yet to be honest. I haven't shared it with anyone, but I've been thinking about a solution though. I've looked at the glass that the dwarves have made. I'm just wondering that if we make enough of it, we can roof over the walled portion of the fort, yet let the sunlight down to nourish the plants. Make an indoor forest of sorts, and preserve this bit of the wilderness to serve as a seed to regrow the forests once the defilers are destroyed.

Election aside, I wish Imiwa would just leave me be. I know she won't accept my belief of the spirits and the trees. Still, she keeps showing up to argue with me and insult me. I've tried to accept her criticism with good grace, but I admit that my patience is starting to wear a little thin. Not only that, she's been doing her best to slander me in the campaign and drum up support for Ocade. It's true, I've lost a lot of the elf vote due to her. But on the other hand, her claims that I'm more dwarf than elf has served to reassure a lot of the dwarf vote, especially among the more moderate and least xenophobic ones. Either way though, win or lose, I'll be glad when the election is done.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
 Post by: TheOddDemon on November 11, 2011, 08:04:14 pm

"I'm sorry, Eldrich, but I cannot do anything."

"But these posters are slander against my kind!"

"It only shows a man in a hood. Just a coincidence."

The two were sitting in Derm's office, looking at each other across the messy table. It had many papers and books of law stacked haphazardly on its surface. Derm look worn and overworked. His beard was going gray prematurely and he looked to be completely sober. He sighed.

"Look, Eldrich, its just a poster. I don't think Stronghammer even knows you're here."

"I know it's just a poster, but it still enforces the stereotype against my kind. Are you sure there is nothing you can do?"

Derm shook his head. The Bogeyman sighed.

"If you're sure, then I shall not bother you further. For what its worth, you have my thanks for at least hearing me out."  
The Bogeyman left the office.

As he returned to his makeshift bed in the "tower" that overlooked the hill, he ran into a group of three elves. They looked pissed off and the shunned Bogeyman was a perfect outlet for their anger. The tallest one shambled up to him, though he was still considerably shorter than Eldrich.

"Hey boy's, look what we have here." The elf shoved him. "Not so tough now that you don't have friends to help you huh?" The elf laughed. "We were gonna teach that Dwarf-fucker Fori a lesson, but I think we have time to take you down a notch too.

The elf then spied Eldrich's dagger. "Hey, nice dagger, think I'll take it." He grabbed for the knife, his fingers closing around the sheath-

*Hewasoverapurpleforestandhewasburningandburningandhelaughedandhissiblingslaughedtotheywereswoopingdownontherunningcreaturesandhekilldandlaughedandkilledandlaughedandkilledandlaughed -Light burst from the dagger, and runes wove themselves from the light and were covering him- Hewasinaredcastleandthequeenwascryingandthechildrenwerecryingandthequeenwasbegginghimtosparethembuttherippedthemopenandpouredtheirbloodoverherandshecriedandhelaughedandlaughedandlaughedandlaughed-*

The elf shot away from the Bogeyman and slammed into the ground, breaking his skull. However, the elf didn't seem to notice and rolled into a ball and started to whimper. The other two elves cried out in horror and rushed to their fallen kin, while Eldrich continued on his way.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
 Post by: Trapezohedron on November 11, 2011, 08:14:56 pm

Is it a tad bit too late for me to join this?

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
 Post by: Dermonster on November 11, 2011, 08:18:49 pm

New (Race)'s are always welcome, if you can keep up with the politics (Fori for Mayor 11/11/11!). Becoming one of the 'major' players however, is a different story.

Still not quite sure how I pulled it off here, as I can barely remember anyone ever.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
 Post by: Tarran on November 11, 2011, 08:58:14 pm

Quote from: dermonster on November 11, 2011, 08:18:49 pm

Still not quite sure how I pulled it off here, as I can barely remember anyone ever.

Well, you're not the only one who can barely remember anyone. I only remember a few names at best, and I can only remember about .5% of what every member of the fortress has done so far.

It's likely due to the pace of this fortress, which is 2.6 pages per month/38 posts per month/1.2 posts per day, which is really slow in my opinion. It's just my opinion though.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
 Post by: Dermonster on November 11, 2011, 09:01:13 pm

The only one I can consistently remember and have at least somewhat true characterization for is Fori, really.

Which is kinda amusing in a way.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
 Post by: Sneaky Walrus on November 12, 2011, 12:27:56 am

Mind of "Juggernaut"

-----  
Hmmmmmm I have been thinking on this election, especially the close race between Forli and StrongHammer. StrongHammer makes a good case, wanting to increase the Industrial capacity of the fort but Forli also makes fair points about retaking the world above or at least reminding us of what we stand for....

I do believe that it is time to act. I shall speak with both Forli and StrongHammer and arrange a meeting between the three of us. Hopefully I can convince them to work together and act in unison for the fort, considering their similar polices. I believe that if I can convince them to both support the council of six, containing a Representative of each species within the fort, then we could come to a simpler solution to this election, with each race electing an official and the council ruling together to make a decision on major policies.

-----  
Imiwa.....Imiwa Imiwa Imiwa.....what shall I do with you?  
This one elf is the leading force behind the conservative movement within the fort and is causing major tension among the various races, relying on slander to try and stop Forli's actions. He is also encouraging violence, encouraging the Elves to attack other races. If they continue I **will** deal to them. However it is good to see that Eldrich can hold his own, I may have to ask him how he dealt to those elves...

-----  
All these thoughts and ideas about the elections are making me feel soft. I believe that I need a proper spar against someone, maybe Derm?  
Defiantly Derm.  
I have to thank him for making me laugh. The way he shut down Brosso was priceless, especially they way his face went bright purple.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
 Post by: Ovg on November 13, 2011, 07:47:40 am

Brosso sat down in his chair, thinking hard about this whole bussines with Derm, who not only dared to insult him, no, he even dared to make him fortress laughing stock! Another thing which gave him no peace was the election, or more likely the matter of Fori, the one he seemed to eye quite a bit, and who seemed to prefer the commoner Derm to a well bred Dwarven Noble.

He started to write a short note to Stronghammer (whom he considered his best friend, or perhaps even the only friend he had left), but something was just off about it. Crumbling up the paper, he started again. Short note to Stronghammer, yet so full of meaning:

"If election goes wrong, we have to take action." he wrote and put the note in his pocket. He had to take it to Stronghammer himself. Can't rely on those messangers, who knows what's going on with his post anyway?

He sighted. What has the world come to? His family and fort dead and now this. Dwarves mingling with other races. Derm in love with Fori and vice versa. This was not what he signed up for.

At least the circus was complete, a nice place to collect his thoughts. Nice place... That's it! Stronghammer shall give a speech in there during some religious holiday of Ibruk's!

And so he left, slamming the door behind him, ready to struggle with the election some more.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing  
 Post by: lockman766 on November 14, 2011, 09:49:55 pm

can i get a human or an elf (half elf even if it's only in the story)

Name: John Lock  
Job: swords man preferably dual wielding.  
Sex: Male

detail: He is mentally scared from his constant run ins with the nothing. He is prone to nightmares and drinks to try to forget. Despite this he's is outwardly friendly and charming. He is loyal to his friends, and brutally cold to his enemies. His fighting style mixes human and Elven styles.



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **neo1096** on **November 16, 2011, 12:13:59 am**

If it's ok, I'd like to join up too. If possible I would like to be the next non-named dwarf who gets a mood. This time, the possessor spirit, decided not to leave. Also the name will hopefully change to Neo and the dwarf will join the military if possible.  
EDIT: The possessor spirit is male, and refuses to divulge his previous racial identity.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Stronghammer** on **November 30, 2011, 08:52:58 am**

Bump, nudge, poke, and pester for an awesome story

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Xenir** on **November 30, 2011, 11:15:36 pm**

Sign me up.  
I wanna be a human swordsman. A good one. As in, not dying from a random arrow to the foot, severing a motor nerve and getting my head chopped off. I'm gonna pull a skyrim and ask to dual wield a couple short swords if that's good with you.  
I'll be a guard and stay out of the way for the most part.  
My past is none of your business, so don't ask.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Sneaky Walrus** on **December 26, 2011, 09:11:58 pm**

Is this still going? Or is it dead?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **January 01, 2012, 12:55:38 pm**

Quote from: Sneaky Walrus on December 26, 2011, 09:11:58 pm

Is this still going? Or is it dead?

Hopefully not, but the last update was in November 10th :/

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **katana** on **January 01, 2012, 05:51:08 pm**

Yaaay, this is back.  
How's katana doing?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**

Post by: **Aequor** on **January 05, 2012, 02:53:19 pm**

And...we're back. No excuses, I've run out of them.

The 'can't remember this character or what they've done' seems to be a recurrent thing, not least due to the fact that I am ~~quite very much~~ extremely slow with updates, and this fort has Loads and Loads of Characters (43, not including the 4 new people or the 4 dead ones, which would bring it up to 51! And that's not including the 'non-forumite' ones such as Ibruk or Imiwa or Rakust.). Would it help if I made some sort of recap-type summary/timeline of major events and people and put it on the first post maybe?

New Guy - Sure! Just put up a bio and I'll add you in.

lockman766, neo1096 & Xenir - Sure thing! You'll have to wait for the next surviving immigration wave though, we're thin on the ground for unclaimed Dwarves.

25th Obsidian 677

And so Nomekast went to the polls. For some, it was a welcome return to the normality of a Mountainhome or Town; to others it was a new and unusual experience.

The crowd gathered around the dining-area to hear the returns. As the community's Bookkeeper, Bounce was chosen as Election Overseer. Standing up on the dining platform besides the large stone pots that had held the votes, she held up a simple piece of pig-tail paper which was enough to silence the chattering crowd.

"By the Grace of the Gods and the Ancient and Grand Nobility," she began with the archaic formulas that Dwarves had used for centuries to relay election results. Some, Ibruk and the non-Dwarven races prominent among them, had suggested leaving such useless formalities out, especially in a fort as multi-racial as Nomekast, but Bounce above all, though quiet and rather meek, respected the rule of forms and the forms said that the words were necessary, "The results for the election for the First Mayorship of Nomekast is as hence follows;

Ocade - 14 votes.

Fori - 35 votes.

Stronghammer Fireforge - 38 votes.

By the Grace of the Gods and the Ancient and Grand Nobility - Stronghammer Fireforge is hereby elected First Mayor of Nomekast!"

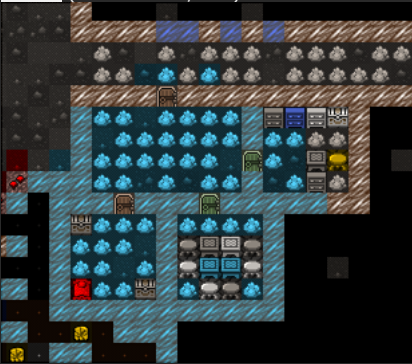
A loud cheer rose from around Stronghammer and his supporters. The normally rather stoic industrialist allowed himself a largish smile as he shook hands enthusiastically with his supporters, accepting their words. Not all were pleased by this result though, a boo came up from the predominantly Elven part of the crowd, while many of Fori and Ocade's supporters did their best to politely applaud, while others showed less restraint and scowled outright at the result. Still with applause in the air, Stronghammer took to the dining-area 'podium'. Traditionally the first speech of the Mayor was to outline their policies for the coming year, and if there was one thing Stronghammer admired besides industry, it was also tradition. Now up on the podium with the community's eyes upon him, the usually quiet industrialist spoke,

"My good Dwarves, Elves, Humans, Kobolds, Goblins and Bogeyman. I am not in the habit of making big speeches as many of you will know. Firstly I would like to congratulate Fori and Ocade on their admirable conduct and campaign in these elections. Their sense of fairplay and respect would be enough to make any one of them admirable Mayors in their own right.

Many of you will already know the policies I am pushing for; freedom, respect, safety and industry. Freedom for every male, female and child of any race to make for their own place in our community. Respect for all ideas and beliefs. Safety from the scourge of the surface. Industry to bring about all of these.

To this end, I would like to announce the following preliminary policies to be implemented after my first meeting with our good Sheriff Derm. The ban on burning any above-ground tree due to its offensive nature to the beliefs of many of our fellow citizens. The protection of all religious beliefs and the creation of places of worship so that any may find the spiritual solace they wish. The expansion of our industrial strength to better equip our militia and protect us from the danger roaming the caverns and the surface. The appointment of judges so that matters can be resolved even when our overworked Sheriff cannot attend to them. And finally the creation of a forum so that matters, ideas and suggestions can be discussed by all and voted on. Details for all these policies will be forthcoming. Thank you all for listening and thank you all for voting, no matter who you voted for."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Stronghammer sat at his desk in his new Mayoral quarters. It was across a suspended walkway from the great hall. He'd have preferred his little cottage by the forges, but as Mayor he had to be closer to the 'masses of the people'. Papers were strewn before him detailing everything he needed to know, along with outlines of his policies, orders for the forges and the Iron Guard, and more. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in."

Bounce the Bookkeeper entered, holding her precious records with her,

"I've got the latest records here, Mayor Fireforge." she said, placing them on the desk in front of the industrialist-turned-mayor.

"Ah good, thank you. Now Bounce, I have an important job for you. If we are to expand Nomekast we must know everything about her. To that end I need you to do a report on the wealth of everything we have here."

"The...wealth?"

"Indeed. If we know the rough estimate of wealth, we can measure its increase or decrease and thus the prosperity of everyone here."

"But...to what standard? I mean, there's no reference, no ma-"

"Just follow the old prices, no need to worry about changing prices or fluctuating economy." Nomekast was, after all, anything but a free market, being much closer to state capitalism.

"Well-"

"I have full confidence in you, you're our Bookkeeper for a reason." Bounce sat straighter at that, her job as Bookkeeper was often taken for granted by most of the community, people wanted to know how much of things there was, they didn't much care for how they found this out. "And as thus," Stronghammer continued, "I am nominating you as our Broker." It was essentially a meaningless gesture in a fort that had seen maybe one caravan in its four years of existence, but it made Bounce feel a bit better about herself.

"Thank you Mayor Fireforge." she said, rising, giving what could have passed for a half-bow-half-curtsey and leaving.

The forges on the Fiery Cistern were abuzz with activity, everywhere one turned a Dwarf or Human or even Goblin would bustle past, arms laden with iron ingots. The sounds of hissing metal and the clang of hammers on metal filled the air and with the already uncomfortable heat it gave the place the feel of some demonic hive. As part of his policies Stronghammer had insisted upon armouring the entire militia and Iron Guard with complete metal armour. Furthermore the stocks of bolts and weapons were to be expanded. This growth in industrial activity brought with it all sorts, Arsethotheles the blind Philosopher smelted bolts by himself in a corner, Tarran and Muenster forged weapons side-by-side, while a small group of Goblins brought their expertise in viciously barbed bolts to bear. Urist and Bayar together worked on ballista bolts, and one Elf - most probably a supporter of Fori - had even been seen ferrying bars of metal to and fro. Against an innumerable enemy, Nomekast prepared a war machine.

"Yes, the bottle, just above the one with its blood in it." Ugo Sosleng directed Fori. The Elf perused the shelf, finding the bottle containing the curlings wisps of what passed for the blood of a Nothing and looking above it. Sure enough, a small phial containing what could only have been a few drops of some darkish blue liquid stood. She took it carefully, passing it to the Goblin.

"Thank you my dear." he said. One thing Fori had noted about Ugo very quickly were his perfect manners. He seemed the perfect gentlegoblin at all times, or rather the perfect gentle-something else, much unlike most Goblins. The most Goblinish thing about him was his complete apathy towards causing pain. Ugo held the phial up to the torch-light, "Do you know what this contains, Fori? It's a most potent poison. Could kill a man in a minute, an Elf in two. I had the good fortune of buying it from a caravan from...hmm, let's see, I think it was the Gross Ruthlessness. Yes, that was it. Extracted from some great Titan or Demon or suchlike they told me. I've only ever used a drop, to test it on a woman sentenced to death. It was very effective."

Again his warm tone coupled with his complete apathy towards death made Fori almost shudder. Ugo was definitely a strange Goblin, but he was still a breath of fresh air among his more racist and even more callous brethren.

"And you'll be testing it on the Nothing?" she guessed. Ugo nodded,

"If we know how poisons affect them we'll know a great deal more than we already do. Now then, if you'd be so kind to get me that iron claw over there." she did so, and the Goblin uncorked the phial, letting a single drop fall on the metal blade. "You see, the poison can be transmitted with a simple scratch. A very effective thing indeed, considering we'll dealing with a creature which wouldn't eat what we give it, poisoned or not." he held the claw up, "Are you ready to record the observations?" he asked. Fori simply nodded. "Then we'll begin."

With the speed of a cobra he sliced the claw into the Nothing's flesh. Fori winced, almost turning away, but stood firm, the quill in her hand as she prepared to note down whatever happened to the Nothing.

"Now, we know nothing - ha - of their particular metabolism, so the poison could take anything from a minute to five." Ugo noted. Leaning on the table besides her. The Nothing hadn't moved at all, preferring to simply stare at them as it always did. The scratch on its body bled wispy black blood that dissolved into the air.

A minute passed, then two, then five. After ten minutes Ugo sighed,

"No results. Whether from extreme slow-acting or simply no-acting is hard to say at the moment. We'll have to pick up the test tomorrow."

*The layout of Nomekast on 1st Granite 678* (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-10903-godsaved>)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Sneaky Walrus** on **January 05, 2012, 05:01:35 pm**

Good to see that this is back up and running.  
Have you read through the stuff that happened while you were gone?

Anyway I vote for a recap since it seems that no-one can remember what is going on

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **January 05, 2012, 09:50:06 pm**

I agree with Sneaky Walrus about the recap. And yay my guy thanks he sounds and acts great.

Journal of Stronghammer

Stronghammer beamed as he listened to the constant hammer and clash of the many smiths working the forges. Once again dwarven industry had risen above all odds. It even pleased him more to know he brought the change about and that a knowledgable Stronghammer had risen to lead the industry. He began the long trek back to his new quarters. He missed the banging of the forges and the hissing and steaming of the smelters. He thought back quickly to the reactions of many of Nomekast's citizens during the election. It pained him that many had doubted his abilities and and promises, yet it warmed him that more trusted him. He was so proud of his achievements that he desided to commision a table made of gold and bejeweled with a large gem for each of the races present, to better represent Nomekast. Immediately he thought of the stocks and how many bars of precious metal had gone missing as well as many other things around the fort. He scratched his bushy beard as he thought about the problem. He knew that it was most likely thieves, yet if he anounced it he knew that many would blame the kobolds. He wasn't quite sure if he believed in their possible innocence, yet he had to act at the benefit of all. He decided that he would notify Derm. He made sure not to think about the many relatives of his who would often accept bribes of jewels from their resident thieves guild. (ooc: this means he may possibly be convinced to accept a bribe to look the other way, as his family has a hereditary weakness for gems. Yet he would need serious convincing.) He sat behind his desk and looked at all the crisp piles of paper and documents on his desk. He often wondered how Derm could operate in such a state of clutter and mess. He decided then and there that he would play an innocent joke on derm and have many of his supporters begin filing HUGE numbers of forms for Derm to look over. He was about to turn to his work when he remebered his supporters...the alliance. Well he would schedule a meeting with them as he owed them a party for their work. As well he wanted to hear their imput on what they thought he should do. He also decided to send for Fori and request her to become an advisor to him, so that he would hear the other side of certain arguments. However this choice he made more to look good politically and with the people, as he doubted Fori could convince him. He paused at that thought and even chuckled, he was beginning to sound like Brosso. Before going back to his paper work hhe made one final decision, to add Brosso as an advisor too, so that he would appear to the people that he supported both sides.

ooc sorry for lots of words, Im just excitted this is back, great work as usual.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **lockman766** on **January 06, 2012, 06:33:24 pm**

The Nightmares of John  
"Run!" he heard someone shout. His heart threatened to burst in his chest, his lungs burned, his body ached. He then realized that he was the one shouting.  
"Move!" he looked back to see a women beautiful, pale, golden sweeping hair, her eye's filled with terror. Who was she, for all the stars in the sky he couldn't remember. They ran, and ran until they were on the brink then ran some more. Finally they came to an abandoned cottage. He rushed inside first to make sure it was safe. as she closed the do behind them. breathing a sigh of relief she leaned back against the door. He turned, and smiled the had made it they could stop running for a while. suddenly a thud hit the door a dark tendril protruded from her stomach her eye's were wide, and terrified as she stared at the thing. suddenly the nothing began pouring into her, then pouring out through her eye's, and ear's. It completely enveloped her, then with her completely covered she lunged.  
He woke covered in sweat.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **kingfisher1112** on **January 07, 2012, 07:03:03 am**

This is just plain awesome. Can I take a dwarf?  
Name: 'Kingfisher'  
Bio: Cynical veteran doctor, he has seen many dwarves die due to nobles. He has a love for the caverns and forges. He also does some armoursmithing on the side to protect the milita.  
Gender: M  
Journal:  
???, Grasslands, Night.  
I'm cold, Hungry and lonely. Nothings have been on my trail all day. I'm in a tree. I never thought something elves love would save me. If anyone finds this, my name is Kingfisher. I stand stout even as I die.  
Goodbye.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **January 07, 2012, 05:08:04 pm**

Ok, I haven't got a recap done yet, but I have made a timeline covering (hopefully) all major events in sequence. I felt it was too long to put it on the first post, so it's hosted here (<https://docs.google.com/document/d/12YlbrLIfbgRT2b6ZrSi6mTAShsPTlfrME-ogxh7gbR0/edit>). The link is also on the first post. If I've missed anything on that timeline please tell me.

kingfisher1112 - Sure thing! As with the others, you'll have to wait for a surviving migrant.

*1st Granite 678 - Morning*

There were precious few people of any race up and walking let alone working by the time morning came on the start of Nomekast's fifth year. The New Year's party had dragged on deep through the night and into the early morning, and it was only once dawn (unseen down in the cave naturally) came that most people went to sleep.

Meinhard wasn't so soft on his Jagers to allow that.

"Hyu refuse to zleep at night, hyu deal vith it ven morning comes!" he told them in his particular Northern accent. At least, the two Dwarven Jagers - Sodel Sikeliton and Reg Medtobiger, nicknamed 'Owl' after his large and high eyebrows - imagined that the accent was Northern Human, it was quite possibly also simply another effect of the Jagerdrawt that had made Meinhard the mutated Human he now was. They didn't complain though, Meinhard had high expectations of those who wished to become Jagers, and wouldn't accept any excuses.

"Right, now hyu get hyu pickz, de otherz are vaiting!"

Sodel and Owl exchanged glances, they knew that Meinhard had recently made them put posters up recruiting for the Jagers but they hadn't really expected anyone to want to join.

As it was, two Humans and another Dwarf waited for them by what was colloquially known as the 'East Gate', the drawbridge down by the farms. Stacks of spears and mechanisms stood besides them. Meinhard wasted no time at all, pointing at the cavern rock-face,

"Now, we'z building a training room! Vun seven by seven unitz den we'z can zee if hyu all good to be varriors und Jagers!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



He grinned toothily, "Hyu getz to vork und introduce hyu all to eachofer! I gotz a sick man to cure!" And with that he left the Jagers to their mining and left in direction of the hospital.

-----

Volrath Blacksteel felt like he was withering away. Trapped as he was in quarantine in the hospital under Reg's care he was unable to practice his swordsmanship, and barely even able to sleep properly, nightmares haunted him at ever turn. So had he been for several months now. Meinhard had offered him a cure, the Jagerdrawt. But he had also made it clear it could kill him, and Volrath didn't trust something



What had a chance to either cure him or kill him stone dead.  
Instead he had asked Meinhard to bring him several items with which he could perform an ancient ceremony of the Blacksteel tribe and call upon his deceased tribe elders.

When Meinhard arrived, the first thing the mutant Human noticed about the barbarian was just how dishevelled he looked. He grinned toothily,

"Hyu lookink a bit peaky!" he laughed. Volrath rubbed his eyes, trying to dispel some of the constant tiredness he had nowadays,

"Have you got everything?" he asked. Meinhard dropped a sack onto Volrath's hospital bed,

"Right heer!"

Volrath rifled through everything, checking to make sure that everything he needed was there, satisfied, he emptied the bag and began to set up for the ceremony.

"Whatever you do Meinhard, don't interfere, the slightest outside influence can kill the one doing this."

"Hoo boy, hyu better vatch out for flies den!" Meinhard laughed. Still, he went over to the door, leaning against the wall.

Once Volrath had arranged everything into a rough circular shape he sat in the centre, crossed-legged. He had never done this, not when so weak. He wasn't even sure it'd work. Taking abreath, he began to chant, calling upon his tribe elders, the blacksteel who had gone before him.

For several minutes nothing happened and Volrath was left chanting to nothing, then a gust of wind blew through the enclosed room, flowing around Volrath. He felt his thoughts melting into infinity and a cacophony of voices,

What is he do-

Tell Sarah that I-

You bastar-

He knew them for what they were, the final words of his elders before they passed on. Then the voices melted away and he felt like he was floating in a void. Then *that* feeling dissipated and he felt everywhere and nowhere.

What you're doing is technically necromancy. came a voice unbidden. It felt both as though it came from around him, and from inside him. He knew who it was, or at least, what it was. A Blacksteel elder.

'It's not necromancy!' He thought back. 'I'm not raising the dead!'

'It still technically uses the Sixth Mystery.' came the elder again. Volrath had no idea what the Sixth Mystery was, he could only guess it was another word for necromancy.

'Oh be quiet Galran. He didn't come to hear your snide insinuations.' came another voice.

'Of course he didn't. He's ill.'

'Elders! I need your help! I need-' Volrath began. The snide voice - Galran - cut him off,

'Help yourself.' he said tartly. A third voice joined the chorus,

'What Galran means is that we can't help you, you must expel the infection yourself.'

Infection!? Then it was as bad as Volrath had feared.

'This is your mind, youngling. Just search, you'll find the infection.'

'This is going to kill him, you know.'

'Oh shut up Galran. Youngling, you must listen carefully, we've all entered the though-time as you now have. We know how it feels, but you must force yourself to see without trying. At the moment you no doubt feel like you're falling or floating yes? But you must force yourself to land, imagine a ground, land!'

Volrath had no idea what he was expected to do. He tried to imagine ground beneath him, but could land no more than he could float away when standing just by imagining he was floating.

'Just imagine how much it hurts when you land. You look clumsy enough to know how it must feel.' came Galran's voice, before being hushed by the others. At a loss, Volrath decided to try anyway, trying to cast his mind back to all the times he had fallen, whether thrown backwards by blows in fights, or fallen off of things.

And like that, he felt a sharp pain all around him.

'You've landed!' came his guide's voice. Volrath didn't understand, he felt more grounded, certainly, but he could still see no land, indeed, he wasn't even sure if he *could* see at all. He felt disjointed, splintered, spread out like mist across endless expanse.

Now, you need to feel for the infection. Hurry! You've delayed long enough for it to be deep, dangerous. Cast your mind around, as if you were trying to think back on a memory, only instead feel for the infection, vile, dangerous, hostile. You have to- wait..what's-'

A voice, or rather, an endless chorus of voices came from all around, deep and terrible.

FOUND YOU

Pain exploded across all of Volrath's being and he felt as though his very consciousness had been ripped apart.

---

Meinhard sat and watched as Volrath sat motionless in his circle. Then suddenly, eyes still firmly shut, the Human drew a raking breath and coughed up blood. Meinhard jumped up, but remembering Volrath's warning stayed back. Volrath coughed more blood and fell forward, breaking the circle. An explosion of air erupted from it with such force that several things were thrown across the room. Now ignoring Volrath's previous instruction, Meinhard jumped forwards to the Human's side, but far too late.

Volrath Blacksteel. Human Barbarian has bled to death.

In the training area Ocade suddenly dropped his sword, clutching at his chest. The Elf drew a shaky gasp and coughed up blood, collapsing before any of his fellow fighters could get to him.

Ocade. Elf has bled to death.

In the Temple Warrior-Priests' barracks Kadzar watched in horror as his two fellow warrior-priests fell to the ground, hacking up blood.

Zasit Risenalil. Fishery Worker has bled to death.  
Nish Taronmedtob. Architect has bled to death.

"It was a delayed and renewed reaction to Streti's poison." Reg explained, wiping his hands clean. The Chief Medical Dwarf had a deep frown on his face, as he ever did. He was the one who had okayed their leave from hospital, and he could only blame himself. "The poison caused deep intense wounds. Even now, the poison is burning its way to the surface. As to Volrath, unsure, but he had the same symptoms."

Around him clustered several people, Kadzar, Ibruk, Derm, Stronghammer, Meinhard and Doc. Steve.

"Dead from inside-out." Kadzar said, a heavy-set frown also sitting on his face, "Atir Purplemines help us."

"What of the others that suffered from Streti's poison?" Derm asked, thinking of Fori worriedly. Doc. Steve answered the question,

"It depends really. Ocade, Zasit and Nish clearly got a larger dose of the poison. If the others got a smaller dose they could be fine, or anything, it really depends and we can't predict it."

"How do you explain how all four died at the same time, and that Volrath had the same symptoms but never faced Streti?" Stronghammer asked, his mind focused on the events rather than the people.

How am I supposed to know? Reg almost answered, but stopped himself. He had good respect for Stronghammer, and the two were both founding members of the Alliance for Dwarven Survival.

"I don't know." he settled for instead, "Volrath was most probably infected by the Nothing, and Streti led the Nothing, so there could be some link between the two infections. Apart from that I really don't know. At all."

"Well thank you for your time and work Reg, and you too Steve. I guess at the moment we can only wait and pray." Derm said glumly.

"Prayer is all we have." Ibruk said quietly.

Outside Nomekast, an army amassed.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ahra** on **January 07, 2012, 05:50:34 pm**

uum... are we going to clear those out?, cant be good for the fps.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Sneaky Walrus** on **January 07, 2012, 06:24:39 pm**

-mind of Juggernaut-

So StrongHammer has won the election, excellent news for the fort, however I fear who he has chosen as his advisers. Fori is a good choice however this may cause dissident among other Elves while Brosso is an idiot who doesn't understand the seriousness of this situation. I do believe I should publicly ask StrongHammer to create a ruling council for each of the races or, at the least, have a recognized associate who sets forth each races problems. Hopefully this will gain public support and StrongHammer will approve. Knowing him, as long as it increases unity within the Fort, he will support it.

So Mienhard and his "Jagers" have begun recruiting new members....I do wish to train with him, as he appears to be an extremely capable warrior, however I fear what effect the mutation may have. I will resist it til I know the full extent of the changes. Hmmmmm.... I wonder... We have seen the effects of the Nothing on Goblins, changing and warping them, however I wonder if the Jagers mutations would be able to counter this. I must inform Ugo of this and see if he can shed any light on this idea.

ARMOK DAMMIT! That forgotten beast has robbed are fort of many a fair warrior, even those "warrior-priests". Is this a sign from Armok? Is it a call to battle or a sign of his displeasure with the fort. Ah I am no priest and I doubt I will ever truly understand his whims beyond his calls for the death of these Nothings. Still with the death of so many, we must increase the strength of the fort and gather more warriors to the army, be they man, elf or dwarf.

So the Nothing gather outside  
waiting  
watching  
Damn them  
If only we had some form of outer defense, like a tower or Bastion, from which we could fire weapons from.  
Maybe we could build upon the current watch tower or replace the windows with fortifications.  
I will have to ask Ugo what the effect of crossbow blots have on these Nothings

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **January 07, 2012, 06:28:32 pm**

OH GOD SO MANY!!!! thats alot of nothing sitting outside, maybe we can shoot arrows at them or just plain ingnore them? anyways to my journal entry.

Stronghammer Journal

It was quite disconcerting when i was summoned to the hospital and was informed of the simltanteous deaths of some of our citizens. It would seem that the forgotten beast continued to strike back against the fort even after death. I will instruct Fori to be sent to the hospital and given a full check up as well as kept under observation until we can be sure as to her safety. I will also look into drawing up some plans of defence and structures that may be built to help protect the lower entrances of Nomekast. Maybe some layered walls and trenches with traps or siege batteries, i will discuss this with most likely Derm as he is head of defence. I will also attempt to conduct a meeting with the alliance to hear what they have to say, as well as suggestions for my governance, as well as maybe defence plans. Well back to work, so much to do.

edit: Never realised and or forgot i made an artifact. Could it be placed in the industry center to set and example to all other workers of the beauty their work could achieve.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **January 07, 2012, 09:32:14 pm**

From the log of Fori

Well, the race is finally done. I came in a close second, but now, Stronghammer is the mayor of our fortress retreat. Though I might have doubts, I'm hopeful. One of his first acts was to ban the burning of wood or trees from the surface. Hopefully, that'll help to mollify the elves. He wanted me to become an advisor for him as well. I had mixed opinions on that though. In the end, I decided I already had a good deal to work on amid the farms, helping Ugo with his experiments on the nothing, studying Torvolds old records, and planning further traps and defenses for the fortress. I did say, that if he wished my opinion, I'm always happy to talk and give advice.

But now days, there's a large mass of defilers outside. And inside, everyone is doing what they can to prepare the Nomekast war machine for the coming storm. At all hours the night, hammers are ringing in the production of armor and weapons. I've drawn up some traps and other defenses, and I hope to implement them before the storm breaks. Not much else I can do while confined to this hospital for now. I only hope that I don't succumb to the same curse that claimed Ocade, Volrath and the two warrior priests. But I'm feeling fine honestly, staying here won't help any if I am struck down by the poison. When the storm does break, I'll fight. My sword will be needed against that hoard of defilers.

I've got some other plans that I've been working on. I've got some diagrams and plans I want to run past the engineers, and consult with stronghammer and the other industrialists about the state of the glass furnaces. I need to know just how much crystal glass we can make. Since the defilers took to the sky, we had to retreat from the surface. But all it would take is another wall. It might not be possible, but I want to see if we can erect a glass roof over the portion of the surface surrounded by the walls. Such an engineering project should be within the capabilities of the dwarves.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **kingfisher1112** on **January 08, 2012, 05:10:52 am**

Next surviving immigrant? Not likely.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **January 08, 2012, 05:20:09 am**

*Good lord*, where's a minigun or a nuke when you need one? There must be *at least* 100 of them.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **January 08, 2012, 08:04:46 am**

"By all the Gods!" Brosso shouted once he made sure he was alone in his room.  
"What is he thinking!? Stronghammer has betrayed our own, \*whiff\*, race! \*cough\*"

Extract from: Brossos Magnificent Input On Our Dire Situation

Preposterous times these are really, first an ELF will be an advisor in a DWARVEN Fortress and now Dwarves are falling dead because of some underground beastie which spat on them a little? I'll have to discuss it with good Dwarf Reg, he knows a lot about ailments and cures. Maybe we'll be able to use it to help us cleanse this place a little bit.

Stronghammer is a traitor to our race but I still value our friendship too much to take any kind of action against him. We'll have to organize a special meeting of our righteous Alliance, perhaps with some less-reliable and uncommitted members absent, in order to craft a plan to get rid of all the taint both within our homes (Goblins, kobolds, humies, beasties and Gods know what else!).



"Seems like ol' Brosso will have to get to work eh? Maybe good Stronghammer is a gem admirer?" he mumbled under his nose after checking twice if he locked his door, heading down to where he thought pickaxes should be.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TheOddDemon** on **January 08, 2012, 10:20:02 am**

Eldrich thought about the massed Nothing.

He thought about the attack on his home. He thought about the screams of the dying, the flying Nothing cutting people down left and right.

*"Not again. I won't let it happen again."*. He got up from his seat in the dining hall, and went to go find an armorsmith.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **January 08, 2012, 12:51:44 pm**

Derm sat up in the lighthouse, forlornly staring at the hordes of Nothing that had gathered at their doorsteps.

*Hopeless odds for a hopeless cause, fitting, isn't it?* a nonexistant, massive voice said, cackling maniacally. Derm ignored it, his mind a flurry of plans and ideas. His eyes flickered to and forth, from the hordes to the gate.

*Why don't you just give in? The sleep is peaceful, and nothing hurts. Everything would be okay and nothing would hurt.*

"We need a weapon." he said to himself. "A large weapon, capable of hitting them all."

*How can you resist? Fighting when all is lost is a pointless venture.*

Steadfastly ignoring the voice of a hundred nothing, he returned to the fortress proper. What best way to fight a siege, but with siege weapons? He needed to place orders, siege workshop, wooden spears, steel tips...

*You will fail.*

He had his work cut out for him.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **kingfisher1112** on **January 09, 2012, 10:35:46 am**

A cave in maybe? Like 70 Z-levels?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **BranRhi** on **January 09, 2012, 10:24:53 pm**

The time he had waited for and feared had arrived. The Dark Ones had finished devouring the majority of the world and now focused fully on the bastion of Nomekast. The dwarves and elves preparing their bows and crossbows paid little attention to the old man silently collecting bolts for his crossbows. Every now and then he put a hand to his neck to touch a small iron medallion in the shape of a lightning bolt, the symbol of Os the god of lightning, his patron. He knew that the same Nothing that had taken his voice had come to claim the rest of him, could feel it in the way his scars burned. BranRhi could only hope Os would be with him one last time, to guide his bolts into as many of the demons as possible before the end.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kurotabo** on **January 10, 2012, 05:26:41 pm**

From the journal of Kuro  
So. It's finally happened. They have come to finish off the last of my people, the survivors of Nomekast. I knew this would eventually happen, yet I had prayed to whatever gods and goddesses had chosen to protect us. Heathen thoughts have preyed upon my sleep deprived psyche, thoughts of Dustik Bulbearths and Iklist Tunnelveil averting their eyes to the plight of those around him. If I die, what will death be like? The elves of Godsaved speak of it as a sort of sanctuary, a place where all my worries will be put to rest in an endless forest, the dwarves speak of a mountain of endless ore veins and gem hordes. The goblins have nothing. Where will I go if I die? Where will I go **when** I die? I feel my hand beginning to tremble, yet I can not stop writing. My words pour out of me in an endless stream. Will I see Thaco again? The rest of my tribe? Or will I go to a land of eternal suffering where my screaming will echo for all eternity? Need to stop writing. Must train my fighting skills to perfection. I will protect my home. I must.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **January 15, 2012, 12:46:26 pm**

Ahra - They're not, they're really, *really* terrible for fps, I'm thinking of beefing them up so there can be less of them while still being as deadly.

kingfisher1112 - Actually, depending on where they enter immigrants can have a zero-to-good chance of surviving. The nothing are currently only as fast as a Dwarf, so if the migrants enter on the left of the map where the horde is, they're mostly screwed unless they get around the nothing, if they enter on the right they should be able to get to the fort before the nothing.

Tarran - I did a count, there's 24 pages of them, and 19 per page, thus there's 456. Five and a half times more than the entire fort. 6.7 times more if you remove children and 18 and a half times more if you only count those in the military. A manageable amount in other words. :P

Granite 678

The huge masses of Nothing on the valley sides sparked alarm throughout Nomekast, and only abated once everyone was assured that the Nothing could not break through the defences, and that steps were being taken under the auspices of Fori, Ugo, the mechanic Urist, and the architect Shin to bolster the defences further. Furthermore Stronghammer and Derm had taken to calling together at least once a week a 'council' of Tarran - ostensibly the militia commander since Rion's death - Rovod - commander of the marksdwarves - Fori, Ugo, Urist, Reg and Bounce to discuss proposed ways to deal with the massive Nothing horde on their doorstep. Several ideas had been bantered around, including massed siege weapons, cave-ins, and a proposal from Fori to build a glass dome above the compound. Meanwhile the militia trained relentlessly, some such as Juggernaut, Kuro, Rashem, Eldrich, Loral and Katana trained relentlessly, day and night, honing their skills. Meinhard and his Jagers in the meanwhile, continued work on the training room, now beginning to link up all the spears together while in the forges forging of armour, weapons and bolts didn't stop, but instead had progressed to such a point that they were beginning to run out of metal and soon would have to prospect and mine for more.

Meanwhile the next steps of Stronghammer's Mayoral plan were being undertaken; religious sites for all the races in the community. The Dwarven site was already built; Ibruk's temple built four years ago, while the idea of an Elven site (Elves themselves had no real temples except for those in the Holy Empire of the Ferns of Strategy, which were considered by most Elves to have taken isolationism and theocracy a little *too* far. Most Elven temples were sacred groves in forests, the largest and most important could boast standing stones and an altar, but that was the extent) had served as fuel to the already raging Elven schism. The anti-Fori side led by Imiwa had loudly decried any Dwarf building an Elven holy site, and insisted they would not use such a 'blasphemous pit of iniquity'. The Humans and Goblins had been much more agreeable. Most Goblins were not especially religious, and most Humans felt that it didn't matter who built the temple, as long as it was built. Stronghammer put Shin in charge of building each site, and the architect - always one for doing her work immaculately - worked carefully with members of each race to ensure the shrine was fine.

By the end of Granite, the Elven shrine had been completed and work on the Human temple had started.



5th Slate 678 - Morning



They had come a long way, twenty of them from all the corners of Omon Rabin. Most of them were Humans and Dwarves, with only one Elf and two Kobolds, but there was no complaints about race. There couldn't be when you had to fight and flee daily to survive. All of them had heard of Nomekast, one of the few communities that still managed to survive without having to have a veritable army of soldiers and volunteers posted at every second of the day, and the only one that accepted all races.

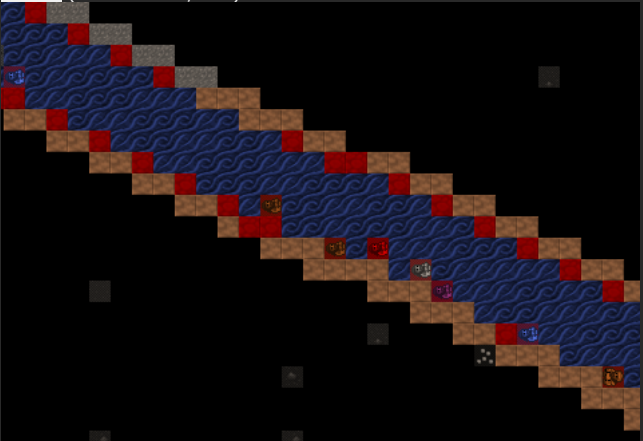
They had come a long way, and luck was not with them.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The moment the horde sprung into view the entire group exploded into complete chaos and anarchy. Some simply ran back the way they'd come, some stood paralysed with fear, others - more rational - tried to get past the Nothing by running towards the river and cutting past the horde. The Nothing soon blocked that escaped root and many found themselves trapped between the river and the horde.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The lookouts in Nomekast had seen them and opened the drawbridge into the compound, but by that time only four refugees survived, a Dwarven doctor by the name of Kingfisher, two Human swordsmen by the names of Xenir and John Lock, and a Goblin, and two of them with wounds that needed immediate checking. Meanwhile the marksdwarves Rovod, Rar and Doc. Steve along with the crossbowmen Reno Monty and BranRhi chased the Nothing back, firing bolt after bolt from the compound walls into any Nothing that dared to stray nearby.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



In light of this new massacre Stronghammer charged Tarran and Rovod to set up a military schedule to ensure the community was protected at all times and it was agreed that the marksdwarves would patrol the compound walls in a schedule so they could lend their bolts to help at any point without putting themselves in danger, and if the flying Nothing - who seemed to have currently vanished - returned, they could easily seal off the compound again until the beasts left again.

## 7th Slate 678

Ibruk, Kadzar and their fellow devout Dwarves along with Hammer of the Gods had worked hard, carving a passage to the chosen place for the cathedral and building a bridge across the gap between the location and the rest of the community.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



There were only about fifteen of them, including Ibruk, Kadzar and Hammer of the Gods, but what they lacked in numbers and mining skills, they made up for in their zealously and passion for their work. After all, this was a cathedral to the Gods, it had to be perfect, grand, opulent, a place to protect them all from the ever-approaching cleansing of the world.

## Slate 678 - Afternoon

Brosso seethed. He had been seething for quite some time now, and fancied himself quite good at it. With a glare and a puff of his cigar he marched past some metalcrafters taking lead bars to the storeroom. He stalked past the Iron Guard on guard in front of the entrance to the forges - noting with particular annoyance the markskobold Konith in his new Iron Guard armour, chatting amicably to his fellow Guard. He had little use for Kobolds, small thieves that they were, he suspected Konith would probably elope with that armour and melt it to sell it for scrap. Ah, the sacrifices one had to make to protect the Dwarven way of life! Work on his circus/arena/opera hall/Alliance HQ continued and enough Dwarves now supported the Alliance (and thus Brosso as far as the circus director was concerned) that they were willing to help, eliminating any need for him to continue mining himself. As it was, he hadn't stopped mining, only changed *what* he was mining. Several choice topazes and kunzites now lay in the secure drawers of his desk, and once cut he was sure to be able to use them to buy himself some leverage among several Dwarves - and one Dwarf in particular.

Konith had been part of the Iron Guard for some time now. It was not - to any account - particularly enjoyable. The rest of the Iron Guard either wanted nothing to do with him (Konith nicknamed them Brossites, their attitude to him being closer to Brosso's than anyone else's) and those that were fine with him were patronizing, as if a Kobold was some kind of inferior creature with a child's mind. Only Ahra - the sole Human in the Guard - treated him with a sort of equal respect. He was happy he was only in Guard in order to infiltrate the storeroom defences and help the Thieves' Guild 'acquire' several priceless metal bars. Though he was well aware that he would still be stuck in the Guard for a few months after the heist, lest he be suspected. With luck, Brosso might pressure Stronghammer enough to have him thrown out of the Guard after the heist, even without evidence. Lost in his thoughts, he didn't notice Zan Tiristgeb arrive until the Dwarf was right in front of him. Zan was commander of the Iron Guard, after Stronghammer, and he had no love for either the Kobold or Ahra, the Human.

"Guard Konith. You're guarding the storerooms next week. Don't screw up." Zan said curtly. The Kobold could tell Zan had argued against putting him in as storeroom guard, but Stronghammer must have insisted on following the rota. It didn't hurt that Konith had earned much trust from Stronghammer after spying on Imiwa and her rebellious Elves to ensure the forges were safe. Being small and having spent



much of your life skulking in caves certainly helped in infiltrations and staying unseen. Konith saluted and Zan answered back with his own salute, before continuing on his way into the forges. Inwardly, Konith grinned, next week then, was the Grand Heist that had been months in the making then it'd be only a month or two before he'd leave the Guard.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ahra** on **January 15, 2012, 03:24:45 pm**

Ahras journal:  
The life in the iron guard is great, sure most of the dwarfs are xenophobic stuck up /erased word\  
But i have an sort of friend in Konith, he is an great guy.  
That and him being the only other non dwarf helps him like he was an friend since 10 years back,  
hell i would probably help him as one if need arose whatever it touches, just as long its not killing Zan  
tempting as it may be, now for the night forge guard duty.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **January 15, 2012, 05:30:11 pm**

Stronghammer sighed as he looked over the field from the safety of the walls. The last migrant wave had been almost completely obliterated, with the guards only able to save four, two of which were seriously hurt. As well not everyone had appreciated his move to accept non dwarves into the guard, or his move to build places of worship for every race. Yet Stronghammer knew that if he was to stay in office, these things had to come about, and he absolutely had to stay in office. He knew that if a non dwarf took the spot the dwarves would cause serious trouble, yet if one of the less liberal dwarves took the position, many of the non dwarves would revolt. Stronghammer himself was pained at the many things he had changed and allowed, as they went against dwarven tradition, yet his calculating mind knew that these changes had to come about, no matter how much he disliked it. Stronghammer turned and walked from the wall back to the confines of the fort and once again stood by the underground lake. As he gazed over it he thought of the many things still left undone, on his schedule. He had to figure out improvements for the fort, had to ease tensions between the races. He also had to setup new mining plans to help supply the furnaces as at their current rate, they would run out of materials soon. He turned from the lake and walked back to his mayoral office. As he approached his office he focused his mind to the task at hand and then threw himself into his work.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **lockman766** on **January 15, 2012, 05:35:11 pm**

John's journal  
  
By the stars how did I survive there were so many. Not the most I've seen in one place, but then again I didn't have to run through a horde that large before. The fact I got through nearly unharmed is surprising. I hope these dwarfs got some good booze I need a good buzz as soon as possible. I need to forget, need to forget.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MrGrau** on **January 16, 2012, 11:15:20 am**

Aequor, you are made of win. And so I request that my first ever Dwarfed (Humaned) character be in your fortress.

Name: Grau  
Gender: Male  
Race: Human  
Profession: A Surgeon that has been recently been mildly interested in the physics of Dwarven mechanics  
Personality: Largely sarcastic, and fairly cynical. But not a bad person. If faced with a strong decision, will almost always choose the "right" one. Dislikes religion, and has a strong scientific view.

Woop!  
I probably put too much Personality down, and most of it would conflict with itself, but oh well.  
I'm not too fussed about the details of my character, change whatever you want, but not my name! :P

And Fori is one of the coolest characters in the Fortress.

EDIT for tpyos

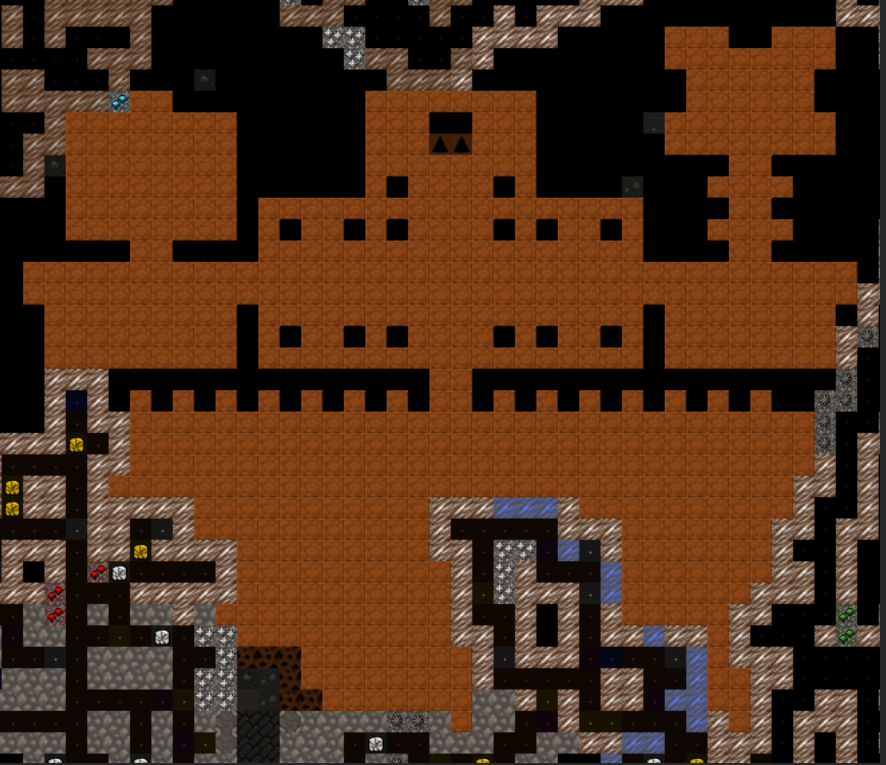
Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **January 16, 2012, 08:35:04 pm**

MrGrau - Thanks! Bio up on first post as usual.

10th Slate 678 - Morning

Kadzar grunted as his pick struck rock once more. Besides him a Dwarf - a fellow follower of Master Ibruk's teachings - likewise struck the mica rock face before them. After they had dug and built a bridge across to the site of the future cathedral Ibruk retreated into meditation for several days. When he returned he carried a veritable mess of plans, there were plans for the sanctuary itself, for vaults, for the arrangement of particular rooms. Just the entrance hall itself was larger than the temple, and in front of it was included a large plaza-type area.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Kadzar thanked the Gods that the Prophet could speak to them so easily and from them draw inspiration and knowledge of what had to come next to protect them while the world above was cleansed.

He had heard that many people were eager to return to the surface, even as Master Ibruk tried to warn them that their lot was to remain in Nomekast, safe and pious while the iniquity of the world above was purged. The Dwarf next to him seemed to share his thoughts,

"Do you think they'll open up the surface fully again?" she asked. There was the merest hint of hope in her voice. Even though they were an underground race, many - if not most - Dwarves still appreciated the ability to (even if they didn't *want* to) experience the fresh cool air of the surface.

"That'll be for the Gods to decide." Kadzar grunted as he struck rock again. His training with the Temple warrior-priests - Gods keep their souls safe! - had helped him to grow much stronger in the past years.

"What if they do? What if they unleash the Nothing into here again?"

"No one ever pretended we'd survive the cleansing of the world. Master Ibruk is giving us a chance, let us not disappoint both him, ourselves, and the Gods."

The Dwarf nodded, and continued hacking away at the mica.

What indeed? Kadzar wandered. What if they *did* fully unleash the Nothing into Nomekast? The lack of piety - and lack of respect for the Gods and Ibruk's teachings in general - he observed amongst much of Nomekast's population often irritated him. Couldn't they see that Ibruk was trying to save them? That the Gods had a plan? And that all their refusal to follow that plan would achieve would be death? He could only pray that they learn quickly, before everyone paid the price.

Derm frowned as he set quill to paper again, signing off another form (Gods did they ever end!). This one was from Stronghammer, or rather Mayor Fireforge, requesting several militia soldiers to accompany Spartan and his miners out into the Fiery Cistern on another prospecting expedition (And what was wrong with simply just asking some soldiers to go? No need for *more* useless forms that'd clutter his desk and cabinets). Several prospecting and mining trips had already been made in the past few days, finding and extracting a modest amount of cassiterite and finding a very rich vein of tetrahedrite and some galena. Even if Tarran was ostensibly militia commander, responsibility for delegating these affairs fell onto the Sheriff. Derm also suspected the Stronghammer didn't want to waste Tarran's time, preferring the swordsdwarf and weaponsmith to keep on with his work than sign meaningless forms.

"The forms must be obeyed." Derm muttered, filing the pig-tail paper away and preparing another stack of papers. The sooner he was finished the sooner he could go do something useful - or at least meaningful - like train or spend some time with Fori.

15th Slate 678 - Night

If there was one person in the fort who took work seriously, it was Bounce. The soft-spoken and quiet Bookkeeper and now also Broker was an assuming type. She wasn't loud and outspoken, she wasn't a fighter, but she was vital to the running of the entire community. And she took this responsibility *very* seriously. Which is why, when her stocks showed that they were still missing several gold, silver and platinum bars, along with several assorted gems, she threw herself into action, prowling the fort, counting, recounting, questioning (politely, of course) and tracking them down.

To all extents and purposes it seemed that Rakust Aranlikot, the necromancer who had betrayed Nomekast to the Nothing, leading a large force of them and a Forgotten Beast into the caves, had stolen them. One of the stolen silver bars had been found among her belongings, after all. But that left the question of the other bars? Why would Rakust steal all the bars, hide them, and yet keep one silver bar with her affairs where it could be found? For that matter, why would Rakust steal the bars in the first place? She had been plotting the downfall of the entire fort, it would have been easier to simply lead the Nothing to Nomekast, let them kill everyone, then take the bars in peace afterwards.

For Bounce, too many dwarves didn't match up. And that's why she was in full swing in the storerooms doing a count.

Konith leaned lazily on the wall, his crossbow by his side. To anyone who saw him he looked the perfect image of a bored guard taking the graveyard shift, but in truth his heart was racing. Tonight was the time Stas, Bax and Atis would arrive, ostensibly to steal several of the precious bars within.

And there was someone inside the storeroom.

He bit his lip in anxiety as he saw three shapes distinguish themselves from the dark. Stas, shrouded as ever in his cloak, Bax, tall and lean, and small Atis the mute Dwarven girl. Stas nodded to him, eyes shifting left and right,

"Everything fine Konith?" he whispered.

"No," the Kobold hissed back, "The Bookkeeper - Pounce or whatever - is in there!"

Bax shifted and for a second he thought he saw the glint of a knife. Stas exhaled sharply,

"You're off the night shift tomorrow aren't you? This is the only night we can do then."

"Why didn't you warn in advance?" Bax hissed furiously. Like Stas, the Goblin's gaze kept shifting here and there, looking for anyone who might be watching.

"I didn't know she'd be here! She's counting the bars or something."

"There's nothing for it, we'll have to knock her out." Stas said.

"Are you mad?" Konith hissed, "Won't it look suspicious when somehow people sneak past me and knock her out, but leave me alone!?"

"Of course it will! That's why we'll have to knock you out too." Stas said, his voice firm.

"I didn't sign up to this!"

"Improvisation is the first thing you have to learn, Konith! What, are you going to go chicken on us now?" Bax grinned. Besides him, Atis made a chicken impression. Konith frowned,

"Fine. Just do it quickly."

He never saw which of the two hit him.

For a few seconds Bounce could have sworn she had heard voices outside. No doubt the Guard on shift was talking to someone, or else his shift had ended and he was talking to his replacement. She picked up her fungiwood clipboard, ticking off another box as she finished counting the lead bars. Unsurprisingly they were all accounted for. So far she had found that while no bars had gone missing since those that Rakust had been accused of taking, several more gems had gone, most probably vanished between their extraction and being storage, rather than stolen from the storeroom itself. She'd have to che-

Like Konith, she didn't have much more luck in seeing who had hit her.

Stas caught Bounce as she slumped down onto the floor. He put her down carefully, the last thing they needed was undue violence. The fact that they'd had to knock out both Konith and Bounce meant the original plan had already been ruined. He would have preferred waiting for another day, but this was their best chance. Bounce was beginning to look into the stolen bars once more, Konith was not likely to get night guard duty again for at least a month and the loss of Ocade had hurt their organisation. It was lucky he had at least come prepared for such an eventuality, or rather, Bax had insisted they come prepared for such an eventuality.

He threw a pig-tail cloth bag to Bax and another to Atis.

"Platinum, gold, silver, in that order. Quick!" he whispered urgently. The two nodded, working their way through the storeroom and taking the bars they could find. In short order they found themselves at the entrance again, Stas carrying a platinum bar, two gold ones and a silver one, Bax four gold bars and two silver bars, and Atis two gold bars.

"Bax, did you leave the - ah - 'evidence?'" Stas asked. The Goblin grinned, fishing into a pocket and pulling out a small piece of jewelry. It was very clearly of Elven make. Casually, he let it fall to the floor of the storeroom.

"That should make them waste time investigating those Elves instead of us." he said. Stas nodded,

"Let's get out of here, the next shift should be here soon." And with that, the three of them lightly stepped over Konith's prone body and disappeared into the shadows with their spoils.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **January 16, 2012, 10:37:33 pm**

(ooc) Im going to assume that we can start posting as if we all just heard about the thievery, and if thats not the case take my post after my character would have found out.

Stronghammer was asleep in his office when he was notified of the evenings attack. His guards. His storhouse. His industry. All sullied by the apparent infiltration of the elves. The poor bookkeeper Bounce was also in the night attacked when she had been carrying out her duty of record keeping. THIS WAS AN OUT RAGE. This really for Stronghammer was one of the final straws with these missing goods, and he was at his limit with this attack. He would order every able bodied soldier to scour the fort for these thieves, he would have the comings and goings of every individual relegated and only allowed if scheduled and accompanied by soldiers. He would have the soldiers search every house, every corner, every store, every barrel, until he had the stolen goods back. And once he had every thing back he would have every person questioned and interviewed. One of his Iron Guard "apparently" had a unseen attacker somehow sneak up to the gate and knock him out dispite that there is no cover on the way to the forge wall. This guard was clearly incompetant or was in on the theft, so just to be sure Stronghammer would have the Iron Guard imprison him, and have him questioned. After Stronghammer had finnished writing down all his commands and orders he went and found the captain of the Iron Guard and Tarran the militia Commander. When he had them both in his office he gave his orders. "Gentledwarves these are your writen orders. I want the whole fort on lock down, I want everyone questioned and interviewed. I will not have this happen again!" The two dwarves left his office as soon as he finnished his talk. Stronghammer sat down in his chair and rubbed his head. Time to start trials and investigations, he sighed.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **January 17, 2012, 06:25:35 am**

Brosso was furious when he heard about the thievery. "How could it be!? The Iron Guard has failed us!" he shouted as he stomped around his room throwing a tantrum to a curious *boy*, or rather a dwarf who just happened to walk by and stop to listen and was too petrified with fear to leave. "It's because of Stronghammer being too soft on racial issues! I'm sure the blasted kobolds have had something to do with it! They are all conspiring against us together with goblins!" he shouted, then stopped and started breathing heavily. The boy has taken this chance to give him a slip, quietly retreating and closing the door behind him.

"This calls for a change of plans." thought Brosso, now a bit more calm. "We'll have to use the twice-blasted elven asistance to deal with those green and brown troublemakers."

He started cleaning up his tantrum when suddenly a book caught his attention. It had a destroyed and even a bit bloodstained cover and seemed to have at least gone through nether and back. He picked it up and opened it, it was his diary. "Today me and my brother were again playing axedwarfs." He read. "Urist keeps beating me, but that's only because he is more after my mother, older and that I am after my father and a bit on the big side dear diary. I promised him that I will train hard and one day be the best axedwarf ever!". After that Brosso went silent, closed the book and carefully placed it on his desk, tears already forming in his eyes. His poor brother, blasted non-dwarfs! Where were they when the tree lovers tortured and killed him!? Where were they when the beasties of darkness attacked Brosso's home and took all he had!?.

To think that he would have to work together with his brother's tormentors sickened him, but he had no choice. He knew Nomekast couldn't stand against the darkness as "the beacon of hope" how he loved to call it when thieves were running rampart.

Another issue was the circus. He thought about it and figured out that he would at least fulfill one thing he promised his brother.

Brosso would start training his axe skills.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **MrGrau** on **January 17, 2012, 07:17:33 am**

Woah, my bio is already on the front page? Does this mean that I'm already in the fortress, or that my character will arrive with the next mirgration?  
Hmm, I think I might have a go at the roleplay later..  
/me dons his Roleplay Socks

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **January 17, 2012, 04:17:32 pm**

From the log of Fori:  
That hoard of defilers lurking outside must be dealt with! A group of refugees had the misfortune to arrive, and quickly fell prey to the swarm of defilers. Our soldiers tried to help them, going up onto the walls and raining bolts down on the monsters, but only a bare few of the refugees made it to our gates. Even with our strong walls, the defilers still bring death. The blood of good people feed the roots of the trees, and the voices of the spirits turn sorrowful. I sang a song of mourning for the lives lost as I worked.

I cannot expect that good fortune to continue though. Ultimately, if a glass dome is constructed, it would solve the problem. But until then, I've drawn up plans for towers to be built on the surface while the flying defilers are absent. They'll be roofed, and walled with fortifications, and can be reached by underground tunnels so our marksmen can move into position without crossing the open ground. The patrolling dwarves, elves, and men can be stationed in the towers instead, safe from harm and free to retaliate against threats, or just to take potshots at the defilers.

Torvold's old notes have inspired other drawings and schematics of mine. As of late, I've been contemplating a contraption that involves a triggering mechanism, several springs, and several large serrated disks. One spring would lift the disks out of slots within the floor or walls, a second spring would set them spinning, cutting through defiler flesh, a third spring would act as a timer, and a fourth would retract the disks and reset the whole mechanism. If I made it with a bank of springs, it could be triggered several times before they all need to be rewound again. My experiments so far have been promising. I must speak with Stronghammer and the dwarves in the forges about making the components needed. If this works, it will be a deadly addition to the stone and cage traps protecting the fortress. Especially now since Ugo's efforts to find a poison that affected the defilers has borne no fruit. I'm not proud of what I'm making, but it's a sad truth that against the defilers, we need every advantage we can get.

One silver lining has been seen in this whole situation though. The flying defilers have oddly vanished. Fortunate, as they could have caused further problems to our soldiers guarding the walls. I was able to return to the surface again, and cautiously resumed tilling the neglected plots of farmland within the walls. More food and more variety of food is something that our fortress always needs. Still, I keep my sword and the bogeyman's dagger with me at all times, and I'm constantly looking to the skies.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kurotabo** on **January 17, 2012, 08:30:04 pm**

Kuro's eyes snapped open, his body covered with a cold sweat. His dreams had been haunted by those he had lost, those from the fortress, and his tribe. He recoiled as the memories of his old life resurfaced for the hundredth time, pressing the heels of his green hands into he eyes. Tears began to run down his face as he thought of his wife, Elise, the most beautiful elven woman he had ever laid eyes on. His form arched terribly, plagued by racking sobs for that which he had lost. He began reciting a lullaby his wife had sang to him every night, incase they were able to have children, something he had never been able to give to her. A nearby dwarf harumphed, obviously annoyed by the rough goblin voice singing the swaying elven lullaby in the most elegant of tongues. He sat up, a confused look upon his face; a thought had appeared in his head, one which he hadn't dared to fantasize. "*If dwarves can create bizarre weapons of war and death, why can't I?*" His goblin battle instincts suddenly flared alive, strategies he hadn't though about in years. He would need help. But, luckily, he wouldn't have any trouble finding sufficient creatures to to help him. Maybe the Bogeyman would help to... If he was still alive.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **BranRhi** on **January 18, 2012, 12:44:03 am**



BranRhi leaned against the compound wall as the voices called up to him from the dark mass below. He could hear his father, muttering about one of his experiments. His older brother called to him to join in weapons training. His mother sending the town guards on a patrol. He fumbled for his notebook and, trying to ignore the voices of those long dead, began to write.

*It's been days since the skirmish with the Dark Ones, and yet I cannot shake off how I felt to stand above them, to feel their hatred. The other marksmen/dwarves question why were not faced by the flying Nothing, but I saw them from where I stood. They were there, held back by a monstrous being the likes I have never seen before, yet I knew on sight. Ibruk claims he takes their form, and we humans always believed him to be a man in golden armor, but I know now. Os stood with us that day. I felt his triumph and his hunger. And his fear. The gods flee from the worst of the Dark Ones yet Os stood with us. Nomekast can stand against these monsters, even the numbers before us. I have decided to help in the only other way I can, besides firing a crossbow into their ranks. My father's books. I have not opened them in years, and yet they may hold a solution to our struggles. I will give them to Reg, I know he and others have been studying captured Nothing, hoping to find some way to hurt them. Perhaps in these books they will find the hope they search for.*

BranRhi stood up, and shouldering his pack started off to look for Reg. He paused for a brief moment as a voice reached him. It was one far more familiar to him than even his family, yet twisted, A voice he had never once hoped to hear again. His own. Then the tired old man walked away from his past.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **January 18, 2012, 05:25:54 am**

*Konith's Log*  
*Everything went wrong yesterday. That blasted bookkeeper ruined it all! Plus, now Stronghammer will suspect me, and most likely try to imprison me. Time to search for a particularly nice jewel.*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **January 19, 2012, 04:52:50 am**

Mainhard was upset. The pranks of the thieves had crossed the line this time, and now was not a time for pranks. He and his Jagers new the fortress inside and out. Every nook, every cranny, every tunnel, every back passage, and all of the secret dark places to hide. The goods would go to the room where they had seen the silver bars and the gems, so he sent his two best men to steal the goods back, all of them.

"Ve Vill Teech dem! Dis iz too fawr!"

They would wait in the dark places until Staz and Bax had gone to sleep, then they would move like ghosts and move the Bars and gems from the "secret" back room to Mayor Fireforges' office, with a note reading; From a concerned Citizen. This was not the only thing on Mainhards' mind. He had taken all of Voltraths' possessions, including the Blacksteel Sword.

Mainhard spoke in old human again: "This blade calls out for worthy wielder. I am not such a man. For I am a man of all weapons."

The blade must be taken to the temple, thought Mainhard, there it will find a new wielder. The hilt of the sword seared his flesh when he held it and would become so heavy he could only drag it. "This is a burden I must bare. He will not rest while the blade sit idle." And so the entire fortess could hear the sound of metal grinding on stone, as Mainhard took his long walk form Hospital to Temple.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **January 19, 2012, 03:39:56 pm**

Good to see that this is still going. Glad my goblin is still alive. Pity I missed the mayor voting. I'll probably edit a journal log in later.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **January 20, 2012, 08:15:57 am**

*Quote from: TALLPANZER on January 19, 2012, 04:52:50 am*  
*They would wait in the dark places until Staz and Bax had gone to sleep*  
(How do they know it was them? I seem to have missed that part.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **neo1096** on **January 20, 2012, 02:03:41 pm**

(Here is a pre-dwarfing journal, since I am a spirit. Hopefully you get a non-named dwarf(or elf, or goblin) with a mood soon.)  
From the memories of Neo  
He could feel them behind him, clawing, crawling, hungering, their blackness engulfing. Not even the realms of the spirits were safe anymore, the nothingness ensured that. Little hope was left to him, and still he ran, pursuing safety, unwilling to give up. Everywhere he went, tainted souls blocked his passage, sending tendrils of darkness to snare him. Their souls darkened, none could host him, lest he be extinguished for ever. Distant however, a beacon beckoned, sending a shaft of hope through the consuming darkness. So on he went, flying through the aether, and the light in the distances guided his path.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **January 20, 2012, 02:52:42 pm**

*Quote from: Lord Allagon on January 20, 2012, 08:15:57 am*  
*Quote from: TALLPANZER on January 19, 2012, 04:52:50 am*  
*They would wait in the dark places until Staz and Bax had gone to sleep*  
(How do they know it was them? I seem to have missed that part.)  
(If you look back at many of previous posts you notice that Mainhard has been having the Jagers scout every part of the fort with orders to "just watch". Now they have reason to act, remember kids, you never know who is watching.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenir** on **January 20, 2012, 10:38:52 pm**

Journal of Xenir,  
So this is Nomekast, one of the last remaining pockets of civilization in the known world. I'm surprised it has lasted this long, with all the risks they take; I would not have opened the gates if there were that many shades out there. Shades... Funny, they seem to call them "Nothings" here. Must be confusing. Anywho, I've noticed there is a surprising amount of diversity in this fortress; Kobolds, Elves, Humans and Dwarfs alike, all working together for survival. I will not complain however, as I am alive, and with a safe place to rest my head for the first time in months. Not to mention the fact that I came here with a bloody *goblin*.  
  
*Spoiler* (click to show/hide)  
OOC: Woo, RPing, fuck yer! \*dons his trusty journal writing earmuffs\*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **January 21, 2012, 01:47:59 pm**

Laboratory Log  
Ugo Sosleng  
  
So much to do, so little time to do it. New deaths, newcomers, and a new government.  
On to work.  
  
To do:  
-Acquire blood/flesh samples from the four that recently bled to death, as well as from the two injured refugees. Probably should talk to either Reg or Doc Steve about that.  
  
-Obtain blood/flesh sample from "hybrid" subject. Discreetly.  
  
-Talk to Meinhard about my wish to observe the jagerdrought as it is applied to his recruits. Assuming any make the cut of course.  
  
-Continue working with Fori to discern if the primary subject (Nothing 001) actually has anything resembling internal organs.  
  
Sigh. A scientists work is never done.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **January 23, 2012, 06:40:34 pm**

MrGrau - yep, you're already in, you got the unnamed migrant (technically a Goblin in the story, but whatever) that came with Kingfisher, John Lock and Xenir.  
  
Also, sorry TALLPANZER, your Jagers can't find out the identities of the thieves this early on.

16th Slate 678 - Morning

The Dwarven philosopher and saint, St. Iton Netruled, famously stated that 'Mortals are born free and imprisoned by their minds'. Konith was unfamiliar with any Dwarven philosophers, let alone saints, but had he known Iton he would undoubtedly have told him that having a sullen Dwarf with axe intent on locking you up was a more effective way of imprisonment than your own mind.

From what he understood, Stronghammer had gone all out and ordered both the Iron Guard and the militia to question everyone - and imprison him. Apparently the Mayor didn't like threats to his cherished industry one bit. The Iron Guard had - of course, carried out his orders to the letter, except for Ahra who had refused to arrest the Kobold, and so had been relegated to guarding the forges for now. Tarran on the other hand, had gone straight to Derm. By all accounts even now the Sheriff was engaged in a furious argument with the Mayor. Though nervous, Konith was keeping calm. He had managed to speak with Stas before his incarceration. The Dwarf had suggested that the Thieves' Guild members should keep separate from each other for some time so as to not arouse suspicion. Furthermore the actual guild headquarters were off-limit, and would probably even be moved. More than that though, the Dwarf had given the Kobold an ace up his sleeve, or rather, a cut opal.

*Spoiler* (click to show/hide)



Currently the markskobold - and probably ex-Iron Guard - was sequestered in the small prison that had been made back when there had been the investigation into the deliberate cave-in that had almost killed Derm and Fori. This entire mess seemed to be going the way of a repeat of that. Of course, Konith hadn't been there for that, but by all accounts it had been a bit more dignified than the crackdown now. Zan,

commander-in-chief of the Iron Guard, leant on the wall opposite him, his face hard and set. He had his axe in one hand, and certainly didn't seem to be willing to let it go any time soon. Konith wetted his lips in slight nervousness, this certainly hadn't been part of the plan.

"So how long will I be in here?" he asked. Zan shrugged,

"That's for the Mayor to decide. No doubt he'll want to question you personally when he's finished with the Sheriff."

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"We are fighting a war, Derm!" Stronghammer said firmly. He wasn't shouting, not yet, but his voice was raised, and there was a hard edge to it, "If we let this outrage go unpunished then we invite the death of the entire fort too."

"Damn it Stronghammer!" Derm on the other hand, was shouting, "We were only just beginning to make everyone get along then you do this. What are they supposed to think?" he waved a hand out towards Stronghammer's office's door, indicating the rest of the community, "When suddenly your Guard and the militia start questioning everyone and everything? We already have Imiwa and her rabble-rousers complaining about everything, and even the other part of the Elven community is only now *starting* to accept the idea that a Bogeyman *might* be allowed to stay. You're going to tear down the already fragile racial tensions!"

"We *have* to question everyone!" Stronghammer jumped to his feet, "I don't know what Tarran has told you, but there's been no orders to *interrogate* people, we're simply asking if anyone saw anything!"

"With armed guards and after *locking up* the kobold who *dared* to be on duty when the place was raided! What are people supposed to think when they hear you've locked up one of your own guards for 'questioning' and now the rest of the would like to question them too?"

"Do your duty Sheriff!" Stronghammer said firmly. "You were elected to *police* this community. What if an Elf committed a crime? Would you let them get away with it so as to not 'tear down racial relations'?"

"Of course not! But maybe the Elves wouldn't be doing this if you weren't antagonising them with your wood burners! We don't need them, we have magma!"

"Those wood burners are vital industrial infrastructure! We need the ash, to make potash and pearlash! Why, your own friend Fori was just suggesting the other day making a glass dome above the surface compound, we'll need pearlash to make the clear glass, and that needs wood burners! And what of those Elves under Imiwa causing all this trouble? What have they done to help this community? They have no right to dictate the terms of use of industry to those actually working to save us from the Nothing!" Now the normally stoic industrialist was beginning to shout. When his industry was threatened, he fought back.

"What about Konith?" Derm said suddenly, changing the subject, "What are you going to do?"

"I am simply going to ask him what he saw and what exactly happened. I am not going to *hurt* him."

-----

Konith almost jumped when the door to his little 'cell' slammed opened. Stronghammer came in, a frown set firm on his face. Zan saluted the Mayor, who tilted his head back. Stronghammer said something to Zan, and the Guard saluted again and left the room, closing the rock door behind him.

"Now," Stronghammer began at once, "I want you to run through exactly all the events leading to your 'unconsciousness'"

Konith cleared his throat,

"I was just guarding the storeroom when someone hit me from behind."

"And you didn't see them *at all*?"

"No! They were behind me, I didn't even notice them."

"Well would you care to explain how someone managed to *sneak behind* you when the only way for them to have done that would be to have come *out* of the storeroom itself, considering you had the door right at your back?"

"I-I don't know."

"You are either incompetent or lying. Which is it!?"

"I-I-I left my post for a few seconds to stretch my legs. They must have got behind then."

"So you deserted your post?"

"Just for a few seconds!"

Stronghammer's frown set itself even deeper. Konith guessed this was his opportunity, he slipped the opal out of its hiding place.

"Look, Stronghammer, sir. I'm really sorry. I don't know *anything*, and I really just want to go, please?" he held the opal out in his palm. Stronghammer's eyes narrowed,

"Are you trying to bribe me, Konith?" he asked, his voice low.

"No, I just want to go." the Kobold said, injecting a pleading tone into his voice. He knew he had to deny all the allegations while making it clear he didn't want any trouble. Stronghammer frowned even deeper. His eyes went down to the perfectly cut opal in Konith's palm. When the Kobold saw that he could have grinned but restrained himself, he had tempted Stronghammer, now he needed to convince him.

"I didn't do anything, Mr. Forge, sir. I messed up and left my post for a bit and they got behind me. I was stupid, but I'd never *steal* anything."

"And you saw nothing at all?" Stronghammer asked again, his tone much less harsh this time.

"Nothing, one moment I was stretching my legs, the next I woke up on the floor."

"All right, you can go, but," the Mayor's tone became firmer, "I am discharging you from the Iron Guard. You failed in your duty, and now we have to clear up the mess."

"I...understand. Thank you." the Kobold dropped the opal into the Dwarf's hand. Stronghammer seemed about to protest, but Konith cut him off, "I don't need it. I brought it with me when I came here to Nomekast," he lied, "you might as well have it." Even if Stronghammer was willing to let the Kobold go without further problems, it never hurt to put yourself in a Mayor's good graces. Stronghammer nodded and watched the Kobold leave. He looked at the opal in his palm, and pocketed it. Going out, he turned to Zan,

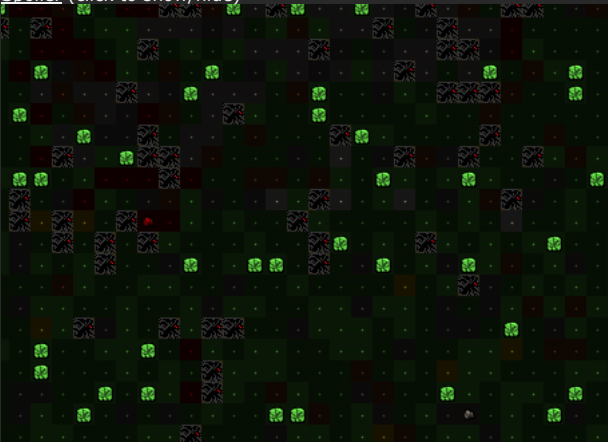
"Zan, I want you to keep an eye on Konith. Meinhard's Jagers are already on the lookout in various places, but I don't want anyone to miss a possible clue to this entire crime."

---

#### 18th Slate 678 - Noon

As the Iron Guard and militia finally finished their questioning of the population, news of a large swarm of flying Nothing reached from Fori who had been tending her crops in the compound. Without delay both the compound and the lighthouse were sealed off. Though plans for defended towers to be built at the compound and accessed from the underground had been put forward by Fori, these were now put on hold as long as the horde swarmed the airs. The flying Nothing were a foe they couldn't face, not yet.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



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Fori sat silently in her office, drawing on large sheafs of pig-tail paper. The place had once been Torvold's, then the Dwarven scientist had gotten a larger lab down by on the Fiery Cistern, now occupied by Ugo Sosleng. She still used the place as a calm place where she could design the various defences and ideas that came to her in peace.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



The sound of a violin could vaguely be heard over by the dining area, softly playing out an Elven tune she thought she recognised as '*The Collosi of Casenaalu*'. No doubt it was Jessica von Sachsen, the Human who seemed obsessed with music. As noon arrived she gathered up her plans and left.

And came face-to-face with Eldrich Stormsap.

The Bogeyman wore armour now, as a 'militia volunteer' he was entitled to a full suit of armour, as Stronghammer had decreed. He still covered most his face, but the tell-tale burns that Bogeymen had was still visible.

"Fori." he said, his voice low.

"Eldrich." she replied. Over 500 years of hatred between their two races stood between them.



"I have been meaning to speak to you for some time." the Bogeyman said. Fori gave a small smile,  
"And I you, I suppose we've just sorta missed a chance to talk to the other each time. With everything that's happened - and happening in Nomekast, it's hardly a surprise." shifting the papers to one arm, she took out the blade he had left for her by her hospital bed when she'd been hospitalised, "Why-why did you leave this besides me?" she asked, her voice soft.

"Perhaps I did it to see how you'd react?"

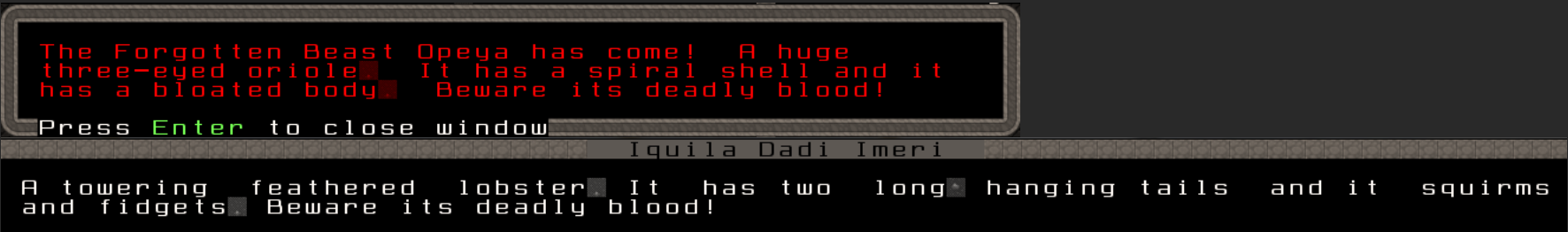
The old saying '*talk to a Bogeyman, prepare for riddles*' came into Fori's mind.

"I imagine you are the one who left the strawberries on my bed?" the Bogeyman continued.

"When someone gives you a gift, you return the gesture."

"They were...nice...thank you."

A roll of plans fell to the floor, Fori made to pick it up, and in turn caused the blade to fall to the floor. It sat there for a fraction of a second, then jumped up as though operated by an invisible person. The two looked at it surprised, shocked even, as it scrawled a message into the dirt.



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **January 23, 2012, 07:50:30 pm**

Derm sighed. Stronghammmmer had long since left, but his headache still persisted. "s like he doesn't even know his people at all." Hah! He could write a whole book on crowd psychology if it came down to it.

He blinked as the world fell away again. Quickly grabbing the glowing form of his axe, he turned to face the intruder.

**I AM!** shouted the extremely fat shelled bird.

"No! Fuck you, I just had an argument with the most stubborn dwarf in existence, I'm late to dinner with Fori, and I have a ravening headache!" Derm shouted right back. "I do not have TIME for your NIHILISTIC BULLSHIT!"

Charging the incorporeal mind fragment, Derm gave a cry of rage as he brought the axe down on the surprised beasts wing. It's fluids sizzled as it sprayed onto Derms exposed face. "Augh!"

**So it is true, you have found the secrets of the mind duel. Hahaha,** The beast warbled, **How do you expect to kill something that kills you with it's own blood!?** Giving a cry, it quickly charged forward, spraying blood out of it's wing.

A fierce battle ensued, during which Derm got sick of writing this post and devolved into shitty meta humor. Opeya was not amused.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **January 23, 2012, 08:34:31 pm**

Stronghammer had just finished questioning the kobold, when shouts of alarm ran through the fort. A forgotten beast. Stronghammer raced to the barracks and the forge areas, rousing every abled bodied soldier in the fort to respond to the attack. Then he went and waited in his office, knowing that it was best to stay out of the way when enemies were about and the military had a job to do. While in his office, he quickly stored the opal in his desk. He didnt want to think about the implications of the gift right now, and would leave that till later.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **January 23, 2012, 08:57:58 pm**

Laboratory Log  
Ugo Sosleng  
  
All experiments on hold. I just got news of a forgotten beast intrusion. I must observe the upcoming confrontation. And I most definitely need to collect samples from the fallen beast/s. This is a rare opportunity for me.  
  
As I have not yet modified a crossbow with mechanisms yet, I shall stay well back.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Sneaky Walrus** on **January 24, 2012, 12:32:17 am**

Mind of Juggernaut  
-----  
THIEVES! COWARDS! WEAKLINGS! An attack on the forge, how dare they! these bastards do this as enemies are at our gates. Where is Mienhard and his Jaggers, I need to talk with them immediately. If these cowards want to threaten our strength they will have me to go through.  
-----  
So...  
A great force threatens our fort from the outside.  
Great numbers of Nothing flood the valley, watching for any movement, while their aerial brothers fly high above them, waiting for their chance to strike.  
We must be ready for their inevitable attack.  
-----  
So a great beast from ages past has risen from the depths to attack our home once more. As we are assaulted from without and within, we must hold strong.  
Blades must be sharpened, axes honed and shields reinforced for these coming battles  
If this be the moment were we fall, let us fall with blood on our blades and their corpses piled around us!  
Let this be the time that those who live remember our strength and fear our memory!  
Let all who see this place, be it reduced to ruin our stands high with glory, know that this is where we, the people of this land stood, with the gods at our backs and oblivion before us, and fought!  
Let them fear us, despise us but they will always remember us, in their darkest dreams and beneath what ever foul lord holds sway over them!  
Remember the blood that the People of **NOMEKAST** took from them and the glory of our deaths!  
**GLORY TO THE GODS**  
**BLOOD FOR LORD ARMOK**

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **January 24, 2012, 01:43:02 am**

"Beware it's deadly blood"=Oh great, more casualties. Considering I'm the militia commander, I'm likely going to die.  
  
Well, it's been nice knowing everyone. Hopefully death will either be swift or not at all.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **helf** on **January 24, 2012, 01:44:11 am**

Goodness, I forgot about this thread. I have a lot to catch up on o\_o  
  
Hurray, my dwarf is still alive! :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **January 24, 2012, 04:14:43 am**

Meinhard sat in the back corner of the dinning area, he was writing notes on pigtail paper. Mostly them were request form for better armor and weapons for his Boyz. There was also report on why one of his gauntlets had partly melted and seared his hand. Two figures approached him from the shadows.  
  
"Gut dahy Boyz. Vut iz goink hon?"  
  
"We didn' get de stuuf boss."  
  
"Vut!?"  
  
"Deh' moved it beinfor we got dere boss."  
  
Meinhard smiled at this. "Soh, Deze thieves iz shmarter deh ve nwh. Dat iz gut."  
  
"How is dat gu.. good boss?"  
  
"Eet meinz ve haf a chalonge. Hy knoh hyu can getz dem Boyz."  
  
"Another thing boss" "Vut" "Dat guy Juggernaut, he wants to talk to ya."  
  
"Vell, tel heem I iz Here."  
  
"One more thing boss." "Dis haff Beeter be.." "It's another beast boss."  
  
"SHRECK! Vut dis time!? A fire breathink Moonkey!? Neffer mine, geet yuher gear! Eef hyu vant to take Da druaght vow vood Vee a gut Time. ANN eef hyu voo, voo eet infont of da mad gobvin."  
  
Meinhard went to get fully suited up. He would take this beasts heart, just like the others.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Ahra** on **January 24, 2012, 06:53:59 am**

I hate the forge guard punishment, even the hardest dwarfs seem to avoid it and show some sympathy for me.  
The heat have made even dwarves pass out, like hell i will but i have an craving for beer right now, cool heavenly beer...  
i am currently cursing stronghammer and- (shouted by alarm) HURRY, GET YOUR GEAR TOGETHER AND HEAD FOR THE CAVES,  
LONE ONE COMING`

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
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| `` Lone one, human name for Titan also useable for forgotten ones                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
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brother, but before any business could be mentioned or discussed, Richard was killed upon William's arrival by the Nothings (for his lack of foresight, William would always speak of Richard as "That Damned Fool"). In the ensuing hours, many of the Tenants of the land were killed, leaving only a fraction alive, plus William. Determined to seek shelter, and return at a later date, when the crisis had passed, he set out to Nomekast, of which he had heard much, regarding its impenetrability. Setting out with no less than 15 bill-men, a fifer, and a drummer, he was intending to march there and augment the defenses of the place with his own, but eventually, all of his soldiers deserted him, leaving him only with his own clothes, and a box of stamps and sealing wax.

Temperament:  
He is calm and reserved, not especially prone to outbursts of anger. He is not overly religious, but the Gods are not alien to him. His mind is quite sharp. He is proud in his own way, and sees the current state of affairs as a temporary, if life-threatening, emergency, after which, he intends to assume his place as Baron. He holds no special love for any of the races, but distrusts Kobolds to a certain extent. He is fond of pipe-smoking, and of vests.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
I should hope this does not infringe upon the current understanding of this world, and that it is not too demanding! A good job with this fortress, I might add; I have just read through all of it, and thought I might submit something

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **February 06, 2012, 09:33:55 pm**

empfan - Sure thing! That idea sounds like a good one. I'll put you in with the next migrant wave.

Walton Simons - Sure thing! Like empfan, you'll be with the next migrant wave.

I've had most of this update ready for the past week but kept getting distracted before I could finish it, bluh, still 5 updates in January, clearly a personal best. Also, is it bad that I had no idea they were even making a The Hobbit movie before that was linked? And why does both firefox and libreoffice think 'movie' isn't a word?

18th Slate 678 - Noon

The 'leadership' of the fort was gathered in Stronghammer's office. Sheriff Derm stood present with Fori, Tarran and Rovod were present with their weapons already in hand, Kadzar stood by with his spear (there was a conspicuous lack of Ibruk, who usually inserted himself into such meetings) and Reg sat brooding, already grimly envisaging the new deaths this attack would bring. A map of Nomekast, which had been freshly drawn and requested by Stronghammer about a week ago, sat in the centre of them all, displaying the fortress as best as could be surmised.

"Gentledwarves, and Fori." Stronghammer began, "The facts are these: we have another two Forgotten Beasts preparing to attack the fort. Now, according to Derm's...visions they-"

"Well yes, let's talk about these visions for a moment actually." Reg suddenly interrupted, "I surely can't be the only one just wondering what in all the flux stones these visions are about? Why is Derm getting them? I can't be the only one maybe just *wondering* that maybe we should be looking into what these visions are and how they come about, rather than ignoring them until the next beastie comes along!?" the Chief Medical Dwarf's tone was firm and forceful.

"Now isn't the time, Reg." Fori said softly.

"We've got some beasts to kill before we can wonder about that." Tarran agreed. Reg frowned and said nothing.

Stronghammer cleared his throat,

"Now according to Derm's visions the two Forgotten Beasts are both here on the home level."

"Needless to say then that we need to act as soon as possible." Rovod remarked.

"Quite." Derm said, drumming his fingers on the table, "The two both have 'deadly blood', whether that's true or not, it's probably best not to take chances."

"Marksdwarves then?" Kadzar said.

"They're our safest bet."

Meanwhile

The Jagerdraught was already prepared and bottled by the time Meinhard and his Jagers arrived. Ugo sat in his chair, a cup and saucer of tea (as it happened, the last tea he had brought with him. He'd have to find a way to secure more of the stuff, or get some seeds that they could grow here underground.) in one hand and writing down some notes with the other. He had just been preparing to disembowel his Nothing test subject when he had heard about the Forgotten Beasts, and now was most interested in seeing these beasts first hand. He put his pencil down and took a sip of tea,

"Please, make yourselves at home." he told the entering Jagers without turning round.

"No time vor dat, Ugo. Ve need de Jagerdraught" Meinhard told him. The Goblin waved a hand lazily at the bottle on the table beside him,

"Right there, feel free to drink." he prepared some fresh papers, he'd definitely want to make some notes on this. Meinhard snatched the bottle up,

"Hokay, are hyu all shure hyu vants to do dis? Dis isn't easy, dis vill hurt, hyu could die." he asked his five Jagers - three Dwarves and two Humans. Sodel and Owl, the two Dwarves that had been with him since he first formed the Jagers nodded immediately. One of the Humans nodded after thinking, the second also nodded soon after. The last Dwarf didn't move at all.

"Right, hokay, hyu can vait vor us on top." Meinhard told him. The Dwarf nodded, leaving silently. To the other four Meinhard offered the bottle with the Jagerdraught while Ugo watched on. One by one they took the drink, grimacing at the very bitter taste.

Soon they became to groan in pain, then outright begin to scream. Owl bit his lip to stifle the scream, and drew blood.

"How frightfully interesting." Ugo said, scrawling down note after note on his papers.

"Vots interstink iz if they can overzome de pain." he said, his arms crossed. Inwardly he was praying for all four of them to survive the ordeal, but the last thing he needed to do was distract them by shouting at them. The Jagerdraught was a personal transformation, one didn't intervene in it.



They assembled by the gate. The militia was there, of course, with the marksdwarves, the Iron Guard, Kadzar (the rest of the warrior-priests having been wiped out by the recent infection), and several volunteers. The volunteers outnumbered the rest, consisting of Bax, Jessica, Kuro, Loral, Rashem, Hammers of the Gods, John Lock, Juggernaut, Sandra, Fori and Xenir, pretty much anyone who could wield a weapon and wanted to.

"Do we need this many people?" Derm asked, "We're only increasing the number of possible casualties."

"We're also decreasing the possibility of *having* a casualty." Tarran pointed out.

"Look," Kuro said, the Goblin interrupting the two, "I don't think that's our main problem at this present moment."

Derm and Tarran nodded.

"Let's move out!" Derm called to the assembled militia and volunteers. "Now, listen to me; when we might the beasts, everyone stand back and let the marksdwarves - sorry, *markspeople*" he added after a nod to Reno, BranRhi and Jessica, the three Humans who were also wielding crossbows, "let them fire first. Only attack if the beast is right at your throat! It's blood is 'deadly', so don't take any chances!"

"Ho ho, hyu ain't going vithout us, Sheriff!" came a call. Meinhard arrived, his Jagers following him. Ugo Sosleng stood behind them all, ready to make notes. All four who had taken the Jagerdraught had survived. Like Meinhard they were now larger, their skin had turned either a pale blue or a faint green and their teeth and nails had grown. Needless to say everyone stared, shocked.

"Pff, it's only da Jagerdraught." Meinhard brushed the issue aside, "Now let's go!"

They moved out into the caverns proper, moving on in a tight-knit group. There was no sign of either Iquila or Opeya, only gloom followed them. They heard it when they got to a clearing, a keening sound that pierced the air, followed by a sort of drumming. Rovod and his markspeople moved ahead, crossbows loaded and ready.

Iquila the Dung of Ashes stood in the clearing, its two tails thumping the cavern floor beneath it. The beast seemed to be moving side-to-side to the rhythm.

**BOOM BOOM!** the beast cried, no visible mouth. It sounded happy, almost child-like. It continued for a few seconds before appearing to notice them. It screamed the same keening cry from before and charged. Rovod, Rar, Doc. Steve, Reno, BranRhi and Jessica let their bolts fly. Most impacted harmlessly on the giant lobster's hide, but some got between the chinks in its armour.

A figure rushed past the markspeople.

"BLOOD FOR ARMOOOOOOOOOK!" Juggernaut cried, swinging his axe straight into Iquila's leg. It swept clean through and the leg went bowling away in a stream of blood.

"Juggernaut for Id's sake!" Tarran screamed. The damage was done though, and the rest of them felt obliged to go in to finish this now, leaving only Ugo behind, hastily jotting down notes and sketches of Iquila. Like ants they swarmed the giant lobster. Xenos and Rashem were bowled over near immediately by a swipe of Iquila's tail, while a snap of its claw nearly caught John Lock, who only barely managed to get out of the way in time, but in return drew blood with his sword. The use of spears came clear here, as Kadzar and Meinhard together managed to stab Iquila up in the left eye. Iquila screamed in pain, and flailed its arms and tails, sweeping several of them over. It only came to a rest when Muenster slammed his mace into its head, caving it in. With an almost whistling screech Iquila the Dung of Ashes collapsed dead and moved no more.



"Well." Doc. Steve remarked as bloodsoaked they all gathered round Iquila's lifeless corpse, "so much for not getting blood on us."

"What the hell were you doing!?" Kuro demanded of Juggernaut, the Goblin's voice hard. Besides him, the mute BranRhi nodded, while Xenir added,

"I thought we agreed on keeping back as much as possible and. Not. Getting. Blood. On us." he waved his hand towards his armour which was spattered with Iquila's blood.

Juggernaut made a dismissing sound,

"The God of Blood is not interested in those who fear to die. If you are brave, you will fight."

"Dammit Juggernaut, what if this stuff *is* as lethal as-"

My my, what a ruckus. came a bird-like trill. An huge unseen form flew past above them. Why, I almost feel guilty for being half of the problem. But then I remember the whole reason I'm here. Having a purpose is so invigorating wouldn't you say? birdsong filled the cave for a few seconds. Then the form flew across again, Well, well, the little Sheriff. How's the headache? I recommend powdered rocknuts mixed with valley herb. I'm sure the Elf can agree.

Loral nodded,

"It makes a painkiller." he murmured, half to himself, half to Derm. The beast alighted, a huge bloated three-eyed bird with a shell perched nonsensically on its back. It trilled a few notes once more then spoke again,

Now. What we're all here for. Don't worry too much about the pain, I'm told it's a short sharp shock. If you don't struggle.

Opeya sung a few more noted, then launched himself back into the air again, swooping down Sandra beak-flashing. The Human woman threw herself to the ground and Opeya flew harmlessly over. Rovod took charge at once,

"Marksdwarves"" he didn't correct himself, not in the heat of battle, but Jessica, BranRhi and Reno understood anyways, "Fire at will!"

"Spread out!" Tarran called, "If we're bunched together he can bowl us all over in one hit!"

The group spread apart as a veritable stream of bolts came flying towards Opeya from Rar, Rovod, BranRhi, Jessica, Reno and Steve's crossbows.



Stop running. You're only going to hurt yourselves. Opeya chided, swooping down on the weaponless Ugo. The Goblin dived, sending his papers flying and making a mental note to finish his crossbow as soon as possible. Opeya pulled back up into the air and dived down towards Xenos. The move was badly planned however, as rather than hit the Kobold the beast slammed into his spear which pierced his feathered breast. Opeya screeched in pain and flew back up, taking the spear with him, and Xenos still clinging on to it.

That was when a bolt from Jessica pierced through its right wing, and in surprise it fell into the ground, trapping Xenos half under it. Kadzar was at hand at once, trying to help the Kobold out. Opeya saw and tried to peck at him, but found itself blocked by Hammer of the Gods. Though she was primarily Ibruk's protector, the zealous Goblin was always ready to protect those disciples of her holy Prophet. She slammed her name-sake hammer into Opeya's beak, while from the sides more bolts rained in on the beast. With one final hammerstrike from Hammer of the Gods, Opeya stopped struggling and fell dead.

With a heave Kadzar pulled Xenos out. The Kobold retrieved his spear, taking care not to cover himself in more blood.

"Well that could have gone better." Loral remarked, the Elf wiping his sword on the dirt. Most of the group was covered in some way from blood from one or both of the Forgotten Beasts.

"Could have gone worse." Jessica noted, "At least we're all-" she hesitated, not knowing the Dwarven word for 'alive'.

"Alive." Rar finished, running a hand through his hair.

"Let's hope that'll continue for many a year." Muenster added. There was silence for a few seconds before one of Meinhard's Jagers - the Dwarf who had refused the Jagerdraugh - gave a gasp and stiffened.

Kadōl Nitemavuz Glassmaker withdraws from society Kadol Nitemavuz has claimed a Magma Glass Furnace

neo1096, your bio is up on the first post.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **February 06, 2012, 09:42:29 pm**

Aaand at this point I should probably mention that I have kinda lost interest in actively taking part in community fortresses, my focuses having shifted to the RTD department.

Along with the fact that I've kinda completely forgotten everything I may or may not have planned, which would have been half baked Marty Stu bullshit anyway. Your stuff is much better, I should say.

It's a fantastic fort, and will continue to be, I just kinda don't want to write any more journals. Ever. Just a heads up so you can re-adjust the plot. Don't want you to, 'wait around' for me. Will continue to lurk, good luck, Armok-speed.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **February 06, 2012, 09:46:25 pm**

No problem Derm! Glad to have had you on board, I've got a lot of the general 'big plot' sorted out and it shouldn't be any trouble rearranging it if needed, though I will miss your journal entries, they were always great fun to read. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **February 06, 2012, 09:51:01 pm**

I think the general decline of it was the whole 'paperwork' schtick that I overused.

Big event? 'paperwork'!

Invasion? 'paperwork'!

Grand opportunity for introspection and role playing? 'Paperwork!

Hehe, glad to see that you aren't annoyed by it though. thanks, see ya around.

(Check the RTD section once in a while, it's great fun.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **February 06, 2012, 11:28:26 pm**

Yes, the RTD section is great fun. And we definitely need more players and GMs. /Advertizement lulz.

...Anyway, we're all so dead. I bet in a mere month we'll be turning into green slimes, losing limbs, or having our fat melt. Goodbye, cruel world. :(



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **February 07, 2012, 12:09:15 am**

Laboratory Log  
Ugo Sosleng

So, those were forgotten beasts eh? Quite fascinating.

-Observe the Jagers, and note the changes.

-Get samples of blood from the forgotten beasts.

-Autopsy the forgotten beasts.

-Refer to notes from two logs back.

-Finish mechanizing crossbow. (I do not want anymore close calls like that again.)

As always too much to do and not enough time to do it.

ooc: If you want me to, I can go back and edit in the notes from my second to last entry rather letting you do it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Sneaky Walrus** on **February 07, 2012, 02:51:18 am**

(ooc)  
I REGRET NOTHING

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **empfan** on **February 07, 2012, 06:54:16 am**

well, that went well...lets just hope we don't find that dwarf scrawling words on the walls like the other one

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **February 07, 2012, 07:51:12 am**

Journal Entry  
Well it would seem that the soldiers have been able to kill the forgotten beasts without to much fuss. Thankfully they took no casualties though, it is still early to see the effect of the blood yet. Ill have to make sure that they are cleaned as best as possible. Also the fort will have to throw them a party as they all once again have saved our bacon. Therefore for now I will hold off further investigation until our warriors have had their reward, though immediately after we must continue the hunt. On another note a dwarf has claimed a glass furnace ooooh I would what artefact our fortress will be rewarded with. Well off to continue with mayor duties, as well when I have some free time Ill have to get that opal evaluated by a local jeweler as well as cut, and maybe fitted into a brooch or amulet.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Justice** on **February 07, 2012, 11:41:18 am**

I would like to get in on this, if any migrants ever get through the 400+ Nothings outside...

Name: Justice  
Gender: Male preferred  
Bio: Formerly a hammerer, melted down his hammer when ordered to hammerstrike a group of refugees for the 'crime' of not being dwarves (which was not illegal in his home) and helped them escape. Caught up with them after being banished for insubordination. Had heard about Nomekast from some traders and suggested they all try to make it there. Believes the world is doomed, not because of some divine or infernal whim, or even because of the Nothings, but because the races are too stubborn and shortsighted to coexist in the long term, and is therefore outwardly cynical about Nomekast's supposed unity, despite his hopes for it.  
Profession: Won't touch a hammer, so no fighting with a hammer, and no metalwork. Prefers to fight with an axe now, and assist with good, honest hard work in masonry when off duty.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **neo1096** on **February 07, 2012, 04:46:44 pm**

From the Memories of Neo:  
At last, I have arrived at the shining place. Its radiance in the spirit world has guided me for many long weeks and I am finally free of the clinging darkness that hindered me on my journey. Alas that my relief is tempered by dismay, for I remember how many of my kind were lost when the corruption first appeared. Their darkness is now ever present among the cloudy murk that the aether has become.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **February 13, 2012, 04:52:38 pm**

Justice - Sure thing! As with the others, you'll be in with the next surviving migrant wave.

RogueArchivist - What do you mean?

22nd Slate 678 - Morning

The axe bit once again into the wooden training dummy. With a grunt Brosso 'the Magnificent' pulled it out.

He had been training like this since the 15th, so a week now. It was very tiring work for a Dwarf used to delegating such physical tasks to other people, but before the cause for the survival of Dwarven culture had taken root, he had had to dig much of his circus alone, and that had certainly strengthened him.

And anyway, he had a cause.

*'I promised him that I will train hard and one day be the best axedwarf ever!'* those words written down in a diary long before all the terror and danger had come to the world still stung his eyes with the threat of tears. He swung the axe into the wood again, and with a satisfying sound it sliced into the wood, embedding itself. With a heave he pulled it out once more. There was a short, sharp rap on the door.

Ah, that had to be her.

"Enter." he said, putting down his axe, and going to sit behind his desk, straightening out his outfit and preparing a cigar. The stone door was hauled open (non-Dwarves always seemed shocked to learn that most doors in Dwarven fortresses were stone) and in entered Imiwa. The tall, graceful Elf looked down her nose at the Dwarf,

"Your little urchin messenger told me you wanted to talk, Brosso?" she said shortly, her tone cold. Imiwa and her supporters were to the Elves what Brosso and the Alliance for Dwarven Survival were to the Dwarves; traditionalists through and through unwilling to accommodate the new times by betraying the old. Some might even have called them reactionaries.

"Imiwa." Brosso said as warmly as he could muster. The cynical old Dwarven saying 'friends are enemies pretending to like each other' held true here, Brosso had to be as accommodating as possible. "Please, do take a seat, we have...much to discuss."

The Elf sat on the proffered seat opposite Brosso.

"Cigar? Drink?"

"What is this about Brosso? You know full well I have better things to do than talk to one who supports killing the spirits." Imiwa demanded, ignoring the offered refreshments.

"Ah yes, the trees." the Dwarf said. This would be what made or broke the entire conversation. "I will get to that in due course, but first I would like to discuss recent events." the circus-director leant forwards, elbows on the schist table.

"Imiwa, I'm sure that you as much as I have been shocked, horrified and outraged by the recent thefts."

"These thefts do not concern me or mine. If someone wants to steal your precious metal bars, then let them."

"Those thefts are just the beginning. What will you do when they come for you and yours?" Brosso puffed on his cigar, taking care - for once - not to blow the smoke into the Elf's face. "Imiwa, it was Goblins who conducted that theft."

"And you have proof of this?" Imiwa sneered, though she was evidently listening slightly more intently now. Goblins were the enemies of all races - save perhaps the Kobolds or Bogeymen. While Elves and Dwarves had their - sometimes bloody - disagreements, Goblins always remained their mutual enemy, all through the centuries.

"If I had proof I would have gone to our dear Sheriff." a puff on the cigar, "Well, not to him, between you and I, I daresay he'd probably try to excuse the Goblins' behaviour."

Imiwa gave the slightest of nods.

"But I know it was Goblins - and Kobolds too. A Goblin does not change his ways, once a thief, always a thief."

Imiwa twirled a strand of hair between her fingers,

"And what is it you want from me exactly?"

"Do you want your children to grow up with these green and orange thieves running around. They'll start with thievery, and soon move onto murder, wait and see."

"What is it you *want* Brosso? You are not telling me anything I don't already know."

"I want us to help each other, Imiwa." he held up a hand to silence for protests, "I know, I know, we haven't - we *don't* - see eye to eye on many issues. But with your Elves and my Iron Guard - well, Stronghammer's Iron Guard technically, but all of them except for Zan and that Human Ahra support me in my endeavours - we can flush out these thieves and right the wrongs that infest this community of ours."

"And just why would I do that, tree-killer?"

"Because I can convince Stronghammer to close down the wood-burners. Listen, the Mayor wants to be well-seen by all members of Nomekast. He's already banned cutting down overland trees. I can convince him to take down the wood-burners."

"Why would you do that? You were one of their most vocal advocates."

Truth be told, Brosso couldn't care less about trees and wood-burning. The Elves' sad and pathetic adherence to worshipping lumps of wood was no concern of his. In fact, once he'd got what he wanted, he wouldn't stop the wood-burners being re-opened. Glass was useful and promises made to Elves weren't binding as far as he was concerned. All this he couldn't tell Imiwa, of course.

"Because we are both fighting for the same thing - the protection of our sacred ways and traditions. We should be fighting together, not against each other."

Silence descended on both of them. Then after a few minutes Imiwa held out her hand,

"Ban those wood-burners and I assure you we will fight together until we win." she said softly. Brosso puffed on his cigar and grinned broadly, taking her hand,

"Consider it done." he said.

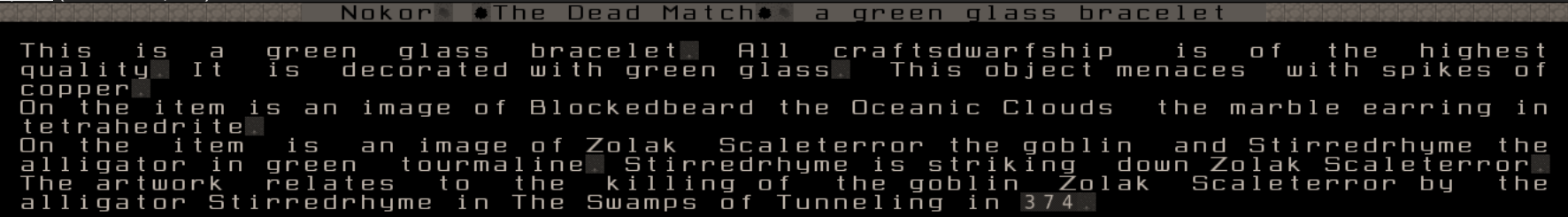
Shaking hands, both began to plan when to end this alliance of convenience in a position that would leave the other disadvantaged.

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Afternoon

It was afternoon when Kadol Nitemavuz, the Dwarf who had been possessed, ended his grand work. As was always the case with these things, everyone crowded round to see.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The first sign of something being wrong was when he held it out and said,

"Yep, all finished."

Usually those who had been struck by 'divine inspiration' were a little more disorientated. Ibruk went straight into his 'interpretation' of the artifact,

"The Gods send us a sign!" he declared, "See how they remind us of their past boons, and at the same time warn us that our lives hang in the balance. The slightest thing - be it Nothing or alligator - can defeat us if we do not remain true to those worthy virtues and piousness that made Nomekast. Pilgrims, we must forever be vigilant and-"

"Is he always like this?" Kadol enquired of the Dwarf next to him. The Dwarf raised an eyebrow,

"Weren't you here for the last artifact, Kadol? You should know how he is."

"Kadol? Oh, oh right. No, I'm Neo. Kadol is...gone."

"What."

"Kadol is gone to the spirit world, to take my place, whereas I'm...stuck in his body."

"S-Stuck?"

"After a certain fashion, yes."

That was when the Dwarf understood just what Kadol - or rather, Neo - meant. His cries and shouts quickly got the attention of everyone, ending Ibruk's speech prematurely. Soon several people were looking to have him tried for necromancy, while others insisted he had been sent back by the Gods or suchlike to help them. It took the combined efforts of Derm, Stronghammer and Ibruk to pacify the more rabid parts of the crowd. Neo by any stretch, was not accepted by the community as a whole, but he was at least accepted by *some* of it.

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Night

They hung hidden outside the entrance. Meinhard's Jagers had found it while searching the fort. The entire operation was cunningly hidden behind not only a fake wall hidden in the rather thin crack in the rock-face, but also with stone traps. The Jagers had been lucky, almost tripping it, but managing to notice it and pull back in time.

Meinhard, his four mutated Jagers and Bounce now waited outside. At a sign, the Jagers moved forwards, avoiding the stone-fall trap and with metal poles levered the rock door off its hinges. The door fell back, landing heavily. In doing so, it triggered a second stone-fall trap which sent a shower of rocks falling down onto the door. The Jagers and Meinhard moved in, weapons ready and eyes open for more traps. Bounce hung behind. She had a dagger with her, but she was no fighter, Meinhard had at first refused to let her come along, but she hadn't taken no for an answer and so was now present as they broke into the 'Thieves' Guild'. She tutted, stepping lightly over the pile of rocks that now covered the fallen stone door. To think, the Thieves' Guild, as people had taken to calling it, had their headquarters right near the militia training grounds.

Though the Jagers had been ready for a fight, they found nothing. The rooms were empty and bare.



"They packed up and left before we got here." Bounce said, her lips thin and neutral. She had hoped to be finally able to close the group that had apparently been at the root of all the missing items from the records. Meinhard nodded,

"Dey must hav packed up ven dey stole de bars." he said in his thick accent. The Dwarven bookkeeper nodded,

"Back to square one." she said, running a hand through her hair with a sigh.

-----

They had packed up as soon as the heist in the metal stockpiles had been pulled off. The four of them - Stas, Bax, Konith and Atis - each taking part of the various loot they had managed to collect and hiding it down on the Fiery Cistern. Then they took some picks and began to dig. With the three of them (Atis, being a kid, didn't mine) they had soon dug out a rough, new set of quarters for the Thieves' Guild within a week.



The new quarters were well hidden on the Fiery Cistern, it was very unlikely to be found without someone knowing where to look. It still had to have traps added for protection, as well as be emptied of the mined orthoclase, and they had found some galena that they were split on what to do with, giving it to the forges meant losing the silver bars, and possibly raising suspicions, but smelting it themselves wouldn't be easy.

They had a merry evening when they saw Meinhard, Bounce and the Jagers burst proudly into their vacated headquarters. So far, the Thieves' Guild was on top of things, and ironically, were perhaps more efficient than the 'legal' side of Nomekast, even though it was composed of two Dwarves, a Goblin and a Kobold. Crime made all races equal, after all.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **February 13, 2012, 07:01:41 pm**

I'm kind of amazed at how this fort is hanging together when everyone is trying too backstab another. Why can't we all just be friends?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **empfan** on **February 13, 2012, 07:29:08 pm**

Don't worry Tarran, Weiss won't try to backstab anyone...maybe...possibly...probably Brosso... ANYWAY, I'm surprised the fortress isn't dead yet, since you made the Nothing so goddamn deadly



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **February 13, 2012, 09:45:22 pm**

Ya it is quite a wonder that it has lasted as long as it did. Keep up the great work Aequor.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **neo1096** on **February 15, 2012, 03:20:51 pm**

From the memories of Neo:  
I never cease to be amazed by mortals, though I suppose I am now, partially, one of them. On the one hand, they are capable of amazing feats of craftspersonship and kindness, and on the other, they can be insular, xenophobic and impede their own goals and desires. I have no doubt that my acceptance into this community will be difficult, but I am committed to making it happen. I think that I will go about it by making myself useful and indeed indispensable to the fortress. I will volunteer for many jobs, and continue to work at them until I master each one, which should make me a valued and well-liked member of the community. It should also help me gain much needed experience about mortals and the way their minds work. I think I shall first attempt glass-making, engraving, mining, and blacksmithing, one after the other. These skills intrigue me and they will help make this place farther from the darkness in both its beauty and goodness.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **February 15, 2012, 06:42:52 pm**

Journal  
  
It would seem that the thieves guild was one step ahead of our forces. New measures would have to be put in place, to prevent further robberies. I will have to have the Iron Guard expanded if at all possible. Then I will have to get them out on patrols in the fort. One other addition must be made immediately though it saddens me. A prison will have to be constructed for when we find these thieves. And oh yes we will find them.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **empfan** on **February 16, 2012, 04:57:17 pm**

Hmmm, should we use one of the non-character dwarves as a celebratory tool for the new update, oh say, maybe a vampire? :P  
  
Anyones, another good update, keep it up!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **February 16, 2012, 07:51:32 pm**

I don't think the new version is save compatible with this fort made in 31, so vampires are out of the question.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **empfan** on **February 16, 2012, 09:52:56 pm**

Quote from: Tarran on February 16, 2012, 07:51:32 pm  
I don't think the new version is save compatible with this fort made in 31, so vampires are out of the question.

It was just a joke, simple as that. thats why the :P face was at the end

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **February 16, 2012, 10:01:29 pm**

I thought you were using the Tongue emote as to denote "Let's use vampires because they're Fun" rather than "Like that would be possible". My mistake.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **February 16, 2012, 10:02:15 pm**

Pff, who needs the new version with all its wonderful, wonderful new features anyways? Not Nomekast at any rate, considering that like half to 3/4 of what actually happens in this fort happens outside the game constraints, so all it needs is some writing and not actual gameplay for something to happen. Like vampires.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **bayar** on **February 19, 2012, 05:09:31 am**

"Should ask permission from Stronghammer for some more Cobaltite, not be mistaken for thief, even if they cannot process the metal into usable things. The lone statue does not have enough confluence. No signs of dragons or anything."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **February 19, 2012, 01:42:13 pm**

Next time we get flying nothing and/or infected goblin raiders, we should try luring them into the cage traps in the tunnel. Ugo needs more test subjects. Sorry for lack of rp, Im drawing a blank.  
  
Edit: Ugo will send the mayor and the sheriff a memo to that effect.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Kurotabo** on **February 19, 2012, 10:45:19 pm**

Kuro's eyes snapped open, squinting as he adjusted to the light. He was in the fortress's infirmary, laying in one of the few beds Nomekast had. He tilted his head, searching his mind for the events which lead up to his current situation. He and a large portion of the military were holding a meeting deep within the caverns below the fort, when a couple of Forgotten Beasts burst from the ground. Kuro, facing away at the time, spun on his heel, drawing one the throwing knives he kept in his boots, cocking his arm back to throw. The human axeman, Juggernaut, charged past him, bullrushing the larger of the beasts. The axeman chopped one of its legs off, inadvertently spraying all those around him with its blood, a supposedly toxic liquid. The beasts were quickly dispatched by a few well placed crossbow bolts, but all those who had been sprayed were fixed with horrified expressions. He strode up to Juggernaut, sheathing his blade as he went, and completely flipped out, screaming at the top of his lungs. His head was filled with a misty haze by that point, and fell unconcious a short time later.  
  
He sighed, his current situation far from his liking. He had no idea what how the blood would affect him. Seeing no other option right now, he reached toward his nightstand, taking the paper, pen, and inkwell. He knew what they needed, a sort of weapon to kill both Nothing and Beast, but could think of nothing currently. Letting his mind wander to where ever it would, he started to doodle a little picture. After about a minute or two, an idea began to form, one which he found he liked. A smile twitched on his green lips as he gently layed his picture on the bed, and set to work. His designs were clear, if a little rough: A large bunker placed deep within the caverns, equipped with a few ballistae on each side. He added a few side notes on size and holding capacity, but nothing too detailed. He added a few extra details to designs, then set them down. Satisfied with his plan, he picked his other picture back up, and continued his doodling.  
  
(OOC: Can't figure out how to put the JPEG image into the post to show his doodle, could someone tell me how? And if possible could I get a war animal and some training? If Kuro manages to survive the blood, he needs to learn from his experiences.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **BranRhi** on **February 20, 2012, 05:41:14 pm**

*The singing.....*  
  
Log of BranRhi:  
*Was escorted, along with most of the force that repelled the ancient ones, to the fort's hospital. I understand the caution even if I'm annoyed that someone else insists on washing the being's blood off of me. That young fool! Claiming it was the will of Armok, the God of Blood claimed by the dwarves, at a time when the God's themselves are hiding from the Dark One's.*  
  
BranRhi paused in his writing at a muffled laugh. The goblin Kuro was scribbling furiously, grinning down at a large piece of paper.

*This journal is the last of my books. The journals and notes I have written during my life I gave to Reg's assistant when he last came to check on us here. He promised to give them to the doctor first chance he got. I also handed over my father's notes on the ancients, including his theory on **physical gods** or godlike beings who walk this plane. After hearing the speech of the twisted creatures who attacked us earlier, and seeing the manifestation of Os during the desperate defense of the refugees I am starting to believe my father wasn't so wrong. Wish I knew what was going on in the further areas of the fort. There are rumors of thieves and large thefts, which I cannot fathom. Why would thieves steal anything when there is noone outside of this fort to sell it to?*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **kingfisher1112** on **February 20, 2012, 07:59:39 pm**

I'm too lazy to actually look through this, how is my character going?

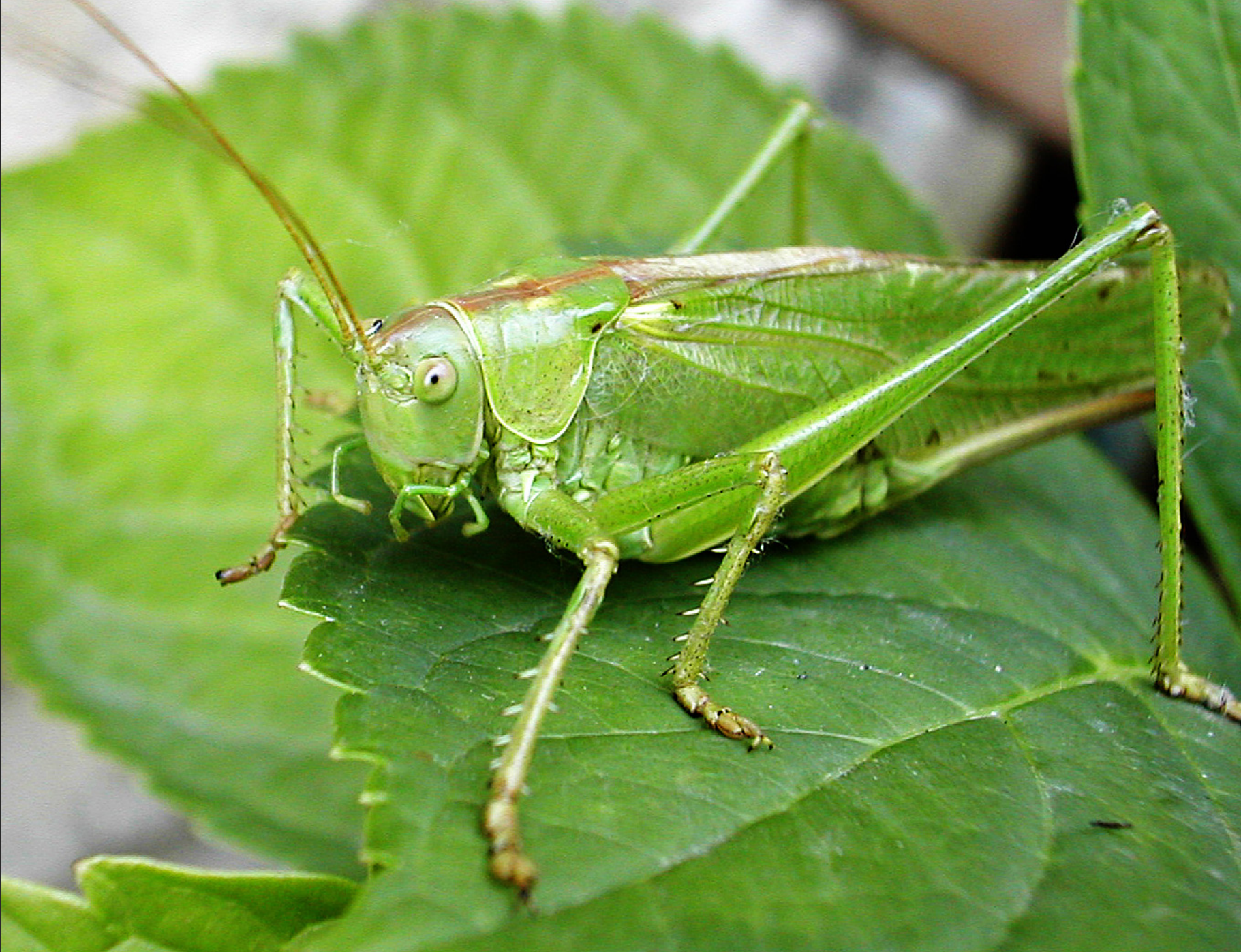
Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **racnor** on **February 25, 2012, 08:55:59 am**

Sorry to jump in, but could you put up the raws for the flying nothings and infected goblins?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **empfan** on **March 04, 2012, 07:00:54 pm**

Spoiler: Response to silence (click to show/hide)





Cricket...cricket...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Tarran** on **March 04, 2012, 07:18:19 pm**

You could have used a smaller picture, you know.

Also, this sort of delay isn't new. This fortress is updated at a snail's pace all the time.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **March 04, 2012, 07:59:07 pm**

Yeah you might want to spoiler the image or resize it, empfan.

Sorry for the long wait everyone, I've got university-entry exams in a few months, and have been working hard on revision and finishing coursework, so updates aren't going to be regular until after the exams in late May/June. On the plus side, after the exams I've essentially got five or so months of nothing at all, so I'll be able to update much more regularly then. I do actually have an update half-written up at this moment which I'll finish in the next few days when I can find the time.

Kurotabo - Try uploading the image to an image-site like imgur.com, then you can simply link to it or display it by putting the link between [IMG] [/IMG ].

kingfisher1112 - Your Dwarf's been settling in. There's no real big injuries that need tending so he's mostly doing some armoursmithing for people training.

racnor - Sure thing! I can't put the raws for the infected goblins up (for some reason it breaks the post?) but the changes are simple, just add 'FOUR\_TENTACLES' to the [BODY:] section and change the name.  
;)

Spoiler: [Flying Nothing](#) (click to show/hide)  
[CREATURE:FLYING\_NOTHING]  
[DESCRIPTION:A pulsating creature of nothingness.]  
[NAME:winged nothing:winged nothings:winged nothing]  
[CREATURE\_TITLE:FLYING\_NOTHING][COLOR:3:0:0]  
[POPULATION\_NUMBER:1000000000:2000000000]  
[BIOME:ANY\_LAND]  
[CLUSTER\_NUMBER:250:500]  
[FREQUENCY:99]  
[SPEED:2000]  
[CAN\_LEARN]  
[FLIER]  
[CARNIVORE]  
[CANOPENDOORS]  
[LARGE\_PREDATOR][EVIL]  
[LARGE\_ROAMING]  
[LIKES\_FIGHTING]  
[CANNOT\_UNDEAD]  
[NOFEAR]  
[NOEMOTION]  
[NOSKULL]  
[NOSKIN]  
[NOMEAT]  
[NOBONES]  
[NOSMELLYROT]  
[NOT\_BUTCHERABLE]  
[EXTRAVISION]  
[NONAUSEA]  
[ALL\_ACTIVE]  
[NOTHOUGHT]  
[NO\_DRINK]  
[NO\_EAT]  
[NOSTUN]  
[NO\_DIZZINESS]  
[NO\_SLEEP]  
[NO\_FEVERS]  
[NO\_THOUGHT\_CENTER\_FOR\_MOVEMENT]  
[BUILDINGDESTROYER:2]  
[PERSONALITY:ANGER:98:99:100]  
[GRASSTRAMPLE:0]  
[PREFSTRING:nothingness]  
  
[BODY:BODY\_WITH\_HEAD\_FLAG:2LUNGS:FOUR\_TENTACLES:2WINGS:HEART:GUTS:NECK:BRAIN:SKULL:ORGANS:MOUTH]  
[BODY\_DETAIL\_PLAN:STANDARD\_MATERIALS]  
[REMOVE\_MATERIAL:HAIR]  
[BODY\_DETAIL\_PLAN:STANDARD\_TISSUES]  
[REMOVE\_TISSUE:HAIR]  
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[USE\_TISSUE\_TEMPLATE:NAIL:CLAW\_TEMPLATE]  
[BODY\_DETAIL\_PLAN:VERTEBRATE\_TISSUE\_LAYERS:SKIN:FAT:MUSCLE:BONE:CARTILAGE]  
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[CREATURE\_CLASS:GENERAL\_POISON]  
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[PUS:LOCAL\_CREATURE\_MAT:PUS:LIQUID]  
[BODY\_SIZE:0:0:50000]  
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[ATTACK\_SKILL:STANCE\_STRIKE]  
[ATTACK\_VERB:scratch:scratches]  
[ATTACK\_CONTACT\_PERC:10]  
[ATTACK\_PENETRATION\_PERC:10]  
[ATTACK\_FLAG\_EDGE]  
[ATTACK\_PRIORITY:MAIN]  
[BABY:1]  
[CHILD:1]  
[HOMEOTHERM:10067]  
[SWIMS\_INNATE][SWIM\_SPEED:10000]

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **March 09, 2012, 01:56:57 am**

I have read this and I want to join.

Name:Nathaniel Stormwind  
Species:Human  
Gender:male  
Stated Job:Spirit adviser, stone/bone craftier  
Real Job:Necromancer  
Carried Oddity's: Goblin skull, ruby scepter(in fort terms a crossbow)

Personality: A kind and good man. Nathaniel learned necromancy to help and protect his people from the undead attacking the town he lived in. When his people were safe he traveled the lands learning the dark arts and how to combat it to protect the weak and innocent. After the Nothing attacked he traveled with his 5 spirit companions(1 elf,dwarf,goblin,human, and kobold) and any other spirits who wanted sanctuary from the Nothing. He hopes this Nomekast will be the best hope for all living and dead of this world.

ooc: The skull is the focus for communicating with the spirits. The scepter shoots bolts of magic.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **March 11, 2012, 08:19:30 pm**

Zorrin\_Drake - Sure thing! It'll be interesting to see how people'll react to a necromancer, even one who isn't evil. I'll put you in with the next migrant wave.

*Slate and Felsite 678*

Many philosophers across many civilisations had remarked upon the apparent ability of people to quickly adapt to new situations and return to routine; nowhere did it seem more true than Nomekast. No adverse effects from the blood had yet been seen, though all of the people who had fought had gone to the hospital. The hospital itself had a full complement of staff nowadays; it was no longer just Reg and Steve, help now came from the Human surgeon Grau and Kingfisher, another Dwarven doctor. Neo - the spirit now inhabiting the Dwarf once known as Kadol - seemed to have been - if grudgingly in parts - accepted by the community, and he could often be seen in the past month learning glass-making from Muenster McCheeseMaker, the fortress' expert glass-smith. The Thieves' Guild was nowhere to be seen, and nothing had been stolen, though Bounce in conjunction with Meinhard and Derm now led a permanent investigation.

Stronghammer had continued on with his mayoral policies he had been elected on. With the Elven shrine finished, he began work on a Human temple.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The Kobold Bayar had approached the Mayor with the idea of acquiring some of the forges' cobaltite to build statue of in his small shrine to the Kobold folk-heroes the 'Ascended Ones'. This had been well-accepted, as if he worked on his shrine, that meant the Kobold place of worship would be taken care of, and then there would only be the Goblin - if such a thing was even necessary - and the Bogeyman - which would hardly be large or time-consuming. Furthermore, his alliance with Imiwa in his mind, Brosso had approached Stronghammer with the plan of banning woodburners - at least temporarily. So far this had met with no agreement from the industrialist.

Outside of that, Stronghammer had ordered the expanding of Nomekast's prison. The original prison had been set up when the community was dealing with the murder-attempt on Derm and Fori. It had just been a rough room carved out with four sets of chains on the walls, now Stronghammer expanded it into separate cells. Lead doors were being forged for them, and an interrogation room to question suspects would be dug out and fitted out with tables and cells.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The mayor had also been had several memos for his attention; one from Ugo Sosleng requesting that the next time flying Nothing or infect Goblins attacked, they should be caged, so that they could be studied, while the other came, another from Steve about some journals from BranRhi detailing some theories on 'physical gods'.

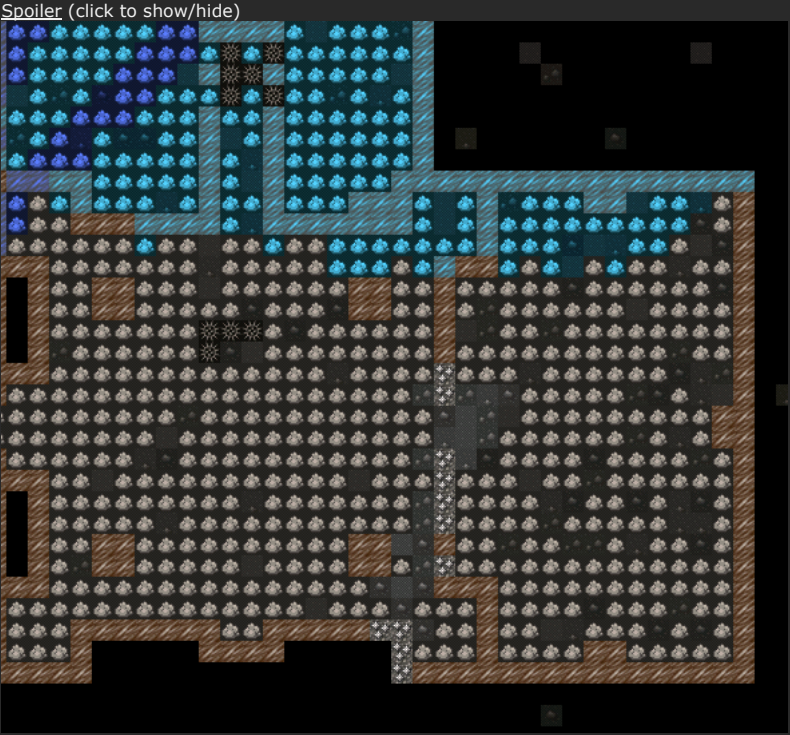
The Jagers - despite the loss of Kadol - continued their work under Meinhard's supervision, slowly starting the arduous linking of mechanisms that would link the large spear-filled room.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

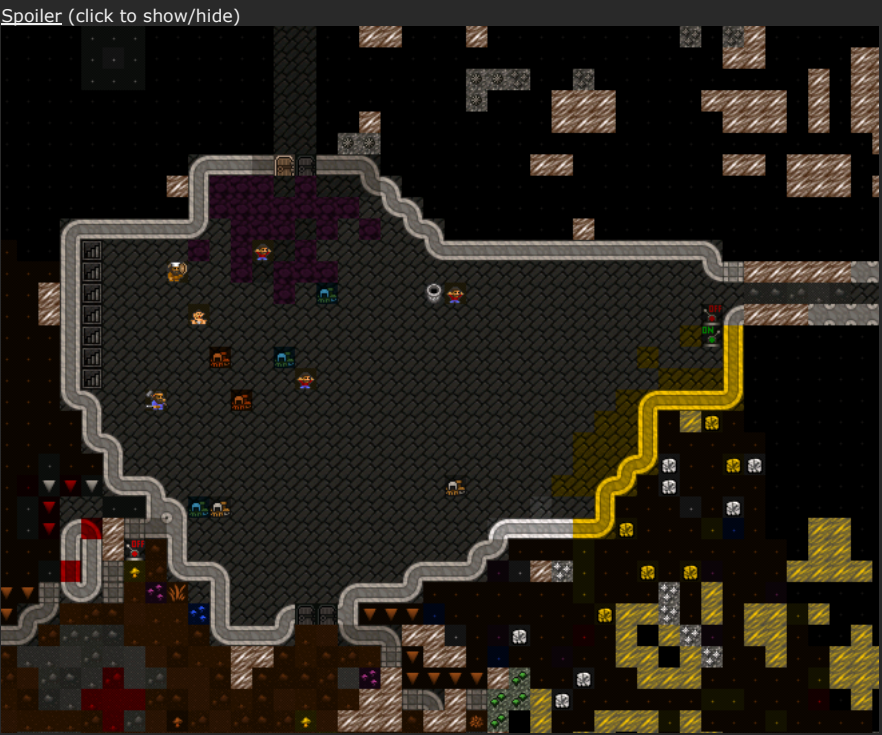


Meanwhile, under Ibruk's careful supervision, the Temple faithful continued their work on carving out their grand cathedral.

While down on the Fiery Cistern the stone was finally being hauled out of the future Alliance for Dwarven Survival's headquarters in Brosso's vast complex.



And in the midst of this all, Felix the engraver calmly and quietly continued on with his work, having finished smoothing the main hall, he now began to work on the bridge to the mayoral quarters and cathedral.



5th Hematite 678 - Noon

"So." Grau said.

"So?" Neo asked. The possessed Dwarf was sat on the ledge overlooking the farms by one of Fori's watchtowers, a plump helmet biscuit in one hand. Grau was sat two feet away or so.



"You're a spirit. Possessing a Dwarf. And not leaving."

"Yes?" Neo said hesitantly. He hoped Grau wouldn't be another one of those calling for his immediate death or imprisonment or what have you.

"I...I am a Dwarf of science above all. I don't much like religion - much less Ibruk's version or Imiwa's version or whoever we have who are religious nutters around here."

Neo felt himself relax, he knew where this was headed.

"No, I don't really know how it happened, one moment I wasn't here the next I was. I can't exactly come and go on a whim between life and death."

"But at least we're not talking about some god appearing in front of you and saying 'Neo, thou shalt return to life that though may do this and this and say that and so on and so forth'?"

"No, none of that. Why exactly?"

"Because...because I don't like the thought that Ibruk with all his insane preachings might be right that the gods are actively interfering with life. I think of things in relation to what I know, in relation to the science I know. If a stone falls, I know its because all things fall, not because a god specifically pulled it down from the air."

"I see."

"And I don't like the idea of spirits being sent back to inhabit peoples' bodies. So if it's just one case, that's good, we can relax but-"

"Figures that would the thing that would bother you. A spirit in a Dwarf's body? Oh no, panic! Meanwhile I can float around forever and no one gives me time of day." came a morose voice. Neo and Grau sighed simultaneously as Mosus Ingtakcatten, the community's very own depressed ghost floated by them.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Mosus Ingtakcatten

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

A restless haunt, generally troubling past acquaintances and relatives. This spirit has not been properly memorialized or buried.

The ghost had appeared several months ago and all attempts to lay him to rest had failed. He himself had apparently been depressed by his inability to leave the world for good, and now could be found floating around the fort or in the main hall, bemoaning his fate. There was another ghost of course, Ablel Cattenakum, but he was a poltergeist and flitted around the fort, misplacing things, making snide comments and - in several people's words - 'encouraging immoral behaviour'.

Mosus floated out over the farms before either could respond. Grau gave a pained sigh,

"Well." he said, a wry smile on his face, "At least you aren't like that one."

10th Hematite 678 - Afternoon

The two Forgotten Beasts were there, dead and ready for autopsy, as Ugo stepped into the room, his arms carrying a stack of journals. These were BranRhi's father's journals, given to Doc. Steve, who'd given them to Stronghammer, who'd given them to the Goblin scientist.

The journals themselves were fascinating things, describing ideas and theories on physical gods or creatures so powerful as to be gods in their own right. The idea of living gods - gods living in the mortal world - were widespread of course, the Empire of the Humble Nations, the largest and most powerful of the great civilisations was - or had been at least, the latest news indicated civil war and total Nothing invasion - ruled by the 'Eternally Divine Emperor of the Heavens and Earth, He who Shaketh the Firmament and who Ruleth All Planes of Existence' Ngostong the Rumour of Terrifying, who was believed to be a manifestation of Onmo the Will of Snakes, the god of lies, trees, rain, thunder and storms. Of course, it was only really the people of the Humble Nations that believed that, whereas the journals were more succinct in their description of these physical gods.



He set the journals down on his desk to peruse later as Fori came in. Ugo greeted her as he prepared his kettle. He had had one made so that he could hang it above the lava pool in the lab to boil water for his habitual tea. Once he had his tea, Ugo got down to business.

"Now, if you remember, today we were going to autopsy the Forgotten Beasts. We'll start with the bird, Opeya, I think." he told Fori cheerfully, tapping one carefully gloved hand on Opeya's corpse. The two of them were wearing suits that covered them near-totally. With the blood apparently dangerous it was best not to take chances. "Right then, let's start with the chest cavity. Hand me the sword would you? No sense in using a tiny knife."

Fori handed the Goblin the knife and he got to work slicing open Opeya's chest. The work was gruelling as he sliced down vertically down into the belly and while Fori made a Y-shape up at the shoulders. Soon however the chest was cut open and the internal organs revealed.

"Yes..." Ugo pondered, noting some things down on a piece of paper, "Seems normal, no obvious extra or missing organs or strange arrangements. Let's try removing the heart, I'm interested in seeing that. Use the knife this time." Fori nodded, taking a deep breath. Like any Elf, she had a deep love for nature and animals. But Opeya - and indeed all Forgotten Beasts - were not of nature, they were monsters that deserved no pity after all those they'd killed. But still, slicing open the dead for reasons other than to get food and not let the corpse go to waste still took getting use to. She took the knife, and began to cut out the heart. That was when she noticed something was wrong.

"Ugo...there's-there's something here. It's like- oh by the spirits!"

The Elf was blown clear off the monstrous dead bird and flew into the tables, sending papers and vials flying. Ugo grabbed his - unfinished but still fireable - crossbow as Opeya's body gave a heave. The guards raised the weapons, eyes wide. Black...goo was seeping out of the half-removed heart. The goo began to flow round in a circle around the heart then suddenly rushed into it, floating up into a pillar of the black substance, with the heart carried at the top, tendrils of the liquid seeping in and out like blood. Then came the voice, like a million people speaking in perfect synchronisation;

ELEVEN REMAIN AND ONE IS MINE  
TRAITORS FALL TO TRAITORS  
I  
AM  
ALIVE

Then as suddenly as it had started, the liquid streamed into the heart and it fell down, bouncing off Opeya's now-motionless corpse and falling to a stop on the lab floor. Breathing heavily, Ugo, Fori, and the guards looked at each other in turn.

"I-I think we need to warn everyone about this. It-it sounds serious." Fori said, her voice shaking.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **March 11, 2012, 09:11:59 pm**

By my beard, that heart should be incinerated immediately and not kept for studying with possible danger.

Oh and good read Aequor

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **March 11, 2012, 09:17:27 pm**

This story just keeps getting more awesome. Also, I'm somewhat at a loss as to what Ugo should put in his lab book in response to this.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **March 11, 2012, 10:00:36 pm**

Splendid update.  
*Konith's log*  
*Today there was some kind of trouble at Ugo's (The crazy "scientist" goblin) lab. They were examining the forgotten beasts, and black goo poured out of the heart of Opeya, the bird-monster. And it gave some sort of message of warning. Hmph. I suppose that may mean the Nothing will attack or more forgotten beasts will appear. Hopefully not, but extra caution won't hurt. I shall try to learn animal training. I will train dogs to guard me! Well, lots to do, I'll write later.*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **neo1096** on **March 11, 2012, 10:37:35 pm**

From the memories of Neo:  
I see now that the shining beacon of light that this place was from afar is simply because it is brighter than the darkness that surrounded it. This is not the last bastion of good in this world, and indeed it has its own share of darkness. Nevertheless, the company is surely better here than it was in the spirit world, even if the tendrils of darkness linger here.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **BranRhi** on **March 13, 2012, 11:29:12 pm**

No rping right now, not sure where I want to go with the story just yet :-\ Loled at the ghost conundrum "I don't think ghosts exist even though theres one talking to me right now eh hh :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 12, 2012, 05:00:19 pm**

*The cloaked traveller took a puff of his pipe, turning round to stare at each of the faces around the campfire in turn. "But," he said, blowing out a ring of smoke, "that wasn't the end of the tribulations for Nomekast and the world of Omon Rabin. The worst was yet to come." He poked at the fire with his travelling-staff, causing embers to fly up and be carried off by the breeze. "Listen as I continue the tale of endless Nothing, religious zealotry and racial tension."*

Sooo...seven months, eh? I'm all set up at uni now and all, and suddenly remembered that I may have (*slightly*) neglected this. ...so yeah, I should have an update ready soon enough, if there's still interest in this. I'll also probably do shorter updates than I used to, to better be able to try and include everyone and avoid long waits between postings.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Dermonster** on **October 12, 2012, 05:01:42 pm**

Oh sweet this is back.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **helf** on **October 12, 2012, 05:06:46 pm**

yaaaaaaaay!!! I thought this was dead!

Yes, we are still interested :)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - Hiding from Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **October 12, 2012, 05:18:40 pm**

HUZZZZZZAAAAAAAH

This literally made my week.

oh and just in case we are continuing from the last post of yours I will post my responses to several of the things in the beginning of your last story post

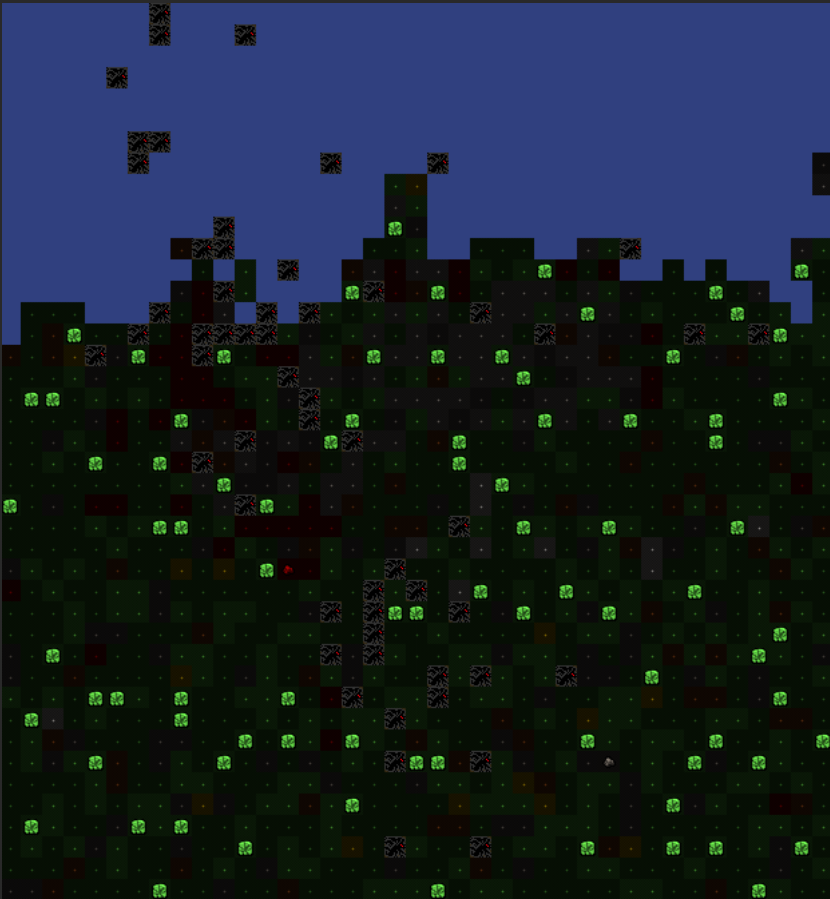
- 1) wood burners- Agreed
  - 2)capture of flying Nothing- Denied
  - 3) Journals detailing "physical Gods"- clearly deranged
  - 4) Strange heart and corpse- burned in lava
- As well Stronghammer will move forward to shut down the Nothing research and incinerate the Lab with all contents as it has become to much of a hazard to the fort.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 12, 2012, 06:20:08 pm**

# Nomekast

## Chapter the Second

# At War with Nothing



## 10th Hematite 678 - Afternoon

"No, no, no," Stronghammer said firmly, not stopping his pace as he moved to the exit of Ugo Sosleng's lab, an Alliance Dwarf and the Human Ahra behind him, the two of them clad in plate armour stamped with the insignia of the Iron Guard.

"I must protest!" Ugo said, hurrying to keep up and stay at the Mayor's side. "When I went to tell you about this incident it was under the impression that you'd assign another guard, and maybe tell everyone to be extra careful; not destroy valuable scientific experiments!"

Stronghammer stopped at the threshold of the lab. The sound of the forging industry and the sulphurous smell of the magma lay beyond. "A heart is not a scientific experiment, Mr. Sosleng. A Forgotten Beast's heart even less so. A Forgotten Beast's heart that has shown evidence of some kind of demonic or Nothing infection even less than that. This-" he held up a pig-tail bag that contained the heart of the beast Opeya - "is going straight into the magma, as will the rest of the corpse once the rest of the Iron Guard arrive."

"How can we be expected to protect ourselves in the future if we cannot even study these monsters properly!?" Ugo protested again. Besides him, Fori added a half-hearted agreement. The Elf was still slightly shaken by the entire incident, especially since traditional Elven culture would have insisted that Opeya - being a fallen foe - should be eaten. The idea of eating a heart that leaked black goo and spoke was all too much.

Stronghammer ran his free hand through his hair, staying silent for a few second while he thought through Ugo's statement. Then he spoke, voice still firm, "There is 'studying a monster' and there is 'being threatened by the monster's possessed heart'. I'm Mayor, my first duty is to the people, and to protect those people whether it be from enemies outside or within. I can't in good faith let a possibly dangerous thing such as this heart stay here."

"But-" the Goblin scientist was cut off as Stronghammer strode through the doorway and up to the lip of the magma pool. "Wait! No, don't-"

With a strong throw, the industrialist threw the bag through the air in a wide arc. It fell almost in the centre of the volcanic lake, seeming to float for the barest second, before sinking under the magma, disappearing from view. Ugo stared at the spot where the heart had been for a while, grimacing.

Stronghammer gave a firm nod, happy that the cursed object was gone without any apparent final tricks, then he turned to the Goblin besides him. "This work of yours is starting to get dangerous," he said, his voice a low and firm rumble, "and I think the best course at this moment would be to close the lab down and have it properly cleansed."

Ugo let out a growl of fury. "*I beg your pardon?*" he asked, his voice likewise very low.

Fori stared at the two, still caught between sharing Ugo's fury that a possible source of future knowledge had been destroyed and Stronghammer's insistence that something that had proven possibly dangerous could not be allowed to remain in the fort, before she tried to intervene. "Stronghammer, Ugo, please-"

"Mr. Sosleng, I'm afraid that your laboratory is increasingly a hazard to the fort - and I will *not* allow a potentially dangerous situation to develop here in the *heart* of Nomekast, much less *next* to the *forges*."

"You-you-you philistine!" Ugo spat, shaking with fury, "The work we're doing here is paramount to finding a way to stop these creatures! Or would you rather we bury our heads in the sand and simply be happy with killing them when they break in? A tactic - it seems - that has worked wonders in the past, as our graveyard and still-ill friends gladly demonstrate, I'm sure!"

"Mr. Sosleng, please, I'm not taking this decision lightly, perhaps in time we can relocate the laboratory somewhere safer, but for now it is simply too dangerous to let these experiments of yours continue."

"The work Fori and I are doing here outweighs any dangers! This isn't the world your grandpa told travelling-stories about, Fireforge, things have changed now! We can't just sit around reacting like we have in the past! We need new knowledge. Why, just recently I have been reading the journals of BranRhi's father, whose work on the concept of 'physical Gods' is-"

Stronghammer gave a dismissive snort. "Steve sent me a memo about that. Personally, I wouldn't trust everything you read, if I were you."

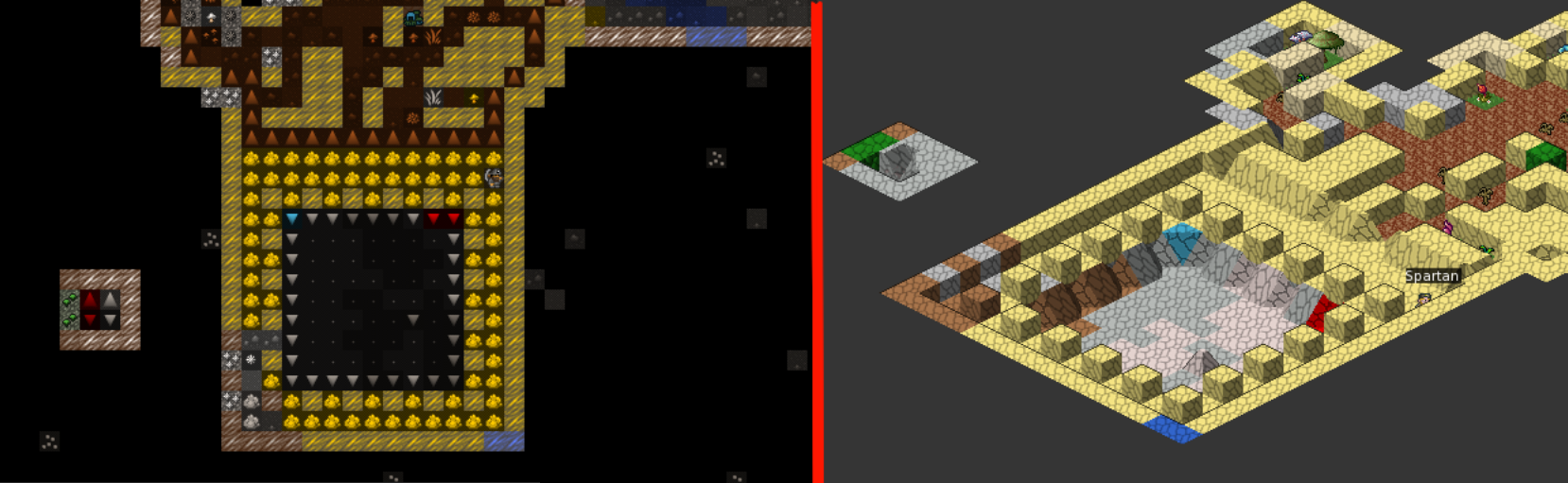
Ugo stood silent for a few seconds, then with a frustrated snarl, he spun round on his heel and stormed back into the lab. Fori offered Stronghammer a half-hearted shrug, then likewise turned round and followed after Ugo into the lab. Stronghammer watched them go and gave a pained sigh at the whole affair, tramping off back to overseeing the community and direct the Iron Guard and militia in closing down the lab and torching it clean of the Nothing's influence.

## Hematite and Malachite 678

Work dominated the schedules of Nomekast's diverse population throughout the Summer. Under Fori's supervision the farms were seeded with the crops to be harvested in Autumn. The now-vacant and empty Thieves' Guild had been cleared out of anything left and the entrance enlarged so that it was no longer hidden in a crevasse; Ibruk and his followers continued to dig deep, gradually carving out their cathedral, while Brosso and the Iron Guard continued to clear the Alliance's future headquarters of the stone left by the excavation of the halls. An uneasy truce had been struck between those manning the forges and the Elves under Imiwa, with Stronghammer agreeing to Brosso's suggestion to close the wood-burners for the time being. Meanwhile under Spartan's mining expertise the Human temple was quickly being excavated and cleared of rubble; while the forges continued to pump out weaponry and armour. All jobs in the fortress were very much a communal effort, there were no particular tests of peoples' skill before they could be allowed to work.

No place was this more obvious than at the forges, where anyone who had a desire to smelt could do so provided they did not waste resources. As thus, alongside Tarran, Muenster and Stronghammer, you had people such as the surgeon Kingfisher who smelted armour or the blind maddwarf Arsethotheles who - with some apparently unbelievable luck - had become quite good at smithing bolts. He certainly had plenty of opportunities to practice, as ranged weapons and bolts in particular were being smelted: the new winged Nothings had made it clear being able to fire from a distance was a good idea. All this took large amounts of resources, and so at the same time mining expeditions protected by the militia were chartered, going out into the Fiery Cistern to mine for such invaluable ores as tetrahedrite or malachite which where then hauled back to the forges to be smelted and then forged into weaponry and armour. By the light of the magma the community was preparing a war to retake the surface.

Spoiler: The excavated Human temple (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: Growing bolt stocks destined for use against the Nothing (click to show/hide)

|                            |     |
|----------------------------|-----|
| iron bolts                 | 110 |
| silver bolts               | 353 |
| copper bolts               | 222 |
| bronze bolts               | 37  |
| blind cave ogre bone bolts | 5   |
| rutherer bone bolts        | 13  |
| forgotten beast bone bolts | 34  |

Spoiler: Mining expedition tunnels (click to show/hide)





Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **October 13, 2012, 12:52:52 am**

Laboratory Log  
Ugo Sosleng

This is an outrage! If I am not allowed to continue my experiments, how are we to advance our knowledge? I may have to resort to drastic measures if this interference continues. I may just have to dig out my own personal lab in a hidden spot, so that I may work uninterrupted. The problems with this would be two-fold of course. 1: Obtaining specimens, especially of the flyers, and of the Forgotten ones. 2: Security. If I have a hidden laboratory, then obviously I cant have the Iron Guard providing any.

Alright. Calmer now. Here is a list of things to do.

- 1: Remove all paperwork from the laboratory prior to the burning.
- 2: Demand to know when I get the Lab back, and what I'm to do with it in the absence of specimens.
- 3: If I don't like the answer, proceed with excavation of hidden laboratory.
- 4: Perhaps see if the Jagers will covertly assist with specimen retrieval/ security.

OOC: I'm really glad this is finally back. I missed it a lot.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **October 13, 2012, 02:06:07 am**

OOC: I am glad this is still going.

From the journal of Nathaniel Stormwind:

Tales from the Void  
Chapter 1 Tree

I found a place I can rest for a while, a tree...Well it is better then getting killed by those things.(I have to find a better name for them then NOTHING, keep getting confused.) My spirit companions are arguing again for the best course of action. Elitan Glimerlight the elf says we have to go find survivors, almost impossible with the sea of "Nothing" below.(Heroes do not know when to save themselves sometimes) Kizerbane the goblin as always says we just need to kill them and the mighty Armok will protect us.(hasn't yet...bloody priest...) Kane Jerrod the human is quiet as always.(nice to be a monk) Onthorn the kobold and Forgar Stormspear the dwarf both are (finely) in agreement that "Nomekast" is our best bet on survival and I am in agreement.

Elitan Glimerlight is an ancient elven hero from a forgotten age and she is my first and closest companion.  
Kane Jerrod is a mystery to this day though he will give valuable insight.  
Kizerbane is a priest of Armok and he is quick to the violent side of thought and is my tutor in the dark arts.  
Onthorn is an informant and is a spy. She helps find dens of evil.  
Forgar Stormspear is a paladin and he helps me stay on the path of good.

They finely stopped talking maybe I can get some sleep tonight.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **MrGrau** on **October 13, 2012, 02:25:06 am**

Journal of Grau,

Word of mouth has it that Stronghammer is going to be shutting down Ugo's laboratory. I understand the need for safety, but this was our only way of understanding the Nothing!  
I'll have to find some way to help Ugo continue with his research, I'm sure my medical knowledge will be able to help somehow.

OOC: Extremely glad you're back, Aequor!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **October 15, 2012, 07:09:00 am**

Journal: It would seem that my decision to shut down Ugo's was not met with agreement by many in the fort. After the cleansing of the lab I will have Ugo's lab opened once more. However it will be with many new security protocols and guarded more heavily. As well any new research attempt or project will have to be agreed to by me, other than that I think the lab should function as it had before. Work at the forges goes well, and we have tapped many new mineral veins. More wealth and protection for all. As well I think it was about time that the entire fort be fortified more heavily, with more walls, security doors, traps and bunkers. The last thing we need is for a Nothing or something else to get past our walls. Well I think that is sufficient work for now, off to get it started I go.

OOC: great read again Aequor

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **October 18, 2012, 03:36:52 pm**

Oh... My... God. This fort is so awesome that I made an account just to join in.

Character request: Thud, a 6-year-old troll. That's right, I'm bringing the race count up to seven.  
Thud is already as big and strong as the Jagers, despite being so young. He is showing the promise of being one of the biggest trolls of all time. He is immune to all poison. He is not a refugee, as he willingly left his hometown following the Nothing, **which are his favorite food**.  
However, he is a child none the less, and his personality reflects that. He is also incredibly stupid, his only use being to point him at the Nothing and watch him chow down. Everyone is suspicious of him, but he just wants to be friends.

Some things I would like to see him eventually do:  
Punch a Forgotten Beast so hard it dies instantly  
Donate blood for the Jagerdraught  
Eat the test subjects  
Get really pissed and kill an entire nothing invasion (this one may have to wait until he is full-grown)  
Drink the Jagerdraught and triple in size

I won't feel offended at all if you don't let me do all of these things.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 20, 2012, 04:46:40 pm**

TheFlame52 - Thanks! I'm always happy to know people enjoy this! As for the troll, well, the more the merrier! I can't promise he'll manage all you've noted, but he can certainly try.

Just to note that everyone who requested species-ing prior is still on the list, we're just waiting for (surviving) migrants.

*Summer-Autumn 678*

The work and projects undertaken at Nomekast only continued to grow throughout the rest of Summer and well into Autumn. The endless work at the forges meant that the bar stockpile was soon full to the brim, and so had to be expanded.

Spoiler: Bar stockpile expansion (click to show/hide)



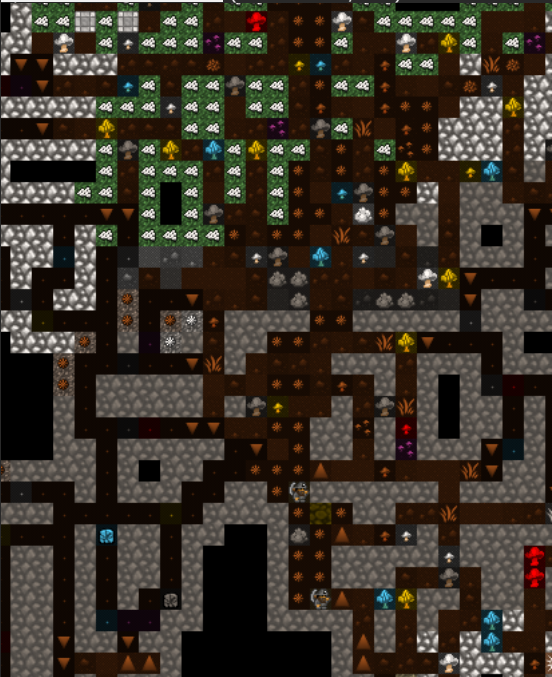
However with the forge a true hive of activity it didn't take long for the expansion itself to begin to fill, and work on weaponry and armour ceased a while while bins were forged to make better use of the space.

[Spoiler: Forge activity](#) (click to show/hide)



Meanwhile the toll on the resources this took meant that mining expeditions continued to be chartered out, bringing back cartloads of precious ores.

[Spoiler: Mining exavation](#) (click to show/hide)



Outside of the forges work also intensified as Fori continued to take charge of expanding Nomekast's defences, creating new watchtowers for crossbow and bow users to fire from.

[Spoiler: New watchtower overlooking the temple](#) (click to show/hide)



Stronghammer for his part had initiated a new round of fortifications in conjunction with Fori's work, charging Bayar and Urist with preparing two new ballistas at the main surface entrance in case of a breach. The main thoroughfares between the forges and home level, as well as the main areas were also cleared of the maze-like pillars that littered them. A large watchtower was also build across the bridge from the surface into the caverns, protected with large lead doors, and fortifications carved by the engraver Felix so that rangers could fire either at enemies on the bridge, or down at enemies on the cave ground.

[Spoiler: New ballistas](#) (click to show/hide)





Spoiler: Cleared passage (click to show/hide)

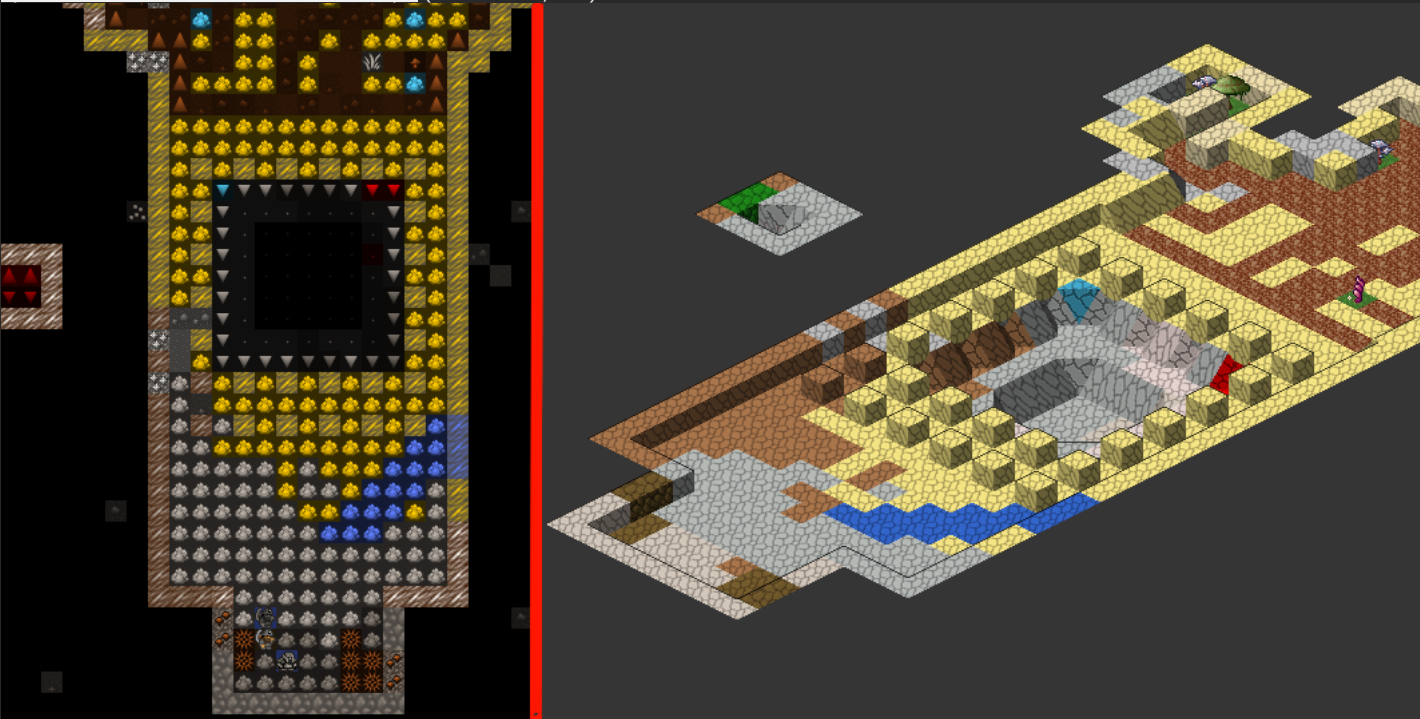


Spoiler: Bridge watchtower (click to show/hide)



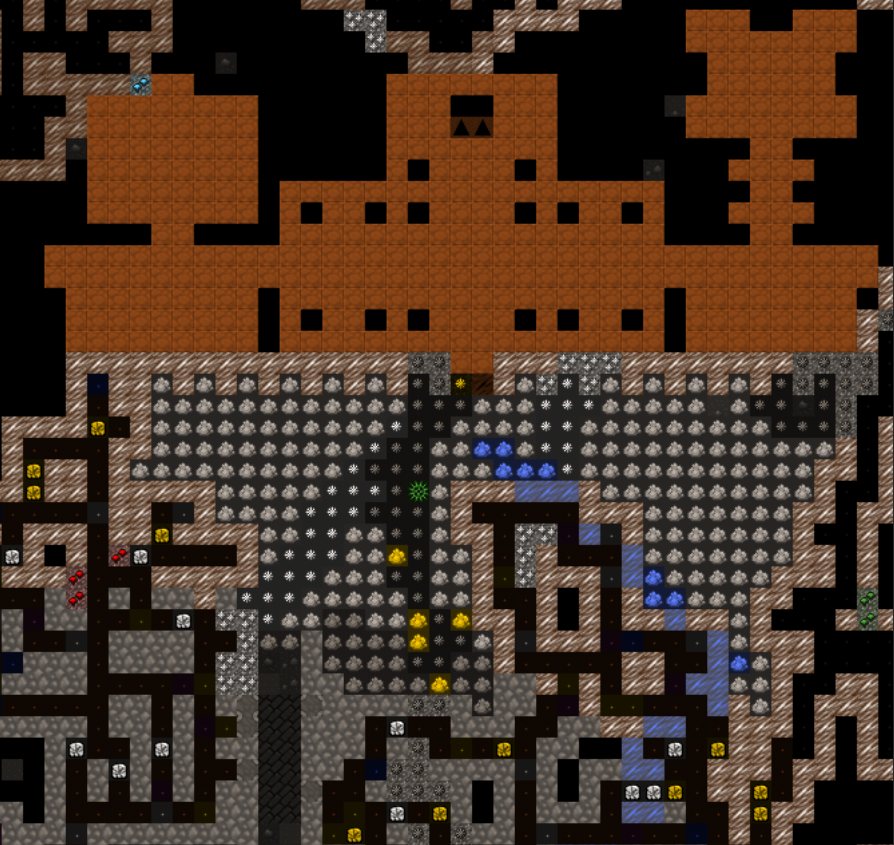
Outside of such work Brosso the Magnificent continued to direct the clearing of the arena/circus and the Alliance for Dwarven Survival headquarters of the rubble left by mining. With the main meeting hall of the Alliance cleared Brosso had convinced Felix - who was happy to continue practising his stone detailing skills with smoothing the place while the Iron Guard began clearing out the stone in their future barracks. Meanwhile the Thieves' Guild also cleared out their new headquarters, dropping off the stone with the claim that it came from one of the mining excavations. Ibruk, Kadzar, Hammer of the Gods and their fellow pious inhabitants continued work on carving the cathedral and had struck rich veins of silver and tetrahedrite they claimed for use in decorating the future site with religious icons. In other religious working, work continued on the Human temple excavations, while Bayar had taken the cobaltite he'd been given to make into more statues for his lake-side shrine to the Ascended Ones down on the Fiery Cistern. Furthermore Shin had begun drawing up plans for a new dining-area, the current one having been built four years ago when the community had been much smaller, and could only seat a quarter of it now. Meanwhile as Summer passed and Autumn arrived the harvest came in, fruitful and plenty, ensuring that that Nomekast would have more than enough to last many Winters.

Spoiler: The current state of the Human temple (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: The current state of the cathedral (click to show/hide)





Spoiler: The cleared meeting room of the Alliance for Dwarven Survival (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: Bayer's shrine (click to show/hide)



Spoiler: Food stores (click to show/hide)

|              |      |       |     |
|--------------|------|-------|-----|
| Food Stores: | 1392 |       |     |
| Meat         | 141  | Seeds | 101 |
| Fish         | None | Drink | 102 |
| Plant        | 621  | Other | 427 |

Meanwhile, true to his promise, Stronghammer had had Ugo's lab dismantled so that it could be properly cleansed, with the Nothing being moved up to the prison cells for the time being. Ugo had been careful to remove all his paperwork before the Iron Guard had shown up and stashed them away safely, fearing for his research. The Goblin had also made it clear just what he thought of Stronghammer's order, berating both the Iron Guard and the Mayor until Stronghammer gave him his solemn promise as a Dwarf that Ugo would have his lab back once it was properly cleansed of any possibly infection and once new protections had been set up which placated the Goblin savant for the most part. In private, Grau, a Human surgeon, had made contact with Ugo, offering his help; an offer which was happily taken up.

Spoiler: Ugo's dismantled laboratory (click to show/hide)



With preparations well under-way, the community would soon be ready to venture back out onto the surface and take the fight directly to the Nothing. This time they were in control, they wouldn't be caught unawares, they just needed to decide the time.

Journal: Work goes well, the forges echo with the hammer or industry. The miners delve continuously for more and more metal. Fortifications are underway to help withstand any assault. On a even more pleasant note Ugo seems satisfied with my decision now, hopefully he will be more careful in the future. The various temple constructions are well under way. I think I will pay the Dwarven temple a visit and pay my homages, any good traditional dwarf always should do so. On the matter of tradition, I think we need to hold another Alliance meeting to hear the various things that may have come up. I should also hold a community commune soon to see the direction the fort wishes to go so that I can take into account their decisions. I think since everything has been going well, that the community should have a small festival. And as a reward for me maybe a small title or nice tomb, since I have after all served this community faithfully and diligently. Well thats all for now, off to work.



ooc: great Aequor

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Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenir** on **October 20, 2012, 11:33:20 pm**

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From the journal of Xenir,  
Wow. I don't know what I ate, but it definitely *wasn't* a plump helmet. I felt like... I don't even know, like time was standing still. And for the longest time too; it felt like *months*. I will not eat another mushroom as long as I live. But I digress. And so, other than going on a really bad trip, there isn't much I can say, mostly because I can't remember anything. Lets see what I can remember without looking through the fort's archives...

- I fought a forgotten beast with a few others, and it's blood got on me (No adverse effects, thank god.)  
- Fori, the elf, and Derm (I think) almost got killed after someone deliberately tried to crush them.  
- A dwarf named Stronghammer and some elves got into an argument about wood or something.  
- Forgotten beast research has both started and stopped.

Just walking through the fort is enough to see the racial tensions here. It is astounding. But even more astounding is the fact that their fear of the Shades binds them closer than any subject's love for his king. I do not, however, know much about the internal politics and goings-on of this place, nor do I want to, so I am content with my knowledge for the time being.

-X

P.S. While on my (albeit very few) years on this world I have seen and done many things, but I have had limited contact with the Elves. Therefore I can not help but wonder if the legends are true. Could it be that they really *do* eat their vanquished foes? I shall have to ask one.  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
OOC: IT'S ALIVE! \*Once again Xenir dons his trusty pair of journal writing earmuffs\*  
Seriously though, I can't remember WHAT the fuck is going on. Also, I just looked at my character; 86 years old. Wat. IF I DIE OF OLD AGE, I SWEAR TO GOD SOMEBODY IS GOING TO BE STRANGLLED WITH THEIR OWN INTESTINES. Anywho, Imma go all Mary Sue on your asses and pretend Xenir in his early twenties or some shit.  
K BAI, I LOVE YOU ALL

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Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **October 22, 2012, 06:06:22 pm**

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Great writing as always Aequor!

Thud's Journal Thingy  
Today I woke up an' da tasties were gone! Dey almost got away, but I could still smell dem. If dey really wanted to get away, dey should stop being so tasty. Cause dat happened I only got ten meals instead of... eleven, fourteen... six meals! I also snacked on a elk, too, does dat count? I hope I can find a new mommy soon, I miss my old one...

I forget, did you post the raws for the "strong" nothings? Can you put all three sets of raws on the OP? I need to do some testing...

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Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 28, 2012, 02:55:00 pm**

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Xenir - You can check the timeline linked in the OP for a sort of rundown of major events, if you want a quick check. Also you have to remember that the ages on the profiles are dwarven-ages, not the actual story-ages, so your character is 80 ingame (which still gives him about 70 years before hitting the max age) but in the actual story he's whatever you want him to be.

TheFlame52 - Not quite sure what you mean by 'strong' Nothing. There's the bog-standard Nothing and the Flying Nothing, I've added both into the OP if you want them.

*2nd Moonstone 678 - Morning*

The temple stood silent with the only noise being those of other early-risers moving past it as Stronghammer Fireforge made his way up to the front, passing through the two golden pillars that flanked the entrance. He made his way to the doors. They were locked, of course at this early hour. The 'divinely-inspired' artefact figurines of Slyshaken the Noble Disembowelment and The Guilds of Glitter were kept inside, safely locked away except when Kadzar or Ibruk were leading the congregation in prayer. He knelt down before the doors, bowing down so that he touched the earth - or the temple floor in this case - in the traditional Dwarven method of prayer. He started with the traditional prayer to Armok the Allfather, then to Id the Stonefather and then down the pantheon with a brief prayer to each god and goddess, and a longer one for Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame, the patron goddess of his family and work due to her association with wealth, crafts, metals and minerals.

"Brother Fireforge," came a voice behind him.

Stronghammer rose and turned round to see Kadzar, the temple priest. "Good morning Kadzar."

"We don't often see you here, it's always nice to know that our Mayor isn't too proud to ask for divine guidance, if you don't mind my saying." The priest moved past the industrialist, taking out a heavy key and unlocking the doors to the temple inside. Once the stone doors were pulled open Kadzar bowed his head, falling to his knees and uttering a short prayer before turning back round to Stronghammer. "Will you be staying for Morning Prayer?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I...fear I don't have the time," Stronghammer replied truthfully. He was always organising something or drawing out the plans for something nowadays. If the industrialist wasn't so used to being a captain of industry he might have been stressed out by the work, much like Derm whose desk was still buried under paperwork which was only growing as the Sheriff lost the will to fill in the countless sheets.

"Oh but you must!" Kadzar lit one of the candles on the altar, murmuring a short prayer before turning back to the Mayor. "Master Ibruk will be directing the sermon, taken from the Book of Mafol and Saint Tulon's writings on it."

Stronghammer hesitated a few seconds as he processed this. The Book of Mafol - recounting the sermons of Saint Mafol on the goddess Mosus Pagedshield the Rough Hame and her fight against the King of Hell and his demons - was amongst his favourite set of sermons, having been the origin of such great proverbs as *'Industry is a holy craft'*. But did he really have the time? He needed to get the latest stocks from Bounce, meet with Shin over the new dining area, check up on the mining excavations, temple construction and forgework and meet with Brosso and Reg to call an Alliance for Dwarven Survival meeting. He also wanted to consult with Derm, Bounce and maybe Ibruk on throwing a festival of sorts, something to help keep people in good spirit and celebrate how well things were moving along recently. His and Kadzar's thoughts were interrupted by the thud of heavy boots on the stone.

Stronghammer turned round and was almost knocked over by Helf who pushed past him in silence. "Helf? What in Id's beard are-" the Mayor started before stopping as Helf just continued on his way. That was when he felt the wind that seemed to be following the Dwarf, a light breeze certainly, but any breeze of any strength didn't belong underground.

Xenir soon followed up, looking quite confused. "Did Helf pass through here?" he asked. Kadzar nodded, pointing out towards the workshops. "Oh right. I don't know what got into him, I was just asking him a few things when a breeze started and he turned round and practically ran off."

Kadzar and Stronghammer shared a look. "Do you think it's..." Kadzar began, trailing off.

Stronghammer nodded. "Seems like it, it's been a while since we had one."

**Helf ☹️ Bone Carver has been possessed!**

Seconds later a rather irritated-looking Bounce came up, her mouth a thin line. "Mayor Fireforge, if you have a second, I'd like to talk about these ghosts," she said, drumming her fingers on the clipboard she held. The fort currently held three ghosts, a hammerdwarf named Mosus Ingtakcatten, a miner named Datan Zarolon, and a macedwarf named Ablel Cattenakum, all three seemed incapable of moving on from the physical world, and all three were nuisances, especially considering how Mosus and Datan enjoyed hanging around the meeting hall prophesying everyone's violent deaths.

Stronghammer sighed. "There's nothing we *can* do," he said resignedly.

"Well Ablel - at least, I suspect it's him - has stolen a whole stack of bolts."

**\*copper bolts 25🔩\* has been misplaced🔩 No doubt Ablel Cattenakum🔩 Ghostly Macedwarf is to blame!**

Stronghammer gave another sigh, more irritated this time. The loss of the bolt wasn't an irreparable problem but it wasn't something that could be allowed to happen. He pinched the bridge of his nose, feeling rather tired all of a sudden. Work, work never ended.

*10th Moonstone 678 - Morning*

It was Fori who noticed it when she went up to the lighthouse to get some fresh air. She told Derm, who convened Stronghammer, who convened the unofficial 'leadership' of Nomekast, and soon Derm, Stronghammer, Fori, Ibruk, Reg, Tarran, Muenster, Meinhard and Bax were seated around the table in Stronghammer's mayor quarters.

"So," Derm began, "the flying Nothing have all disappeared for the time being, and all that's left is are several groups of ground Nothing. These groups are pretty separated across the valley, easy fodder."

"Zo ve are goink to attack, ja?" Meinhard asked, leaning on the table with one large elbow, "De Nothink are veak on de ground."

"We aren't ready yet, we still need more armour and weapons!" Reg protested.

"How is the smelting going, Stronghammer?" Fori asked, looking over to the industrialist.

Stronghammer gave a small shrug. "We're out of ores to smelt, so new mining excavations will be needed. Apart from that we continue to smelt weapons and bolts especially."

"This doesn't necessarily have to be the all-out war you all seem to have been planning," Bax interrupted, the Goblin stretching out, "we can just go out, slaughter them, and return. A quick raid-and-run, as it were."

"That may be how you do things in Gobboland-" Reg interjected, frowning.

"No, you are *not* going to start arguing." Derm said firmly, looking over at the offending pair.

"The question we need to ask ourselves is; is this too good to be true? What are the chances of the flying Nothing just leaving. Almost seems like a trap to me." Tarran said, drumming his fingers on the stone table.

Reg gave a heavy nod at this. "It does seem too lucky. The flying Nothing leave, just like that, out of nowhere?"

"The gods would not allow lasting harm to come to the faithful Pilgrims who answered their calls to come here," Ibruk said quietly. "The question is; can we risk *not* attacking? What if more Pilgrims arrive?"

"I can't believe this but I agree with the beard-and-the-sermons there." Bax said.

"Since when do you particularly care about other refugees? You're just itching for a fight." Reg spat.

"Who, me? Why I'm the very soul of compassion." Bax replied, feigning the most innocent look a Goblin could.

"Stop it you two!" Derm said again, striking one fist on the table. "Let's just take a simple vote then see what the rest of the militia thinks."

"Shouldn't it be Stronghammer who technically decides as Mayor what we do?" Muenster asked, raising an eyebrow.

Stronghammer nodded. "You're technically right, but I'm not going to ask people to fight on my behalf when there's no need, let's just vote and see."

This was done without much more ado, and a further pitch to the militia saw a decision to strike at the Nothing while the flyers were away. Few people enjoyed putting themselves in danger, but the hordes of

Nothing had destroyed the lives of most of those in Nomekast, and the idea of revenge were deeper than those of safety, and so as the day moved towards noon, the militia geared up with their new armour and weaponry, ready to take the fight to the Nothing for once.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **October 28, 2012, 11:12:31 pm**

(Great read)

Journal: It would seem that the vote to attack has passed. The militia, is gathering to launch a quick attack with the hopes of opening the way for any potential "pilgrims". I cant shake the feeling that this is a trap, but alas they still wish to march. I will have to be satisfied with the knowledge that I have equipped them the best I could. I go now to summon my Iron Guard to hold the entrance against any ambushes. The way must stay open for our warriors. I think that i our battle goes well, I will have a monument erected in town for their bravery and valor. A simple one of course, the forges must not rest.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **October 30, 2012, 01:55:21 pm**

Epic.  
  
Also, I meant the Nothings that were shaped like beings, like the goblin and human Nothings.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Sneaky Walrus** on **October 31, 2012, 12:57:21 am**

Oh yeah, this is back baby!

~~~~~

Mind of Juggernaut:  
Petty squabbling fills this hole, each race arguing and debating and slighting each other when the other does not look.  
Cowards. Weaklings.

The forges run hot, great weapons of war are created, and the weak become strong.  
A few cowards have begun the construction of various temples to the Gods. I know Lord Armok only cares for the blood shed in his name, but the construction of such as place, following a great victory over such terrible beasts...I shall go to the forges and rend iron into art, using the blood of the Mountain. I shall carve a great axe to be hung in the halls of the temples, so Armok may know my thanks, and all those that go to those places may know that this is a place of blood and violence, we're all must know how to handle a blade.

~~~~~

Idiocy, that is what this is.  
Ugo's labs have been closed, the study locked away till the reconstruction of the holdings for the Nothings.

Aye, StrongHammer may have had good reason for his actions, with the Laboratory placed so close to the Heart of our hold, but he must understand the importance of knowing our foe. I shall go to Ugo, and offer my condolences over the loss of his work and lend my support to the rebuilding and guarding of those labs. In the study of those foul beasts, we must know how every weapon affects their thick hides.  
Hmmm....  
Perhaps I can speak to StrongHammer about the reconstruction. He may not want it being rebuilt so soon, but if I offer my services as a guard for the Laboratory, he may yet be persuaded.

~~~~~

So the great flying nothing have fled.  
Now is the moment.  
Now is the Time.  
While the Anvil is hot, we must strike, to forge a great fortress.

Let us take back the surface, increase the height and size of our watch tower, so that we may have great weapons to throw down on the Nothing. When those great flying Nothings return, we can shoot them out of the sky, and allow ourselves a means of safe guarding those who flee to our warm embrace.  
But I know there will be those that disagree with this plan, so I shall go the council of Species, and present my plan. It shall be a gradual plan, patiently folding metal and sharpening the blade, so that we may have a great force when the time comes to build. I must find those with the skill I need, before I present this plan, architects and warrior who can be trusted to hold the information I seek.

Fori is an Elf of great reput, and has done battle with the Nothing. She also spends much of her time within that tower, watching over the trees and the earth.  
She must know the landscape like the back of her palm... I shall ask for her knowledge on where the Nothing group and where they could swarm when construction of the watchtower begins.

~~~~~

Ghosts.  
Armok damned Ghosts.

If I find them trying to steal my equipment one more time, spirits be dammed I'll find a way to choke those bastards!

~~~~~

Wooo, Its back!  
Now we've just got to see if it'll actually last again....

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Fortis** on **November 10, 2012, 01:16:54 am**

From the log of Fori

By the spirits, it has been too long since I've had a chance to write. It feels like it's been months. Things have been so busy as of late. There's always something that needs doing, and my duties never leave me much rest.

Ugo's lab was torn down, and the place was burned out. Stronghammer wanted every last trace of that heart's vile blood purged in flame. I can't say I blame him. We were dealing with something far beyond us. While I do agree we need to understand what we are dealing with, we can't afford to take risks. That heart could have done something much worse. My thoughts return to the close call I had with the poison of another forgotten beast, and how it struck my body with weakness for months. Either way, when the lab is reopened, I'll be glad for the additional security. Either way, the goblin scholar has a new assistant now. A human named Grau, who has some interest in the arts of medicine.

Despite the closing of the lab, though, there is much for me to do. I've been overseeing the construction of several watchtowers, both on the surface and in the cave. Pretty standard elvish defensive technique, except that instead of platforms in trees, they're made with the dwarves' stout masonry work. Not to mention manned with crossbowdwarves rather than elvish archers. Once finished, our soldiers will be able to fire with impunity on the nothing, either on the ground or in the air. I also lent stronghammer a hand with the new defenses elsewhere, including the bastilla. My study of Torvold's work continues, and bit by bit, I am understanding the dwarvish mechanisms more and more.

The ring of hammers is a constant certainty now deep in the forges of Nomekast. Weapons and armor are being forged in great numbers, and large stacks of crossbow bolts are forming. All the ore we could find has been smelted into bars, and new mines are being dug. The food stockpiles are growing, and a fresh batch has been sown for the next season's harvest. The whole fortress is getting ready for the storm. But this time, we're bringing the thunder, for Nomekast is going to war. The next blow struck will be ours.

Even now I'm giving my sword and armor a last cleaning and checkup before I don it to join the militia again. An opportunity has come to deal a blow to their numbers. The flying defilers have vanished for some odd reason, leaving the ground dwelling defilers vulnerable. I'm joining the militia heading out, I have a good deal of experience with a blade after all, and experience fighting the nothing. I also know the lay of the land, recently the Juggernaut came to me to talk about good points in the terrain to strike from. If the spirits are with us, it should be a quick, decisive strike.

Looking back over the years, and over my older entries, it's a marvel how far I've come. I was a timid, weak elf then, terrified of the defilers. But now, I hold a sword with confidence and grace. I'm stronger than any elf I knew back in my retreat in the forest, bearing might earned from hard work, hauling stone, and combat. These caves were once so alien to me, but now I find the forests and wilderness of the caverns are beautiful in their own right. And I know of the arts and sciences of machinery and mechanisms, something I would never have dreamed of if the defilers had not come. Even if the defilers all vanished tomorrow, and I could return safely to the great elven retreats, I think I would choose to stay at Nomekast. Years ago, such would shock me. Now, Nomekast is home, among the dwarves. Perhaps the naysayers are right, that I am more dwarf than elf now. But it matters not, my duty is clear. I will do all I can to defend my home, and the forests here, and to help both of them to prosper. And if I must cut down the defilers, I welcome it. I will be vengeance for the lives they have taken, for the great forests they have destroyed. As the spirits in my dream said, I will be the stout oak, standing tall in defiance of the storm.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
Holy crap, it's back! I thought Nomekast was dead for good. I was tempted to write up an epilogue.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **November 11, 2012, 01:45:22 pm**

Private Journal  
Ugo Sosleng

Despite the assurances that my laboratory will be re-commissioned, I cannot help but be discontent. I don't mind additional security. I was the one who asked for security before I ever started my work. I believe my problem stems from the other restrictions being applied. The location of the lab causes worry to the Mayor and that causes him to deny certain requests. How, for example, are we to determine how those beasts took to the skies if I am unable to examine them? And I do admit that the heart of that beast could have caused us more trouble than it did. Still, incinerating it *after* the fact still seems excessive and pointless.

Never the less, I do believe now that I must construct another laboratory, a hidden laboratory. I will locate it in the third layer of the caverns so that it will not be too near our fort. It will have 2 entrances: one shaft the will lead to a concealed door in the living space I will carve out on the home level, and one door to the caves on the same level. This second door will serve as the primary way to bring specimens in. The laboratory will have at least as many chambers as the old one, but more fortified and secure. The main door will lead into the specimen storage room which will have many cage traps in case of...Incidents. The will be many traps, cage and otherwise, throughout the lab complex. Traps that I will craft and place myself, possibly with Fori's assistance should she be willing to give it. I will ask the Jagers if they will be willing to provide either security or specimen acquisition services. Possibly more on this later.

The primary purpose of this plan is not to bypass our dear Mayor, I see it as more of a compromise. Any experiment he deems too risky for the primary lab shall be instead conducted in this secondary one. Hmm, now that I think of it I believe that I shall ask the Mayor once again if we can see about capturing one or more of the fliers. With their temporary disappearance, we should be able the put cage traps up on the tower, if nowhere else.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 11, 2012, 09:37:33 pm**

TheFlame52 - Oh, those are much simpler, just add FOUR\_TENTACLES to the BODY section in the raws.

10th Moonstone 678 - Morning

The plan was decided very quickly soon after the vote in favour and in a half-hour the militia had strapped on their armour and prepared their weapons. The Iron Guard would remain behind and protect the entrance, with the ballistas manned by Bayar and Urist serving as extra protection, while the rest of the militia would move out and eliminate the groups of Nothing. The drawbridge out was soon lowered and the militia moved out as one.

Spoiler: Assembled militia and Iron Guard (click to show/hide)





The bright glare of the morning sun briefly blinded them all, even the Elves and Humans as they moved out of the dark underground and a wall of fresh air slammed into them as strong winds blew through the valley. Once they had adjusted to the light and the cave adaptation symptoms subsided Derm turned round to face them all, taking charge as Sheriff.

"Ok, now we don't want to taken any unnecessary risks," he said, "and that," he paused to glare at Juggernaut, "means *no* jumping straight at the enemy. We hit them from afar until they get closer, *then* we melee."

Juggernaut scoffed but said nothing, gripping his axe tighter while the rest of the group nodded. The outer drawbridge lowered itself slowly and the militia and volunteers moved forward while the Iron Guard consisting of Ahra and four Dwarves remained back.

The first group of Nothing lay right opposite the drawbridge, almost idly moving down the valley slopes. Once the militia left the confines of the fort though dozens of red eyes fixed themselves on them and the Nothing began to move down. From the sides too came a larger swarm, moving slowly towards the militia and the open drawbridge.

[Spoiler: Nothing groups](#) (click to show/hide)



"Which group do we go after?" Reno Monty asked, the Human raising his crossbow and aiming towards a Nothing ahead.

"Might be best to stand our ground, if we go after one group we leave the way open for them to swarm into the fort." John Lock replied, raising an eyebrow towards Derm.

Besides him, Melagius scoffed, the Dwarf swiping his sword through the air. "That's what the Iron Guard is there for. And at any rate, we'll have swept up that group there before the other group can even get close to the drawbridge."

"We won't have if everyone insists on standing around talking." Kuro remarked, drumming his fingers impatiently on the blade of his sword.

"The group there by the river is closer, if we attack them we'll still be close enough to block the other swarm if they try to cross." Kadzar said.

Derm nodded. "That's what we'll do. Markdwa- uh, marks*people*! Line up ahead and shoot at will!"

Rovod, Doc. Steve, Reno, BranRh, Jessica and Rar moved ahead, crossbows aimed and ready and as the Nothing moved in they fired a volley.

[Spoiler: Crossbows](#) (click to show/hide)



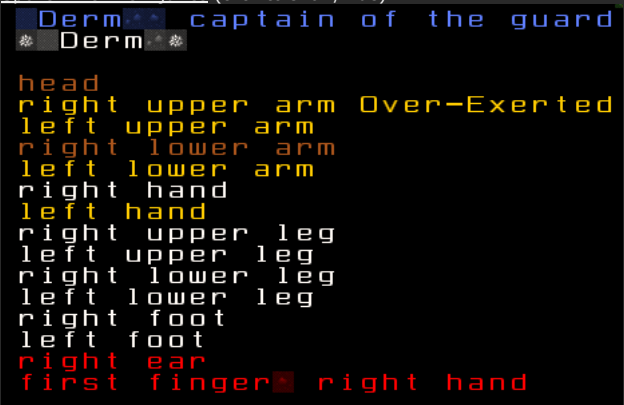
"They're getting pretty close now, you might wanna move in and help maybe?" Jessica remarked, sending a bolt flying into a Nothing. Behind her, a cry to Armok rang out as Juggernaut leapt forward, swinging his axe, soon followed by Hammer of the Gods, likewise crying war chants to the gods, and then finally the rest of the militia. The militia and Nothing met as two opposing armies. The militia, charging through, swept into the centre of the Nothing, axes, swords and hammers swinging while behind them the markspeople continued to send bolt after bolt flying into the Nothing.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The pushed the Nothing back up the valley slope, towards the bridge over the river. A well-placed hammerstrike from Hammer of the Gods sent one Nothing tumbling into the river, another from Rashem sent a second down into the river where they sank to the bottom and weren't seen. Derm found himself struggling against five Nothing and despite his best efforts he soon had two broken fingers, several bruises and a torn ear for his troubles.

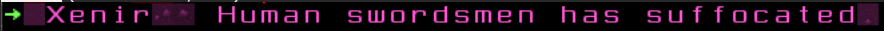
[Spoiler: Derm's injuries](#) (click to show/hide)



This turned out to be a bad thing as a furious Fori cut two Nothing down, twirling like a dancer in an exotic play, her sword sweeping through the air.

Xenir meanwhile found himself surrounded by several Nothing and soon, tired and over-exerted he lunged too far, and a tentacle caught him straight in the throat. Winded he fell back, only for more tentacles to strike him and soon he was swarmed, one of the dark tendrils suffocating him while the other tore at his armour. Kadzar saw him on the ground and tried to move in, but with his spear jammed in a Nothing he was powerless to help and soon the thrashing Xenir stopped moving.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Kadzar was soon joined by Bax and Kuro and together the three cut down the Nothing around Xenir. Doc. Steve, seeing from afar Xenir's prone body, rushed up, hands already opening the first-aid kit he kept strapped to his belt. He checked Xenir's pulse then with a mournful expression shrugged at Kadzar, Bax and Kuro. The scene was interrupted by more Nothing as the swarm concentrated itself in a ring around the militia. The battle dragged on as the militia fought Nothing after Nothing until eventually the field was clear, with just Nothing tentacles littering the ground, soon to dissipate into the black substances that formed the creatures.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Xenir..." Fori began, moving to the Human's corpse.

"No time vor dat!" Meinhard yelled, pointing off to the second group of Nothing that was still advancing down the valley slopes towards Nomekast.

"We can't just leave his body here-"

"Ve'll get it later! Now ve fight!"

The second group of Nothing was much smaller and more spread out than the first, however with everyone already tired from the first fight more mistakes were to be made and soon Rar and Kuro soon sported broken fingers. Hammer of the Gods meanwhile, all while chanting battlecries to the gods had taken it upon herself to sweep clean an entire group of Nothing by herself. This did not turn out to be a good idea as the dozen or so Nothing swarmed the zealous Goblin. Despite her best efforts, batting one away into another with a strong hammerblow she was soon overwhelmed and with a last gasping cry to Id and Armok, she fell.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→Zustashtosid Hammer of the Gods has been struck down.

Eventually the Nothing was beaten, their bodies melting into the wispy black substance they were made off and dissipating into the air.

Surveying the scene, Tarran swore. "They shouldn't be this hard to beat, once upon a time we could beat ten each with a training sword" he said, sending Derm a look.

The Sheriff nodded, nursing his broken fingers. "They're getting stronger," he replied. And there was silence for a few seconds as everyone took this in.

"But how? And why now? And how are we supposed to beat them?! We've just lost two people to two fairly average-sized swarms!" Sandra asked, one hand covering a nasty bruise on her face.

"I don't know, but I don't like this one bit. We should get back. Obviously we're not nearly ready enough for this." Muenster said.

Fori nodded. "This has the hallmarks of a trap or an ambush. We've already lost two people, let's recover their bodies and get back."

"We need a...proper military, or at least a better organisation." Rovod said, loading a bolt into his crossbow.

"Yeah but- wait, what in Id's beard is that?"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→Hn ambush! Curse them!



Four spear-wielding figures, Goblin-shaped and pulsing with the same substance of Nothings, along with a large burly Human decorated with bones and carrying a flail moved into sight as they came down the valley.

"It was an ambush!" Bax hissed, pulling his dagger out at the ready.

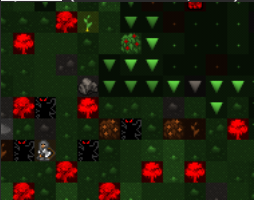
Having got close to them by hiding in the foliage, the ambush smashed into the tired militia and a third battle broke out. Melagius was the first to engage them, the Human swinging his flail at the Dwarf but missing as Melagius jumped back and counterattacked. For his trouble one of the infected Goblins stabbed the spear into his arm, severing a motor nerve.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Infected Goblin Spearman stabs The Swordsdwarf in the left upper arm from the side with his (copper spear) tearing the muscle through the X(pig tail fiber cloak)X! An artery has been opened by the attack and a motor nerve has been severed!

Despite this, the rest of the Goblins and the Human were soon slain, the black substance melting away to reveal the Goblins below. There was no respite however as a second group appeared, this time crossbowgoblins led by an axeman.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



With one wordless cry the militia charged them, rushing up the valley slope like a barbarian horde. The crossbowgoblins aimed their shots and fired.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The flying (copper bolt) strikes The Glassmaker in the head tearing the muscle fracturing the skull and tearing the brain! A tendon in the skull has been torn! The Glassmaker has been knocked unconscious! The (copper bolt) has lodged firmly in the wound! Muenster McCheeseMaker Glassmaker has been shot and killed.

With a cry of rage for his fallen friend Tarran collided into the Human axeman and began a fierce onslaught, hacking at the axeman.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The militia commander stabs The Human Axeman in the lower body with his (copper short sword) tearing apart the muscle and tearing apart the stomach through the (large giant cave spider silk cloak)! The militia commander stabs The Human Axeman in the right foot with his (copper short sword) and the severed part sails off in an arc! The militia commander stabs The Human Axeman in the head with his (copper short sword) tearing apart the muscle shattering the skull and tearing apart the brain through the (large naked mole dog leather hood)!

With a fury unmatched, the rest of the ambushers were soon dispatched. And as they did so the sound of a bell rung out across the valley. The bell they had had installed in the fort as a warning system. There was no verbal acknowledgement, the militia were working simply on autopilot now and as one they charged to the fort.

It was the Ahra of the Iron Guard who had spotted them while scouting out to ensure no Nothing were approaching; two more squads of infected Goblins, bowgoblins and hammergeoblins led by another axeman and a crossbowman. By the time the militia arrived the hammer squad were about to cross the river while the archers lay behind the wall that protected the fort from behind.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)





They silently joined up with the Iron Guard who were guarding the drawbridge; from the blood caking their armour and weapons the Iron Guard knew better than to ask questions and why three of them were missing.

It was Reno who reached the infected Goblins first, and he received an arrow in the torso for his troubles.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The flying ({{iron bolt}}) strikes The Human in the upper body from the side, tearing the muscle and chipping the left false rib through the (pig tail fiber cloak)!  
→A tendon in the left false rib has been torn!

He tried to move back only to be faced with the Human axeman, who hefted a large great axe. As the rest of the militia engaged with the hammergoblins and bowgoblins Reno dueled the axeman. Tired and wounded he would have died there, if it hadn't been for his helmet.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→The Human Axeman hacks The Human in the head with his ({{copper great axe}}) but the attack is deflected by The Human's iron helm!  
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The Human Axeman hacks The Human in the head with his ({{copper great axe}}) but the attack is deflected by The Human's iron helm!

Before the axeman could finally land a proper hit, Rashem came from behind, swinging his large war hammer.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Human Axeman hacks The Human in the head with his ({{copper great axe}}) but the attack is deflected by The Human's iron helm!  
The Hammerdwarf bashes The Human Axeman in the right upper arm from behind with his (-steel war hammer-) jamming the bone through the right shoulder's muscle and fracturing the right shoulder's bone!  
The Hammerdwarf bashes The Human Axeman in the upper body from behind with his (-steel war hammer-) bruising the muscle and bruising the left lung through the ({{large rope reed fiber cloak}})!  
The Hammerdwarf bashes The Human Axeman in the right lower arm from behind with his (-steel war hammer-) chipping the bone through the ({{large rope reed fiber cloak}})!  
The Hammerdwarf kicks The Human Axeman in the upper left back tooth from behind with his left foot and the severed part sails off in an arc!

Furied and grieving, the militia and Iron Guard made short work of the rest of the Goblins, soaking the grass with blood.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



For a while they waited for yet another inevitable ambush or Nothing swarm, only for nothing to happen. Then at last they collapsed, breathing hard. There were few people with no injuries. Ahra had fractured a leg and had his lower body cut open. Rar had broken a hand and his ear had been torn. Meinhard had broken a finger. Reno lay unconscious, his lower and upper body cut open. Loral had had his ear torn open. Rovod and Tarran had had their upper bodies cut open and Melagius and Bax their right arms. Kadzar's leg was cut open and Derm had broke several fingers, as had Kuro. And as they prepared to haul the wounded back to Nomekast and collect the dead, more figures appeared on the horizon.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→Some refugees have arrived.

<div>Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Xenir</b> on <b>November 11, 2012, 11:53:41 pm</b></div>
<div>OH FOR FUCKS SAKE.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Stronghammer</b> on <b>November 12, 2012, 12:17:22 am</b></div>
<div>Journal:</div>
<div>The loss. It was unacceptable, and horrific. Three brave fellows of our fort have fallen in the need to push against our foes. Why would they not see reason, why would they not just wait behind the walls and funnel the enemy. Because of their need to fight against the Nothing we have lost three more friends. This is unacceptable, next time a vote will not be taken. We are not ready for war, we need stronger weapons and armour and better trained troops. We seem to have opened the way for more refugees, so there is a bright point to this scenario. Hopefully we will get more productive members to our society. We must prepare for the coming storm of stronger Nothing and build more defenses. As much as I don't want to I will have to give a complete open pass to the Ugo as the Nothing suddenly getting stronger is puzzling. I will gather the community for some rousing words (if there are any left in me), and have a memorial or remembrance hall commissioned for all those who have fallen. I go now journal in my grief for loss and my anger at those who pushed for war, to do my work.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Sneaky Walrus</b> on <b>November 12, 2012, 07:04:11 am</b></div>
<div>WOOOO BITCHES, CAN'T STOP THE MOTHERFUCKING JUGGERNAUT!</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>empfan</b> on <b>November 13, 2012, 07:13:18 am</b></div>
<div>Curious, would I happen to be on the list to become a refugee? Could of sworn I requested such awhile ago, then again it may just be my shoddy memory</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>TheFlame52</b> on <b>November 19, 2012, 02:51:51 pm</b></div>
<div>Just curious, what program do you use to give the characters the proper stats?</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Walton Simons</b> on <b>November 21, 2012, 08:07:08 pm</b></div>
<div>My god, this is actually alive! I had long ago given up hope.</div>
<div>Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b></div> <div>Post by: <b>Ahra</b> on <b>November 22, 2012, 02:15:01 pm</b></div>

Ahras Journal: May all Humans reach the mountains of their Clan, Atheista abr eld lazarih\*  
That said, it was glorious, and just in time, new blood approaches and without peril for once.  
Who gave them the means to cut anyway? They suck at it, weapons? they are okay at it, and wrestling?  
Better folk than me have been choked by the Abominations

(\*Ancient Mountain woods-folk dialect, Loses a lot in translation but in the Plains Common-folks tongue  
"Rest In Your Tomb/Mountain/Home/Peace/Glade" as its said among them all Old Clans of Man have one Place to whence you return until you may choose eternity, or reincarnation, Only the Lone One of  
Zilassahar Knows all of the old myths that he survived)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **December 07, 2012, 03:46:42 pm**

empfan, Walton Simons, Justice, Zorrin\_Drake and TheFlame52 - Your character bios are up on the first post now.

Xenir - Yep, it was quite a sad loss with all three of them; Muenster was one of the longest characters in the fort, Hammer of the Gods was one of the few pro-Ibruk characters and Xenir was just about to go help Ugo Sosleng with his lab. You can ask for another character if you want one, though you'll probably have to wait for the next immigration wave.

empfan - Yep, see above, your character is Weiss Ironscroll, if you can't remember, a Dungeon Master's apprentice.

TheFlame52 - Do you mean the correct race? If so then nothing, I just change their profession titles to 'Human/Elf/Goblin/Troll/Bogeyman/Kobold Whatever' and edit the bios in SAI after copying them. If you mean the correct stats for their skills, then nothing as well, I just let them train up.

10th Moonstone 678 - Evening

Five new refugees had made it safely to Nomekast from the four corners of the world. First was a Dwarf named Justice, a former Hammerer and now axedwarf and mason. There were also three Humans, Nathaniel Stormwind, a stone and bone craftsman and 'spirit advisor' who also carried a strange ruby sceptre (rumours were already flying that he was some kind of pious mystic and should lead the newly-built Human temple); Weiss Ironscroll, who had apprenticed under a Dungeon Master and apparently, if his dog Jack was any clue, was very good with animals, and finally William de Mont-Saevo of the line of the Barons of Mont-Saevo, whose skills lay in instrument-crafting. With the Dwarf and Humans came a third and surprising addition; Thud, a young but already-large Troll. Needless to say Thud's arrival caused an uproar from the non-Goblins who did not want a Troll in the community. It was only eventually quietened by the combined efforts of Derm, Stronghammer, Fori and Ibruk and an appeal to calm and peace in this time of mourning, coupled with Thud's child-like and apparently inoffensive nature. Not many were particularly happy, but for now, much like the Bogeyman Eldrich Stormsap before him, Thud was tolerated, on probation, as it were.

By the evening most of the community had gathered outside the temple as the bodies were brought in and laid out for all to pay their final respects. There was no sense here of having won a great victory, there was only a hollow feeling. The famous words of the Elven general Ilime Hawkspoke after her victory against the attacking Goblin legions of the Roasted Torment came to the minds of most - 'One more victory like this and we'll be watching the war from hell'. Though there had only been three casualties, that was still the loss of three skilled warriors and friends, and with most of the rest of the militia was wounded, many of them quite seriously, Nomekast was vulnerable. Reg, Doc, Steve and Kingfisher were all conspicuously absent from the gathering, too busy tending to the wounded. The psychological effects of being so badly hurt in what had seemed an easy battle would last longer than any physical ones and the finger of blame would soon be pointed in all directions.

Ibruk - as self-stated religious leader of the Dwarven majority in Nomekast - performed the death rites with the traditional prayers to the 'divine trinity of the dead' of Armok, Nekut Glowedguises and Iklist Tunnelveil the Perplexing Mirror. After the rites were performed the bodies of Xenir, Hammer of the Gods and Muenster were placed in the cemetery among their friends and fellows who had preceded them.

This done, Stronghammer took the lead, standing up on the temple platform to address the community. Clearing his throat, he began. "The loss of any one of us, be they Dwarf, Elf, Goblin, Kobold or otherwise, diminishes us all. You could not have hoped for a more loyal friend than Muenster McCheeseMaker, nor a more diligent man than Xenir nor anyone more prepared to take the fight to the Nothing than Hammer of the Gods. We've paid a heavy price for the liberation of the surface, but we've been up this particular mine-shaft without a pick before; we know that however heavy the toll we have to continue on, if not for us then for them and those that fought and died protecting us all before them; Rion Truthax, Ocade, Gutusp, Torvold, Johann Schmidt, Volrath. They knew what they were facing, there are no safe places in this world anymore, but they went anyway. Let us not let their bravery go in vain; we have control of the surface, and now is the time for us all to band together and expand so that we are better prepared and safer so that such a tragedy can't happen again. Our enemies are numerous and they will not rest until we're gone, the best we can give our fallen friends is to spite those that killed them and work together, survive, grow stronger, and fight back with all we've got."

Moonstone and Opal - 678

If the vocal response to Stronghammer's speech had been muted and quiet, the physical one was less so. The entire community was aflame with work. Shin's new dining-area, suspended over the farms, was already almost finished, just waiting to be furnished.

Spoiler: New dining-area (click to show/hide)



Helf had finished his feverish possessed work, creating Shredzealots the Strange Hollow, a crundle bone throne.

Spoiler: Shredzealots the Strange Hollow (click to show/hide)

Uvothkebosh Motugosh • Shredzealots the Strange Hollow • a crundle bone throne

This is a crundle bone throne. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encrusted with mica, decorated with crundle bone and encircled with bands of zinc. On the item is an image of broad crosses in crundle bone. On the item is an image of a broad cross in crundle bone. On the item is an image of full moons in cobaltite.

Tragedy struck once more as Mestthos Rulurdim, a one-year old Dwarven child was viciously attacked by the ghost of Datan Zarolon. The ghost was soon put to rest but not before Mestthos died of his injuries. With his death the cemetery was beginning to run out of room, and an extension had to be built.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Datan Zarolon • Ghostly Miner batters Mestthos Rulurdim • Dwarven Child!  
He is one year old, born on the 19th of Limestone in the year 677  
His lower body is cut open. His lower body is running with Mestthos  
Submerged towers dwarf blood. His guts are spilled.  
Mestthos Rulurdim • Dwarven Child has bled to death

The Alliance for Dwarven Survival's headquarters meanwhile were progressing well under Brosso's supervision. The meeting-room was already partially furnished with fine silver tables and chairs, and the atrium's moat had been filled with magma, while four statues, one of lead, one of silver, one of gold and one of platinum, each representing one of the four central virtues of Dwarven civilisation; work, loyalty, bravery and tradition, were set up in the centre of it. Meanwhile, Felix continued to smooth out the future quarters of the Iron Guard.

Spoiler: Alliance for Dwarven Survival Headquarters (click to show/hide)





But it was on the surface that the greatest work was undertaken as four towers were built in the compound. These would eventually be insulated from the outside and connected to the underground so that they could be manned without having to pass through the compound and without fear of attack by flying Nothing.

[Spoiler: Unfinished surface towers](#) (click to show/hide)



The towers already came in handy when a sudden ambush by infected crossbowgoblins arrived. The drawbridge was raised and from the half-built towers Rovod and his team slew two of the Goblins while the rest fled.

[Spoiler: Crossbowgoblin squad](#) (click to show/hide)



They were not the only ones to take advantage of the lull in Nothing activity and the temporarily cleared surface, however, as for the first time in three years a caravan all the way from the Grizzly Vessel came passing through, bringing goods to the increasingly well-known community of Nomekast.

[Spoiler: Caravan arrival](#) (click to show/hide)

**The Fisherdwarf Uvash Budammonom from Enoleral has**  
**A caravan from Enoleral has arrived.**

The traders were instantly popular with most of the inhabitants; they were mobbed for any kind of little luxury goods to make life a bit more comfortable with people trading everything from unnecessary clothing scavenged from the dead infected Goblins to small stone crafts. Bounce, as the official Broker, managed to secure for the community as a whole several dozen wooden logs, various metal bars and a donkey and horse. Moreover the traders were questioned for any news of the world outside. Nothing good was heard. The Nothing continued to swarm southwards, joined by larger and larger swarms of flying Nothing and rumours of huge lumbering Nothing monsters, while other rumours existed that the wildlife in Nothing-infested areas was increasingly warped, that the great empires had mostly fractured, especially in Goblin and Human lands where some warlords had somehow made pacts with the Nothing and that almost no news had arrived from the northern states where the Nothing had first appeared for over a year now, the few survivors describing a complete breakdown of society in the north and the rise of apocalyptic cults, especially that of a new god they called Doren. Several new communities modelled after Nomekast had appeared in some places, most had collapsed pretty swiftly, others were still holding out, while inbetween them merchants continued to ply the old trade routes as it became more profitable - and also more dangerous - to sell to these communities.

25th Opal 678 - Afternoon

Stronghammer had just been busy filling in forms when a sharp knock sounded on his office door. The person in question did not wait for a reply and swung the door open. A firm frown on his face, Reg marched to Stronghammer's desk and slammed a piece of pig-tail paper down onto it. On it were a list of names.

"Sandra, Loral Treesinger, Fori and Xenos," the Chief Medical Dwarf said, running his finger down the list. Stronghammer didn't need to ask for clarification as Reg continued. "All four of them are still badly affected by Streti's poison gas. They're still running a fever and their reactions are slow and dullish. I have it on record that in the last battle they lagged behind everyone and were quickly short of breath. As Chief Medical Dwarf I have no choice but to declare them unfit for service."

Stronghammer waited a few seconds before replying, his tone soft. "Reg, they did fine in that last fight-"

"This time maybe! Pure luck! What about next time? Who are we going to bury next?"

"Is this about Muenster, Xenir and Hammer of the Gods?" Stronghammer asked, his voice softer than silk.

"*This* is about my duty to these people! I'm a doctor, not a Goblin! I can't in good faith let them go out and fight when they're still not well."

"You didn't raise objections before."

"I didn't think they'd be so stupid as to actually go out and fight! Nor did I realise how affected they still were."

"Reg, I am not trying to do put your medical abilities in doubt, but they did fine in the last fight. Don't you think you're overreacting in response to-"

"*Overreacting?* We can see it's not you who has a hospital full of wounded people. We can see it's not you who's had to sit and watch as someone died despite all your best efforts. *They're not fit to fight, Stronghammer.* If you let them fight and they die, then on your own head be it. I've done my job, I can only hope you do yours." And with that he spun round on his heel and left the office, leaving the sighing Mayor behind.

Evening



"So we're agreed then?" Ugo asked, raising his cup of tea and sipping it.

Across from him Meinhard gave a toothy grin and nodded. "Hyu got it! Ve can getz hyu de Nothinks eezy as anyfink!"

Juggernaut likewise nodded. "I'm more than happy to lend my services to send them to Armok."

And finally after a few seconds thought Grau too nodded.

Ugo smiled, and pulled a bottle of Dwarven wine from the table behind him. He poured a measure into four glasses and offered one to each. "Excellent! Now it is imperative that you keep this under your hat, the Mayor - being quite blind to science - needn't now. He's may be offering to reopen the laboratories now," he waved a hand at the mostly bare laboratory around him, "but I certainly don't imagine that his current goodwill will last long. Think of it as a little white lie in favour of helping the community and crushing the Nothing. We'll have to operate in the greatest of secrecy. Tell no one, we'll only let people we can trust in on this. I plan to ask Fori, who has been a most precious help in my past experiments." The Goblin scientist gave a grin to rival Meinhard's and held his glass up in a toast. "My good fellows, our little scientific group will be the envy of the world and the bane of the Nothing, that I can assure you."

He pulled a large sheet of pig-tail paper out from the cupboard behind him and unfurled it across the table. "Here already are the preliminary plans for the site. It is to be located near the stairs between the Fiery Cistern and the Lower Levels, away from the fort and thus safe from interference."

[Spoiler: Lab plans](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **December 08, 2012, 10:33:18 am**

(OOC: wow great read really enjoyed it.)

Journal: Well it seems that work is under full swing with people working at a feverish pace. Speaking of fever I was approached by Reg with concerns about the infected individuals. Despite them doing well in the last battle I cannot shake the feeling that their conditions may have helped lead to the deaths of the others. So as of now they are suspended from duty and reassigned to civilian pursuits. I will make have to make sure to keep them very busy so that they cannot stir up mischief and so that they feel they are contributing. Also I want to create a police force to patrol and regulate the community, with the recent deaths there will be grief, and we never did find that thieves guild. Therefore I must institute a work sign in sheet for every station and person as well as a trusted supervisor for every profession. Then have the police with the aid of the sign in sheet, keep tabs on all of the populace and what they are doing. Well to work then, maybe I can get a new gem stone to try and cheer myself up.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **December 10, 2012, 02:10:02 pm**

Laboratory Log  
Ugo Sosleng

My plans are proceeding. Most excellent. On the other hand, to lose members of the fort due to mysteriously power boosted nothing is troubling. How are they gaining in power? The sooner the lab is ready the better for all of us. In the meantime, I will be keeping an eye on the wounded, whether Reg objects or not, primarily to be sure there is an absence of infection by nothing inflicted wounds. While a repeat of the Volrath indecent would be valuable to observe, losing any more of the militia would be catastrophic. Perhaps it could be induced in an animal? Perhaps in time. The presence of the nothing possessed goblins continues to trouble me. Is it a symbiotic relationship? Or more akin to possession and slavery? Are the goblins even aware in this state? The sooner we can capture one or more, the sooner answers can be obtained. An examination of the deceased will have to suffice for now.

On to work then.

- To Do:
- Begin work on the project and begin stock piling trap components for it.
  - Check on wounded.
  - Specimen acquisition in order of priority= Nothing goblins, Flying nothing, Human collaborators, standard nothing.
  - Talk with Fori about project.
  - Ascertain status of the Nothing Research Lab.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **December 10, 2012, 02:33:00 pm**

{ooc:epic tale 8}}  
From the journal of Nathaniel Stormwind:  
Tales from the Void  
Chapter 2 Halls of Mystery

I have finely come to Nomekast. It is not what I was expecting but it does not matter as we are safe for now. Rumors have started that I'm some kind of pious mystic and that I should lead the human temple, not that I mind but my services are open to all (pious mystic hmmm!). As I was settling in several things happened; death rites for the fallen were performed, and an artifact the Shredzealots the Strange Hollow was made...I can sense great power coming from the crundle bone throne, it must be guarded. My spirit companions are getting restless and I feel a strange and dark presence watching this place, I will conduct a quiet investigation.

As Nathaniel closed the tome he looked around to make sure no one was watching and entered the old farm, then he took the goblin skull from it's pouch. Nathaniel concentrated and said "Onthorn and Elitan Glimerlight please go and start the investigation, Kizerbane and Forgar Stormspear please go and find us a place to make a home/library/lab, and where did Kane Jerrod go?" Elitan spoke up "He went to the human temple to meditate." "WHEN IS HE NOT MEDITATING!" said Kizerbane in his normal angry tone. Onthorn shrugged and moved off to do her job. Forgar looked grim "We need to help the spirits of this place to rest for something prevents them." "Agreed I'll talk to Ibruk about making a tomb/mausoleum for those that fought and died protecting Nomekast." said Nathaniel.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **December 18, 2012, 06:11:13 pm**

Late Opal 678

The merchants from the Kingdom of the Grizzly Vessel left late in Opal, their donkeys saddled with all sorts of trinkets that the refugees to Nomekast had brought with them and traded for cases of drinks, plants, meats, other trinkets, even books, and more. With their departure life returned to its usual routines. Work continued at quick pace on the surface compound's towers. And a second attempted infect Goblin ambush was thwarted by the crossbow squad. It seemed that the usual vast hordes of Nothing had been replaced - for now at least - by small Goblin squads.

[Spoiler: Goblin squad routed](#) (click to show/hide)



In hopes of keeping morale up, Stronghammer had decided to commission a memorial for those fallen. The base was made from silver - of which the fort had an over-abundance and topped with a fine gold statue of the goddess Atir Purplemines - who as goddess of jewels was also associated with healing and resurgence - cradling a dying soldier. It stood not far from the temple and was on the path between the dormitories and the meeting hall, ensuring it would always be seen.

[Spoiler: Memorial](#) (click to show/hide)





A council had also been set up consisting of Derm, Tarran, Meinhard and Rovod. They were task with reorganising the militia into a true military force, a task they took to with gusto, soon presenting their plans. Tarran and Rovod, as the two most experienced soldiers in the fort would be joint Militia Commanders. Tarran would command the newly-formed 'Copper Suns' which would consist of himself, Melagius, Bax, Juggernaut, Derm, John Lock, Rashem, Dohon, Katana and Kuro. Furthermore, a second squad, the 'Copper Crafts' would be formed as an auxiliary under Neo - who had demonstrated that the spirit had been a good soldier in a past life - consisting of Neo, Eldrich, Justice and Thud. A crossbow squad, the 'Arrows of Leading' would be formed under Rovod, consisting of him, Doc. Steve, Rar, BranRhi, Reno, Jessica and Konith. Meanwhile Kadzar - as the last of the Temple warrior-priests - had taken the 'Fountains of Faith' as the military designation for what he hoped would again be a full holy squad. With both Reg and Stronghammer's insistence, Sandra, Loral Treesinger, Fori, and Xenos were removed from active service, owing to their condition and relocated to less dangerous pursuits. Armour was also standardised - with the exception of Justice who refused to touch metalwork - and work was to soon begin on converting the abandoned Thieves' Guild headquarters into a proper barracks.

#### 4th Obsidian 678 - Evening

They met for the first time in the new, recently furnished meeting room of the Alliance for Dwarven Survival's headquarters. Brosso, self-styled 'the Magnificent', leaned back in one of the silver chairs, puffing happily on a cigar. He blew a great cloud of dark smoke up towards the smooth ceiling. "Yes. I think some statues, some suits of armour, silken tapestries of course. It will all be fit for a king when it's finished. Maybe we can even convince Felix to engrave the floors? Maybe even the walls! Ah, you should have seen the great trade rooms we had in the northern forts. Artwork so intricate you could see the same engraving for ten years and still discover new details!" The Dwarf was grinning most happily into his beard. He took another drag of his cigar and blew a ring of smoke out, then sobered up, his voice slightly more downcast. "All gone now, of course." He blew another great waft of smoke, then cracked a smile again. "Still, the least we can do is preserve true civilisation here."

"You're certainly in good cheer," Reg remarked, his face - as it usually was in these increasingly stressful times - neutral.

Brosso gave a deep laugh. "And why not? The Iron Guard tell me eight bugbats have been caught in the cage traps on the Fiery Cistern just these past two weeks. *Eight!* A small but good start for the circus, I dare say! Or maybe even the arena! Can you believe that Elf-love Derm wanted to go see if there was a nest nearby and furret them out? Let them come I say, there's space for them in Brosso the Magnificent's Circus!"

"I don't mean to crush your good news, Brosso, but we have other concerns to deal with before we can celebrate your growing repertoire," Stronghammer interrupted. "I wanted to get you two's advice on a police force for Nomekast. With the Thieves' Guild still out there, we need to be defended."

"Do we really need yet another group? Between the new militia squads, the Iron Guard, the Jagers, the Elf zealots, Ibruk's little community, the Thieves' Guild and everything, I'm starting to lose count. Isn't policing what Derm is for as the Sheriff?" Reg asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Pah, that tree-lover couldn't police a kiddy-forge. *That* is what the Iron Guard is for, Stronghammer, my good fellow," Brosso interjected, letting loose a cloud of smoke.

"The Iron Guard isn't very...popular amongst non-Dwarves. The elections for Mayor are coming up in less than a month and it would be best not to antagonise people, especially in such tense times as these. With respect to Derm, he is not the most unbiased Dwarf, and so a police force headed by him would be the easiest way to-"

"What? Give him more power? Have you gone completely Goblin in the head? We're talking about a Dwarf who allowed a Troll to stay here. *A Troll* for Id's sakes! I can tolerate Humans, Goblins, even Elves when they contribute to society and conform to proper culture, but Trolls? *Trolls!*?"

"Yes, thank you Brosso. What I am trying to say is that this is to keep him in check as much as anything. With trustworthy people there we can avoid another theft like the one we suffered several months ago, and keep an eye on Derm. Is that more to your liking?"

there was silence for a few seconds before Reg spoee up, "Just be careful, Stronghammer. A multitude of groups with differing loyalties all over the place is rarely good for a fort."

#### Obsidian 678

The compound towers were finally finished by early Obsidian. The community had worked feverishly on them, trying to make sure they were finished before the Nothing could return, and that had paid off. Increasingly, Nomekast was abandoning the attempt to hide, and moving towards a more structured management of the threat facing them.

Spoiler: Compound towers (click to show/hide)



Elsewhere, Bounce had completed her greatest accomplishment yet: an estimate of Nomekast's wealth. To everyone' surprise, she declared the community far richer than expected, with almost a million in wealth.On close inspection though, a third of that was from what people had brought with them while most of the rest came from estimates of the wealth of artifacts.

Spoiler: Nomekast's wealth (click to show/hide)

Created Wealth:	8 7 2 5 0 9 ☼
Weapons:	1 2 9 5 4 ☼
Armor and Garb:	5 4 1 3 4 ☼
Furniture:	2 1 9 3 2 2 ☼
Other Objects:	3 7 8 2 5 2 ☼
Architecture:	1 0 4 2 3 3 ☼
Displayed:	8 5 1 2 0 ☼
Held/Worn:	1 8 4 9 4 ☼
Imported Wealth:	2 8 9 1 7 5 ☼
Exported Wealth:	6 1 7 ☼

Nathaniel Stormwind had dug out two small rooms for himself besides the Human temple where he set up a library of sorts and private quarters for himself.

Spoiler: Nathaniel's library (click to show/hide)



With the surface mostly peaceful, the community scoured the valley, collecting stray bolts, weapons, pieces of armour, and various goods dropped from fleeing traders. Skeletons were also found by the dozens and it was Nathaniel who convinced Ibruk, who in turn convinced Stronghammer, to carve out a separate mausoleum in the cemetery where these people could be laid to rest, despite the community having no knowledge of who they had been in life. This had already proved a good thing when the two ghosts that haunted the meeting area faded away, finally at rest.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)





Ablel Cattenakum Ghostly Macedwarf has been put to rest  
Mosus Ingtakcatten Ghostly Hammerdwarf has been put to rest

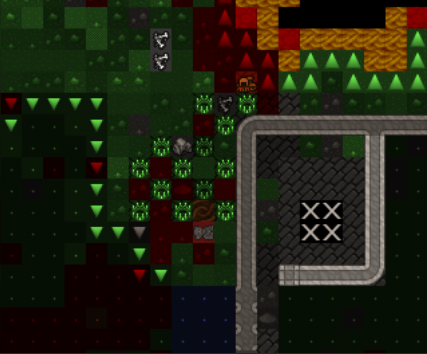
The new dining-area was finally finished and completely furnished.

Spoiler: New dining-area (click to show/hide)



With Ugo's advice, Juggernaut, Meinhard and the Jagers had set up hidden cage traps primed for Nothings or infected Goblins around a part of the compound that most Goblin ambushes seemed to cross on their way to the front of the fortress. With luck they would catch some that could be safely stored somewhere while they began work on digging out the new laboratory.

Spoiler: Cage traps (click to show/hide)



The old laboratory, meanwhile, had been reopened and refurnished after the place had been thoroughly cleansed and even blessed by Ibruk. New security precautions were taken though, as every door had been replaced by a large lead one, and cage traps lined every way out, as well as the exit to the Nothing pens.

Spoiler: Lab reopened (click to show/hide)



While in a slightly controversial move, Stronghammer had brought in work sheets for every profession. From now on, everyone had to sign in and out of workshops, so that the newly-formed police under the Sheriff Derm could keep track of who was where and when, should the Thieves' Guild strike again.

28th Obsidian 678 - New Year's Eve

For the past three months Nomekast had been at almost complete peace. The only danger from the surface came from occasional infected Goblin ambushes; the Nothing hordes seemed to have withdrawn for the while. The New Year's Feast was therefore to be quite a joyful one. A way of releasing the stress and tensions of the tumultuous past year. Dwarf danced with Elf, Goblin danced with Human, Thud had ingratiated himself well with the children by letting them ride him, and alcohol ran like a stream. However as the community feasted, drank, danced and sang their way into year 679 to the sound of lively tunes from Jessica von Sachsen's violin or several of the instruments that William de Mont-Saevo had made since his arrival, amongst others, there was a sense that this could not last forever. And indeed soon, sounds from the caverns and a garbled warning from a ruffled young Elven couple that had eloped to the lighthouse jolted the community back into the reality of its situation.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Forgotten Beast Okag has come! A great blob composed of vomit. It has a round shell and it appears to be emaciated. Beware its poisonous gas!  
  
A vile force of darkness has arrived!

The layout of Nomekast as of 1st Granite 679 (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-11518-godsaved>)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **neotemplar** on **December 18, 2012, 11:35:52 pm**

Sign me up:  
  
Name: Neotemplar  
Preferred Species: Goblin  
your Gender: Doesn't matter  
your Profession:Bee Keeper  
your Personality: Is obsessed with making things out of wax and building massive bee colonies, He/she thinks that Goblins are a type of bee and is actively seeking out a Queen Bee to serve  
Extra Info: If drafted into the military, Neotemplar will prefer to use a ranged weapon.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **empfan** on **December 18, 2012, 11:47:03 pm**

New Years Eve, a bit before the invasion and forgotten beast



No one'd notice if he'd not been drinking a bit too heavily now, he supposed, maybe not, because the stress and mourning is over with.

His parents were killed in front of him, one shot. Town burned to the ground. Two. He lost everything he gave a damn about inside that town. Three. He would of gone onto a fourth, but at this point he heard the reports of the sounds coming from the cavern. He supposed that he should probably go off to find a kennel in case they come back with anything...just in case. He waited for Jack to finish the scraps he was given, stepped out from the table and began to try to walk out as least noticed as possible.

(a quick request, if possible can a War Dog be assigned to Weiss, for the sake of him having a Jack that wasn't just for RP?)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **December 19, 2012, 12:55:39 pm**

"NATHANIEL!" called Forgar. "Yeah I know, get Onthorn to locate the necromantic abomination and have Elitan and Kane get the shield wards ready!" Nathaniel looked at Kizerbane and Forgar "You ready for war?" Forgar nodding said nothing and Kizerbane only grinned.  
Nathaniel Stormwind fastened his dark hooded cloak and a black mask to his face. Nathaniel turned to his companions and said "We haft to stay out of sight of the solders of Nomekast, we do not want to revel that I am a necromancer untill we gain their trust." Elitan nodding said "We understand."  
Nathaniel stealthily existed looked and warded his home. With great skill he stealthily existed Nomekast to the depths where Onthorn waited. "Found it?" Onthorn looked up "Not yet Zorn Stormfang" Nathaniel raised an eyebrow "So we're going back to that huh?"  
"HEHEHE, YES. THE DARK MASTERS KNOW YOU AS ZORN, SO TO 'PROTECT' YOUR SOUL YOU TOOK THAT NAME." chuckled Kizerbane in a low wispier "I THOUGHT THAT WE WENT OVER THIS A LONG TIME AGO."  
"Lets just hope there aren't any shadow demons"(nothing) Nathaniel readied his scepter and necromantic focus(the goblin skull) and waited.

While waiting Nathaniel Stormwind starts to doodle:  
A private work shop near his home (stone and bone craft)  
Off his private quarters is a sort hall to a room the size of his library  
In this room is an alter to the gods in the center and a necromantic alter and a necromantic alchemy table in a alcove (the hall has 3 floodgates with a leaver each to guard the alter room)(necromantic alchemy table will be made from Blood thorns and the necromantic alter made from Nether caps if possible)  
Off the alter room are 5 small shrine rooms:  
shrine to the Elven hero Elitan Glimerlight and an alter to the Elven Spirit of War(Door to room is made of wood with an elven holy symbol on it)  
shrine to Onthorn the Kobold spy master and an alter to the Kobold Ascended Ones (Trapped wood door with kobold symbol on it)  
shrine to the monk Kane Jerrod and an alter to the Human god balance (Iron door with a ying yang on it)  
shrine to the Dwarven Paladin Forgar Stormspear and an alter to Id the 'Stonefather' (Stone door encrusted with gems in the pattern of Id's holy symbol)  
shrine to Kizerbane Goblin High Priest to Armok and Necromancer Archmage and an alter to Armok God of Blood (Steel floodgate with bands of platinum and encrusted with gems in the pattern of Armok's holy symbol)

{OOO: Nathaniel Stormwind's plan is to 1: stay out of sight of the solders of Nomekast  
2: stay at long rang and snipe the monsters  
3: his main target is the necromantic abomination (forgotten beast)  
4: rescue solders while staying incognito  
5: run when out of ammo

Nathaniel will only attack if the military does  
Nathaniel will refer to the nothing as 'Shadow Demons' from now on.}

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **December 21, 2012, 12:55:02 am**

Journal: It would seem that work outside has come to a close. Im glad the work was done quickly and safely and that we lost no one in the work. Also the police force and sign in sheets seem to be setup and in order. Hopefully people will understand that it is for their safety. The new year festival will definitely relieve tensions for our not so little community. Thank the gods. By my beard, a most interesting turn of events has occurred. It would seem that bounce has determined that we are quite wealthy. This is great news for us as it will draw more trade to us in these dark times. However it will also likely bring more enemies, which we seem to have no shortage of. Well since things are going so well, I will have to look into the construction of a statue garden for the people. I want to create a place of peace and quite far from the industry and people and fighting, so that everyone will have a place to think and relax. Well it would seem that another forgotten beast has arrived while writing. We will have to send every squad we have so that there is less chance or time for injuries in the fight. However I will keep back the Iron Guard to defend as well as the police force as they are tasked with other things in the community. Well journal I rest my hope on our troops being victorious.

Hmm it would seem journal that just as I was about to see to events, my mind wandered. It does that now from time to time, what will all the stress of protecting and leading the community. I welcome the stress and challenge of leading the community as I am most happy with it. However I must look into creating my own Clan/Guild here. Everyone is so busy doing this and that for themselves, yet so few do things for the community. It was, when thinking on that, that I noticed that I have done nothing for me. I have created everything with the purpose of helping and serving the community. It seems time that i create something for myself. I must create a Clan to continue on my ideas, and who think similarly to me. We already have a church (multiple), many different war parties, a lab, a thieves guild, and many many other little organizations. Yet we have yet to have a true Dwarven Clan. Therefore I must pursue this agenda of mine, of course when not busy with helping the community. That way I have something just for me that I can take pride and love in. Well journal, that is enough distraction for now, I must watch over the defense. Even if I am confident in the outcome.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **December 22, 2012, 07:42:10 pm**

neotemplar - Sure thing! We've only got females free at the moment, so you've got a female goblin. Bio's up on the first post.

empfan - Certainly, but there's only one dog at the moment, owned by some random npc dwarf. The moment there's one free, either from another owner's death or from trading I'll assign one to Weiss.

1st Granite 679 - Dawn

"All right people," came Derm's voice, "We've got a Forgotten Beast on the home level and an infected Goblin army on our doorsteps. What are our plans?"

Presently the community leadership in the form of the Sheriff Derm, the Mayor Stronghammer, the head of the defences Fori, and the militia squad leaders Tarran, Rovod, Neo, Meinhard and Kadzar were reunited around the stone table in Stronghammer's office, looking over the latest map of Nomekast.

"Kill dem?" Meinhard suggested, bearing a toothy grin.

"Probably not a good idea to face them heads on," Tarran muttered, "didn't exactly work out too well last time."

"Let's think logically here. We've spent the past three months building defensive structures to use for such an occasion," Neo pointed out.

Fori nodded at this. "The compound towers are perfect for this. Working with Ugo Sosleng in the labs one thing I noticed is that the Nothing - and so I imagine Nothing-infected Goblins - will just make a beeline for the nearest living person. If we open the drawbridges to draw them into the compound -"

"-and then slam the drawbridges shut and shoot them down from the towers! Brilliant!" Rovod completed, slamming a fist into his hand emphatically. "There's no way to reach the towers except from inside, we'd be perfectly safe to reign death down onto them!"

"It's only a small force, we might just be able to draw them into the trapped corridor and wipe them out like that, that'd save us a lot of bolts." Kadzar stated.

"Dwarf has a point," Tarran said, "No sense in taking unnecessary risks at this stage. If we send them through the trap corridor then the few that get through the traps and ballistas will be easy picking for the militia."

"So we're agreed. Now what about this Forgotten Beast? By the sounds of it its towards the west, in the Spider Mazes," Stronghammer asked.

"We haven't set up any defences there. Hate to say it, but the best course might just be moving out and taking the thing out before moving on to wipe out the Goblins on the surface." Tarran said.

"If we keep the Iron Guard and police back, we can have a force to defend the place should the beast loop around the militia and move in." This was met with agreement and the militia leaders moved out to draw up their squads and head out.

The Copper Suns, Copper Crafts, Arrows of Leading, Jagers, and Fountains of Faith met at the drawbridge leading out to the rest of the cavern level. Fully-armoured and bearing recently-sharpened weapons - save naturally for hammers and maces - they draw up into lines, every inch a much more professional force than three months ago.

It was Tarran who spoke first. "Ok, now from here on complete silence unless you spot the beast or some other danger. We don't want it to hear us and start stalking us or whatever, got it?" There was a collective nod and the militia moved out, weapons ready. Unseen to them, Nathaniel Stormwind, sceptre at the ready, stole behind them, keeping to the shadows.

The first level of the caverns - colloquially called the 'Home Levels' were for the best part safe. The most dangerous part were the 'Spider Mazes' to the west of the fort, where giant cave spiders often roamed and had in the past killed inhabitants. Aside from that there were only cave crocodiles in the water to look out for, or the occasional giant toad, nothing really dangerous. Thus the militia safely moved out, reaching the area where Okag, throwing itself once against the walls of the community before disappearing, had announced itself.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Okag was not far from there, lurking in the water. With a deafening roar the shelled blob burst up, only to be met with a full volley of bolts into its soft body followed by another shot to the side by the unseen Nathaniel who had hidden himself to the side, behind a pillar of stone. With a cry Juggernaut - as usual - flew forward, battle-axe singing through the air. Behind him followed Thud, the Troll barrelling into the side of Okag and knocking it down. The rest of the militia followed soon, piling onto the beast.

Spoiler: Okag submerged (click to show/hide)



Unable to do anything while it was pierced, smashed, slashed, and stabbed on all sides, Okag let out one roar before John Lock sent his sword into its side, silencing it forever. The militia stood back, breathing heavily and catching their breath.

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)

The Human swordman slashes The Forgotten Beast in the shell with his -copper short sword- fracturing it!  
The Human swordman stabs The Forgotten Beast in the body with his -copper short sword- fracturing it!

"That was almost too easy. I don't like it," Bax commented, wiping his dagger clean of the vomit-substance that Okag was made of.

"I wouldn't worry, you might get your chance with the Goblins," Rashem replied as they began to trudge back.

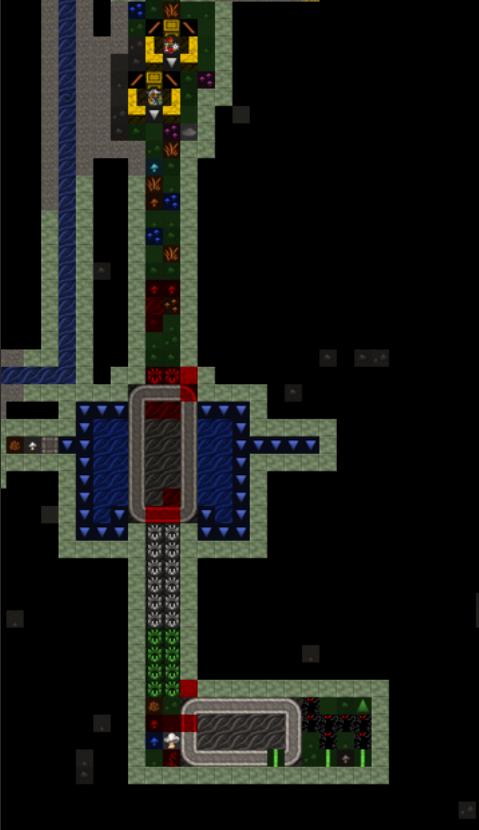
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*Morning*

By the time the militia reached the trap corridor the Urist Imiknorris and Bayar had already prepared the ballistas and the sun had risen, flooding the valley with light. They didn't waste time, simply lowering the drawbridge and sending a Kobold up to the lighthouse to keep watch and inform them on the siege force's movements. Fori had apparently been right, as as soon as the drawbridge was lifted, the Goblin force moved towards the corridor, almost as if by magic.

After fifteen minutes wait or so, the Kobold scout came back with news of the Goblins descending into the corridor. Bayar and Urist prepared their ballistas and the militia prepared their weapons.

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)



They saw the infected Goblin force arrive at the end of the corridor, moving steadily forward, armed with scourges and lashes, their ostensible leader riding on a large rutherer. The Goblins advanced - and fell straight into the cage traps.

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)



Apparently unperturbed, several of them advanced further, and soon stone traps were dropping large boulders down onto them. Urist and Bayar began to fire, and large deadly ballista bolts flew forward into the mass. Once the chaos had died down the militia charged forward, Juggernaut, as usual, at the head of them.

It was a short battle. The Goblins, already weakened by the trap and having lost a third of their force to the cage traps, were soon crushed, with only Justice receiving one cut on his finger as the only wound they all had to show.

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)



The first siege of Nomekast had finished, and floundered almost spectacularly and it was uplifted that everyone got back to work. A blacksmith had suddenly been struck with strange inspiration and silently claimed a magma forge.

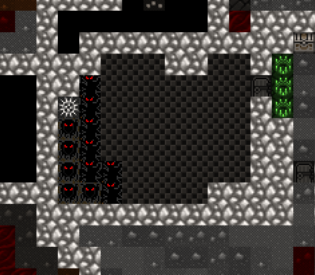
**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)

Ineth Vaboklecad Blacksmith has been possessed!

The Nothing-infected Goblins were moved into the secure pens in Ugo's laboratory, ready for experimenting.



Spoiler (click to show/hide)



While in the realm of politics Stronghammer Fireforge's term as Mayor was soon to end, and campaigning would now begin, with voting at the end of the month.

Election time again! For those of you who don't know, here's how it works; if you want to be Mayor, nominate yourself as thus. Everyone gets a vote, just post or pm me to who you want your vote to go. Mayor candidates feel free to campaign, give speeches, promise things, all that. Needless to say if this fails spectacularly and no one votes, I'll just take it as Stronghammer being voted back in unopposed. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **December 23, 2012, 02:36:36 am**

Laboratory Log  
Ugo Sosleng

Quite an eventful new year. An extremely scientifically implausible forgotten beast and a squad of infected goblins out in the open. As I understand both were dispatched quickly and efficiently. Most excellent. Even better, I now have seven new subjects. Still living nothing-infected goblins. Finally I can begin to glean their secrets.

- To Do:
- Study infected goblins
  - Gather samples from the forgotten beast (Emaciated vomit? Seriously? How does that work!?)
  - Continue to monitor all wounds caused by Nothing
  - Come up with a more scientific name than Nothing
  - When time is available, continue work on project

PS: I hear mayoral elections are coming up soon. I don't particularly care who is in charge as long as they leave me to my work.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **MrGrau** on **December 23, 2012, 06:35:58 am**

Journal of Grau  
Once again the military of Nomekast excels. They had even managed to take a few captives for Ugo's laboratory!  
But something that is possibly even more important than those research subjects is coming up soon. Elections! I'm not one for politics myself, but I may be able to convince Ugo to partake in the election...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **December 24, 2012, 12:13:58 am**

From the journal of Nathaniel Stormwind:  
Tales from the Void  
Chapter 3 Settling In

With the necromantic abomination destroyed, I waited for the solders to leave for the enemy army at the surface. I approached the abomination and took a sample of its shell and the vomit-substance it was made of. Reflecting it was a good thing I was there. I may not have done a lot of damage to the thing, but necromantic creatures require a stable nexus of power, and a well placed disruption bolt will do wonders to weaken it.  
As I rest in the safety of my home I ponder. What will come next more abominations? More shadow demons? Or something worse?  
What ever comes I must prepare, so I will start work on my sanctum.  
I hear that mayoral elections are coming up. I will see who is running, find out more about them and vote for who I think is best.

As Nathaniel closed the tome he looked at his spirit companions. "Well that went better then expected." Nathaniel turned to Elitan Glimerlight and Forgar Stormspear "Forgar keep an eye on Kizerbane and things in our home. Elitan come with me." Forgar nodded "Got it"

"Nathaniel what are we doing?" asked Elitan. Nathaniel looked at her and said "I'm going to perform a normal mass at the Human temple, then I will go pray at the Elven shrine and Dwarven temple" "Then I'll get to work on the sanctum" looking at the blueprint he made while waiting for the military to mobilizes to kill Okag.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenir** on **December 28, 2012, 12:32:27 pm**

GAH.  
I want to stay in this effing story, but I don't want to just make a whole new character.  
FRACKING FACK.  
Can't we just re-human an already existing guy and pretend I came back from the dead or something?  
If not then...  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **December 29, 2012, 01:17:09 am**

Quote from: Xenir on December 28, 2012, 12:32:27 pm  
I want to stay in this effing story, but I don't want to just make a whole new character.

Well, my character is a necromancer so your character could meet him.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **December 29, 2012, 10:14:03 am**

So I come back from a week of vacation (with no internet) and find that not only have I missed my character's introduction, but I also missed two more updates on top of that. I'm glad the topic is alive again, but still. Very well then, journal time.

Everyding is so exciting here. Some people tink I am a bad person but other people tink I am good. I like dose people. Some more people came after I did but dey didn't stay. Did the miss dere mommies?  
Some tastys came but I couldn't eat dem. I get to go out to fight da tastys now! I will eat dem instead. I will be a legendary biter! A blob made of vomit came and everyone got scared. It is only vomit, it can't hurt you. People killed da vomit but vomit is already dead. SHINY ROCKS

OOC: I can't do this accent anymore. I think I will have Thud learn how to say "th". I had no idea how to go about packing everything that has happened into one entry. Did I miss anything?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenir** on **December 30, 2012, 12:47:37 am**

Quote from: Zorrin\_Drake on December 29, 2012, 01:17:09 am  
Well, my character is a necromancer so your character could meet him.

huehuehuehuehuehue  
Back off mate, I'm nobody's bitch.  
huehue  
hue  
Dark Souls, anybody?  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Quote  
Undead Hero FTW

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **February 03, 2013, 03:11:44 pm**

*Konith's journal*  
My, it has been quite a while since the last time I wrote. New year, another of those Forgotten Beasts and that attack on the Nothing. Plus Stronghammer set up a police force. And the Guild has not done anything about it! If we let that run its course, I'm going to wake up in a cell some day. And that is unacceptable.  
The Guild seems to be rather...passive, lately, though. After relocating our loot, we haven't done anything. This must be fixed. Complacency leads to being discovered.  
Hmm. I should see how that 'police' thing is done. Perhaps it is not too late, and I can infiltrate it. With one of us in the inside, evidence will vanish pretty quickly. Or... The elections are going on. One of the candidates could be persuaded to dismantle the police. While Stronghammer could be difficult to convince, certainly someone else can be found.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**

Post by: **Ovg** on **February 05, 2013, 10:33:29 am**

I, Brosso the Magnificent hereby present my candidature for mayor's office!

Perhaps even conservative elves could be swayed to support me... Just a little bit of convincing...

OOC:  
IT'S AWESOME! YOU'RE BACK, I WANT TO HAVE YOUR BABIES.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**

Post by: **Stronghammer** on **February 06, 2013, 04:21:50 pm**

I Stronghammer put myself forward again for another term. Why I think I should fit the bill is that, A) I have strived to make every race apart of the decision process through the council. B) I have a policy of equality and have frequently changed policy to please all. C) During my term everyone recieved places of worship, as well as equal opportunities for all. Therefore I feel that the happy equal choice is me. Vote for me for a solid, well integrated and stable society.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**

Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **February 06, 2013, 10:29:40 pm**

MainHard: "Da Jagers vote for StrongHammer. He done us vight so var."

The blueish Green mutant planned to take his jagers out into the caverns and place cage traps near areas where cavern life had been spotted. He posted up another Jager recruitment poster and made sure Ugo and Fori knew off the PanzerMench's notes. Who knows when one of his mad devices could come in handy. HLastly, MainHard planned to suggest the idea of "self defense" training in unarmed combat and dodging for absolutely everybody.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**

Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **February 06, 2013, 10:35:08 pm**

*Konith's journal*  
Hmm. Two candidates have proclaimed their intentions. One of them is Stronghammer, obviously, but the other is that circus-loving dwarf, Brosso. He looks promising, but I should be cautious. He is a member of that dwarven survival alliance, after all.  
Still, perhaps I could convince him to disband the police, if I offer the Guild's votes in exchange. No revealing ourselves, of course. A simple enough note on his desk informing him that certain parts of Nomekast are willing to further his campaign in exchange for a *small favor* will suffice.  
Stronghammer is not to be dismissed, though. He has proved to be susceptible to bribes, although his whole 'industrialist' mindset is in conflict with ours. I will speak to him about the dangers of the police, and maybe, if he promises to drop it, my vote will be for him.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**

Post by: **empfan** on **February 10, 2013, 05:27:27 pm**

He takes a another drink from his mug, sighs and then casts his vote

"I vote for Stronghammer, because frankly Brosso feels like a con man that they would send to entertain the weak minded in times of boredom."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**

Post by: **Justice** on **February 10, 2013, 05:29:33 pm**

Journal of Mason Justice  
I still can't quite believe it. A fortress of dwarves, elves, humans, goblins, kobolds, and I've heard even a boogeyman calls this place home. And now there's a mayoral election going on. I've been trying to get a sense of what the two current candidates are like; the incumbent, despite appearing to be a pro-industry hardliner has apparently made compromises with the non-dwarven population in the past. Seems like just what is needed to keep the peace in this place. This Brosso, on the other hand, sounds an awful lot like a noble to me. Between the two of them, Stronghammer currently seems the better choice.

It sounds like I was lucky to arrive when I did. The fortress had been under almost constant siege by the Nothing before my arrival, and they have been getting stronger. Since I have sworn never to wield a metal hammer, I have taken up the axe to help where I can. Hopefully, I will have some time to practice masonry. I would like to create a statue garden depicting the various races that inhabit Nomekast working together. If the world's civilizations weren't constantly warring, the world might've stood a chance against the Nothing. My hand still goes to where my hammer used to be when I see an elf or a goblin pass by - an old reflex - but they couldn't be any worse for a fort than a noble, and I've heard dwarves speak highly of some of the humans and even elves here.

I seem to be the only dwarf (or person) in the military without metal armor. Since I can't make it myself, I'll have to figure out how to requisition some.

OOC: I've been very sick and wanted to take the time to re-read everything before posting. Also, I'm not opposed to touching metalwork, I'm opposed to DOING metalwork and using metal hammers. So armor would be appreciated, but someone else must make it.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**

Post by: **Ovg** on **February 11, 2013, 04:47:05 am**

Diary of Brosso the Magnificent, Circusmaster extraordinaire

-----

The election day is here! My good friend Stronghammer already declared his candidature, and yet I cannot support him my dear diary, oh no I can't indeed! I want, no I deserve to be the leader! After all, who else is fit to be mayor other than a circus director? I can provide us with entertainment! I can unite the races! I can be the hero today!

Note to self:

- Change rethorics
- Appease Imamwa or what's her name, the elven elder
- Try to convince people I like kobolds and goblins, horrible thingies
- Offer free drinks and trinkets as campaign goods
- ~~-try to convince Fori to help~~

What extreme mesures must a dwarf take to promote his political image!

Also I've recieved a strange note, or rather I found a strange note on my desk. Some shadow would vote for me for a small favor. Nay! I will wait for first results and if the situation deteoriates, then it might be worth considering...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**

Post by: **Aequor** on **March 09, 2013, 08:01:37 pm**

Sorry for the delay, I've had exams then essays (and certain addictive games) keeping me busy. I should have an update in the next few days, and will probably finally do what I've been saying for months (if not years) and make the updates shorter so I can get them out quicker and cover more characters and events. Election are still ongoing if anyone still wants to vote/campaign/declare candidature/etc.

Xenir - You could easily pull a Neo and possess another human's body. ;)

Justice - Ah right, my apologies, I misread, I've fixed it ingame, we'll just imagine the people in charge of equipment misheard too.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**

Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **March 10, 2013, 03:00:09 pm**

From the journal of Nathaniel Stormwind:

Tales from the Void  
Chapter 3 Settling In  
Part 2

I ponder while going between temples. As I figured Brosso the Magnificent is a typical Dwarven noble and the information Onthorn has gathered on him in my mind confirms this line of thought. Stronghammer on the other hand from what we have gathered is your typical Dwarf who gets the job done. In the interest of a stable and happy fort I'll vote for Stronghammer and offer my knowledge of the people of the world and their cultures.(elven, human, goblin, kobold.)

I have noted that Ineth has started an artifact, I will keep an eye on him. There is still something wrong in the air even with the ghosts put to rest and Kizerbane has started to look for dormant (or active) magical taint in the community saying that we should make a secret guild of magi (mostly necromancers).

(ooc: What happend to Lerdí's skull, is it still around or was it disposed of?)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**

Post by: **Xenir** on **March 10, 2013, 04:42:45 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on March 09, 2013, 08:01:37 pm

Xenir - You could easily pull a Neo and possess another human's body. ;)

OKAY!

But how about you rename a human as Xenir again and we can all pretend I came back to life? You know, like some Dark Souls chosen undead or some shit.  
That's a great game.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**

Post by: **Aequor** on **March 24, 2013, 07:35:08 pm**

Zorrin\_Drake - Lerdí's skull is still around the place somewhere, it was never taken after Rakust abandoned it.

Granite 679

For the second time election fever wound its way through Nomekast. So far only two candidates had presented their candidatures: Stronghammer and Brosso the 'Magnificent'. This had already raised a few eyebrows as the two were known to get along fairly well, being both prominent Alliance for Dwarven Survival members, so the thought of them squaring off against each other was not what had been expected. Still, with the final vote count to be done at the end of the month, both hopefuls got to work trying to convince Nomekast that they should be mayor.

Meanwhile outside of politics work continued. The Goblin temple - the last of the major temples Stronghammer had promised as part of his mayorship - had been carved out and was due to be cleared and furnished, fulfilling the industrialist's campaign promise.

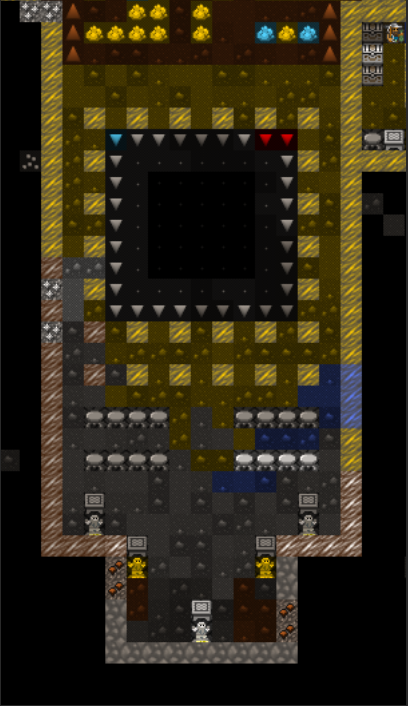
Spoiler: Goblin temple (click to show/hide)





The Human temple had been cleared and furnished with several statues of gods and goddesses, including Ngostong the Rumours of Terrifying, law-giver of the Humble Nations and incarnation of Onmo the Will of Snakes. Soon after the temple hosted its first mass under the auspices of Nathaniel Stormwind, who - to everyone present's surprise - left right after to pray at the Dwarven temple and the Elven shrine.

Spoiler: The furnished Human temple (click to show/hide)



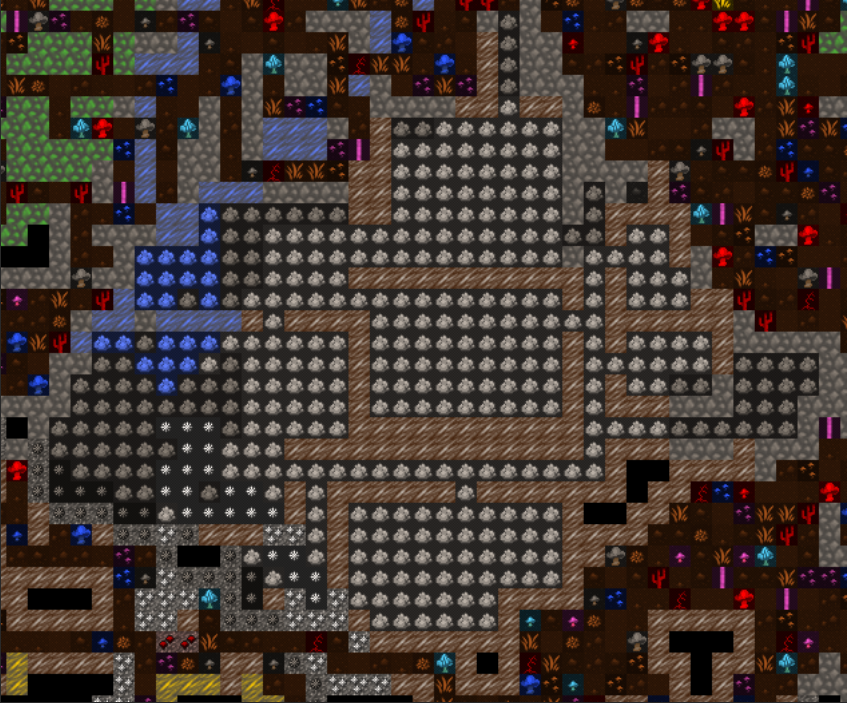
Outside of holding mass, Nathaniel himself had been busy, carving out a hidden sanctum for himself off his quarters as well as setting up private stone and bonecrafting workshops.

Spoiler: Nathaniel's sanctum (click to show/hide)



Ugo, Grau and the Jagers meanwhile were still secretly working on the hidden laboratory on the Lower Levels, having managed to carve out the rough rooms and corridors that would serve as laboratories.

Spoiler: Hidden laboratory dug out (click to show/hide)



The Thieves' Guild had also been hard at work furnishing and clearing their new quarters ready to re-accomodate them so that they could prepare for future heists. Konith in particular had taken a sharp interest in bringing the Guild's ill-gotten assets to bear in influencing the mayoral elections.

Spoiler: New Thieves' Guild (click to show/hide)



4th Granite 679 - Evening

A short rap rang on the door and seconds later Imiwa strode into Brosso's office, taking a seat opposite the Dwarf without even acknowledging him. Brosso looked up from the papers he was buried in. "I'm pretty sure that's rude even in Elven culture." Imiwa said nothing. Brosso picked up the delicate fungiwood box besides him and offered it to her. "Cigar?"

"Get to the point Brosso," the Elf retorted.

"My dear Imiwa, I would so like for us to be friends. I've already helped you in convincing Stronghammer to close down the wood-burners, if you'll remember."

"I certainly do. Your point?"

"Well if you'll remember I did it on the condition that you help me in the future. That time is now."

The Elf narrowed her eyes as she began to understand what Brosso wanted. "Is this anything to do with-"

"I need your help in getting your Elves to vote for me."

"And why should I do that?"

"Because I have asked you, and because I helped you in the past. You're not exactly the most popular amongst many Dwarves - let alone Goblins - Imiwa. You need me as much as much as the other way around. Please, just get your little Elven group to vote and spread the word. That's all, it's even less than what I did for you." He took a cigar out the box and lit it, puffing on it. "Who would you even vote for otherwise? The only choice at the moment is between Dwarves, you don't have a chance at being voted in, and if Fori should declare herself running again I doubt you'll vote for someone you've kindly termed a 'hateful, vile heretic'."

The Elf blew air out through her teeth in slight irritation. "Fine, I'll do as you've asked."

"I'm so glad this little alliance of ours is working out, truly I am. Still no to the cigar?" Imiwa ignored him, rising and leaving the office, leaving a smiling Brosso behind to blow a cloud of smoke where she had been standing.

8th Granite 679 - Afternoon

The blade of the knife bit into the infected Goblin's knuckle, as Ugo Sosleng wielded it with a precision that came from years of practice. Besides him, Fori and Grau watched on, while several of the militia lined the walls, weapons at the ready for anything. Outside, the troll Thud had been placed, as a last resort if anything managed to make it out of lab alive.

"You see," the Goblin said, twisting the blade so that it was angled perpendicular to the bone, still embedded in the inky surface, "when one such as our friend here dies, the stuff covering them melts away. But since our militia friends-" he glanced over at the guard at the wall "-don't quite have a scientific mind, they've never bother to see if it is linked to the death, or if severing a part is enough." With a small grunt he pushed the blade down and the finger came off. Red blood flowed from the stump and his assistants both flinched. Ugo pushed the finger away from the hand, severing any link with the body and almost instantly the inky substance covering the skin began to dissolve into wispy tendrils that faded off into the air. "Now see, that is most interesting. It appears to need a link to the living." He nodded over to Grau, who began to scrawl down notes, and picked up a scalpel. "Now, Fori my dear, if you'd be so kind as-" The Goblin was cut off by a loud commotion coming from outside the laboratory. Frowning slightly he tried to continue only for another outburst to make itself heard. Sighing he turned to go see what the hubbub was about, Fori and Grau in tow, while the militia remained to keep an eye on the infected Goblin on the table.

Outside, a large crowd had gathered by the forge walls. A small rickety wooden platform had been erected against a cavern wall and standing on it, was the self-styled Brosso the Magnificent. He was in the midst of a speech.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"-we've already seen to our spiritual well-being, we've seen to our food and drink supplies, we've seen to our defences! But, my fellows, my friends, what good is a community with no cheer? Have we returned to those distant days of our dark pasts, when we were born, lived, and died doing nothing but work? Have we descended to the depths of those savage nomadic tribes? My friends, my friends, let none be mistaken, I stand here before you to ask you; do we not deserve better?" A few calls of agreement rang out. "My friends, elect me and I promise you entertainment grander than ever seen! Let Dwarves, Elves, Humans, Kobolds and Goblins be united to make Nomekast the envy of the world all over and show those abominations lurking outside that we shall not let them take our love of life!" A cheer rose up, appealing to people's hatred of the Nothing was always a good way to do things. Brosso raised his hands, quietening the crowd. "Thank you, my friends, thank you! Be sure to visit the stand over there for some refreshments and complimentary crafts by some of our best Elven craftselves. Thank you again!" There was some applause and Brosso left the stage and the crowd began to disperse, some going to get free drinks and trinkets, others simply leaving.

Gräu snorted. "He'd be better off upgrading the lab if he wants to give the community a service," he muttered, eliciting an agreement from both Fori and Ugo. As they turned to return into the laboratory, a shriek suddenly pierced the air, followed by maniacal giggling then insane babbling.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Ineth Vaboklecad Blacksmith cancels Strange Mood: Went insane!  
Ineth Vaboklecad Blacksmith has gone stark raving mad!

Ineth Vaboklecad, the blacksmith who had been struck by some strange inspiration a week before had been screaming for several days now, demanding cloth. Apparently silk or pig-tail cloth had not been good enough, as she had refused them. Clearly whatever it was that had driven her to claim a magma forge in the first place had now driven her completely insane, as she went coursing through the crowd, tearing at her clothes while babbling incoherently.

Ugo frowned as he watched the display. He was not a Goblin of politics. "Hmph, all this voting malarkey at a time like this," he muttered to himself. It would have been better for the community to adapt to a better, stabler model, such as the Goblin systems. With a final sigh he returned to his lab, twirling the scalpel adeptly through his fingers as he itched to return to work.

Evening

Stas, Konith, Bax and Atis sat around the table in the recently-furnished new Thieves' Guild.

"Now then," Stas began, "now that we've got our new quarters up and running I think we can begin to continue the Guild's business."

"We need to do something about the police first," Konith interrupted. "I could maybe infiltrate it and-"

"Are you joking?" Bax said incredulously. "You're already on Stronghammer's radar from the raid on the metal stores. You joining the police will only make him even more suspicious."

"Then what do you suggest? You do it?"

The Goblin let out a hearty laugh. "Yeah, I'm sure they'd let *me* into the force." He grinned toothily, looping an arm round the small Dwarven girl by his side and bringing her to the table. "*This* is our ticket to information." He ruffled her hair with one green hand. He'd grown quite find of Atis, she did as told, even worked on her own initiative, and clearly held the Goblin out as some vague kind of father-figure.

"I don't think they'll let a little lass join-" Stas began.

Bax cut him off. "All she needs to do is spy. We all know how good she is at getting around unnoticed, and even if she is caught, what're they gonna do? She's a mute kid, they'll just think she was playing and got lost."

"I really don't think-"

"It's foolproof!" the Goblin insisted.

Stas and Konith shared a look; once Bax had an idea it was near-impossible to get the Goblin to give it up. Finally the Dwarf sighed. "Fine."



Nathaniel had felt the distinct pull of a spirit forcing its way back through the veil that separated the living and dead worlds just as the day was dawning. Without delay he grabbed his staff, moving out of his quarters to trace where exactly this spirit was heading to. It didn't take long to find it as his spirit companions fanned out. It was Kizerbane the priest of Armok that found the place: the cemetery under the temple. The Human made his way to the temple, passing through the great jet double doors into the small garden and then down into the crypts below. Directly before him was the passage that led to the small room that house Gadankobem, a gypsum coffin that was infused with some potent but dormant magic of unknown nature. To the left of him, locked away behind an orichalcum door was another strange artifact Nimemnokzam, a perfect aquamarine that had apparently terrified the Dwarven priests here, enough to lock it away. All in all his companions had noted twelve artifacts of various dormant magical powers within Nomekast, quite a feat for such a small and new community.

The crypts were pitch dark. It was already harder to see underground for a Human as it was, though the caverns were lit by a strange glow that made the place a perpetually dim twilight. He took a torch from the rack kept by the side for visitors, lighting it with a little spark from his torch. and moved on into the darkness. The tombs of those who had fallen lay all around the sides of the room. There was no sign of the spirit. It had either left - or worse, taken a corpse. He was racking his mind for any possible incantations Kizerbane had taught him to locate a spirit's trail when a dull thud rung out in the dark. It was coming from the further rooms where the more recent dead, including several dozen who had been retrieved from the surface when the community had had total freedom over it, were buried. He cautiously moved forward, and another muffled thud rung out, like something striking hollow rock. As Nathaniel reached the other chamber he could hear it much clearer now. It was coming from one of the stone coffins that lined the wall. He reached the coffin and read the name: Xenir. He vaguely recognised the name, a swordsman who had died a few months back. Another thud came from it. It seemed the dead man wanted to stretch his legs. With a heave Nathaniel gripped the stone lid, sliding it back.

With a distinctly relieved sigh Xenir sat up in his tomb. "Ahh, finally. Gods above I thought I was gonna be stuck in there forever!"

Nathaniel observed him for a few seconds. Though dishevelled and still sporting some slowly-healing wounds, Xenir seemed very much alive. "You do realise you're dead, don't you?"

Xenir rapped his knuckles against his head a few times. "Evidently not."

"You died and were buried. I was present for the funeral, I arrived the same day you died."

"I know, I remember it - my death, not the funeral, obviously. You're not learning me anything new. But I'm clearly not dead now."

"Yes you are. You still are. A living spirit can retake a body, but a dead body doesn't return from death.

"Eh?"

"You're undead is what I'm saying."

"You mean I'm going to rot away to a skeleton or end up as a zombie!?"

"Not while your spirit occupies it you shouldn't, that only occurs in basic necromancy with what are properly termed 'soul-husks', essentially artificial souls to animate a body to your will, but not a truly living soul tha--"

"I don't need a lesson in whatever mystic mumbo-jumbo you subscribe to. We all get enough of that from Ibruk. Just answer this: what exactly is going to happen?"

"Like I said, your body is technically dead, but with your spirit inside it should heal - and hurt - like normal. The process isn't exactly well understood, resurrection isn't exactly a commonplace thing."

"Ok. Second question: how long was I out for?"

"Almost four months."

"Four months." He stopped to think for a few seconds. "So this is...Granite 679, right?"

"Right. The tenth, at dawn."

Voices arose from behind them.

"-I assure you Master Ibruk, I can hear voices just past here-" They both recognised the voice, it was Kadzar, and thus probably Ibruk too, coming to perform the daily morning rites around the temple and the crypts. Nathaniel and Xenir stood in silence for a few seconds, unsure of what to do and worried how the two most pious Dwarves in the community would react. After a few long seconds the priest and the prophet turned to corner into the chamber and saw them. There was a long silence, then Ibruk spoke. "Brother Xenir, how wonderful to see you again, the gods have truly blessed us today! Come, come! The community must learn of this miracle!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **March 24, 2013, 08:26:46 pm**

Stronghammer eased back into his mayoral chair with a sigh. He had just been out giving his legs a stretch when he came across the small speech being given by his fellow alliance member. It seemed to Stronghammer that Brosso wished to try and win the elections by catering to the lack of entertainment. Stronghammer opened a tome to look at the various individuals currently living in the young community of Nomekast. He remembered each and everyone of them. Each arriving at the community with hope in their eyes. Everyone one of them striving to be a part of the community and to contribute to the town efforts. Stronghammer thought of them as his people, despite their diversity. He had been so engrossed in trying to help them that he had never contemplated the idea of loosing leadership. He feared for the community under the leadership of Brosso. Of the two of them Stronghammer saw himself as the more mild one in terms of equality and racial separatism. Brosso wanted only good for the dwarves, Stronghammer after having grown to accept the diversity wanted the best for all.

The tiredness slipped from his bones as he saw what he must do. He had to ensure that Brosso did not succeed in the elections. To do that he knew he had to take away the one bargaining chip he had. Entertainment. Stronghammer knew that was the only path he could and would take. He would not lower himself to the level of smearing his opponent even if Brosso's racism and dislike of the lower class was an important factor. Stronghammer called for the head mason and miners and began to draft up several community projects that he thought the town would enjoy. A tavern were drinks and stories could be shared and were those coming off duty could rest. A town auditorium wher meetings could be held, but also were plays, musicals, and operas could be performed. A small library where any could contribute to the town collection or go to enjoy the contributions of others. And finally a great monument in the middle of a garden and park, where any of the town could retreat for peace an quiet. One he drew up these plans he issued them to the people to look for volunteers. The second reason he did this, which was more of a bonus really, was for the people to see that he knew what they wanted and provided it. In fact at that moment an idea struck him. A small college where the leaders of the various fields could go to instruct the young and continue the passage of knowledge. Even include a small area for community research to be done. Armed with these plans and ideas, Stronghammer headed out to try and win an election.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenir** on **March 24, 2013, 08:36:41 pm**

"ah, Wha' happ'nd?" Xenir thought, still groggy. It took him a few seconds to remember who he was, but he had still no idea *where* he was. In his first investigation he had found himself in a dark, and really rather cramped space, and was thoroughly perplexed as to how he had got there. Stiff and sore, he wondered exactly what had occurred. While attempting to organize his thoughts, he was bombarded with a few hundred memories at once; Armor, leather, swords, soldiers, Shades, fighting, surrounded, a burning throat, and then... nothing.

"...The fuck?" He said aloud, his voice scratchy. "How... where *am* I?"

"Well," he reasoned. "I won't find out just lying here." And after a second quick inspection, he concluded that he was indeed in some sort of sealed container. Well, maybe not completely sealed; he was still alive, after all, but that was beside the point. He tentatively pushed on the walls and ceiling of his prison. No movement. He didn't really expect any, but now he knew for sure that he was, in fact, trapped.

"Oh, that is just *perfect*," He thought, contemplating his best chance of escape.

And so, hammering the walls as best he could, he shouted, "Hello? Anybody out there?"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **March 26, 2013, 12:08:24 pm**

Voices arose from behind them.

"-I assure you Master Ibruk, I can hear voices just past here-" They both recognized the voice, it was Kadzar, and thus probably Ibruk too, coming to perform the daily morning rites around the temple and the crypts.

\*Oh shit\* Nathaniel thought \*I need to think fast, I'm not ready to revel my secret yet!\*

From the journal of Nathaniel Stormwind:  

Tales from the Void  
Chapter 4 Twists and Turns  
Part 1  
\*this chapter is written as if the author were in haste\*

I do not have a lot of time to write all my thoughts down right now. What I need to do is:

- 1: Convinces Ibruk and Kadzar that I came here to pray for the dead when I heard a strange nose and investigated.
- 2: Tell Xenir that we will continue our conversation later in a more privet place.(my home)
- 3: Ibruk may want to tell the community of this "miracle", worn him that many people my not be happy at the news and think that Xenir has turned in to an undead abomination.(that's most people for you...)
- 4: At a more convenient/less hectic time find out more about the twelve artifacts.(shame about Ineth Vaboklecad)

I will come back to write my thoughts later.

After a quick note in the book the priest and the prophet turned to corner into the chamber and saw us. There was a long silence, then Ibruk spoke. "Brother Xenir, how wonderful to see you again, the gods have truly blessed us today! Come, come! The community must learn of this miracle!" Nathaniel inwardly winces.  
\*"Nathaniel I fond a strange skull (Lerdi's) you need to see it"\* whispered Onthorn in to Nathaniel's mind \*"when you are not busy that is"\*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **March 29, 2013, 12:34:43 pm**

Laboratory Log  
Ugo Sosleng

A most fascinating phenomenon this is. One wonders what the minimum critical mass is for the "nothing" to infect a host. Also, is it possible to remove enough of the nothing while keeping the host alive for the subject to no longer be counted as "infected". I eagerly await the answers to these questions, but I do have some initial theories. It would seem that, unless the infection process is incredibly fast, that amputation could prevent the subject from being taken over. Alternatively, if all else fails a knife to the throat should work, as evidence points to living subject being required.

I still have made no progress on ascertaining the reproductive processes of the creatures. In some ways they are very stubborn subjects. And that brings me to another point. "Creatures". I still have yet to come up with a suitable scientific name for the "nothing". I have heard them referred to as defilers, shadows, shades, darksquid, entitys of the void. All of these names are either ambiguous or inaccurate descriptives. A proper scientific name is required for the subjects species.

To do:  
-Continue experiments with all available subjects

-Come up with proper name for subjects

I didn't think that my political thoughts should go in the laboratory log, so I shall put them here. I hadn't much cared before who the new mayor would be, but that was before I became aware of Brosso's nomination. Stronghammer and I may have our differences, but they have been smoothed over (more or less). Brosso "the Magnificent" on the other hand is one I do not care much for. My biggest problem, of course, is his desire to take all of my research subjects and toss them into an arena. I can not work with out subjects. Thus I suppose that I must cast a vote after all. Stronghammer at least doesn't interfere in my work too much or very often. Brosso would likely drive me to the brink of insanity and beyond.

(This next subject is in code)  
On another subject, the secret laboratory has been excavated. We just need to remove the stones and start furnishing it.  
On the matter of the boulders to be removed, I do not think we should take them to the standard stockpile. I am sure it would arouse suspicion from Bounce if no others. Instead I believe we should remove the evidence either by A: storing it elsewhere, B: tossing into the magma, or C: constructing an infamous "Dwarven Atom Smasher". I shall discuss it with my associates next I see them.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **mavj96** on **March 30, 2013, 12:53:09 am**

I'd love an axedwarf.  
Maverick  
Preferably strong male. Male necessary.  
Comes from a broken home, a thief father and an uncaring mother.  
Doesn't really care about anything anymore.  
Looking for a good fight.  
Will journal :)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **March 30, 2013, 11:27:38 am**

mavj96 - Sure thing, we've only got free females at the moment though, so you'll need to wait for a migrant wave.

10th Granite 679 - Dawn

"I really don't think it's wise to tell everyone, Ibruk," Nathaniel said slowly.

The Dwarf opposite him raised a bushy eyebrow. "Why ever not, Brother Nathaniel? The gods have seen fit to return one of us to help in the eventual Cleansing and breaking of a new dawn on the world. We would be remiss to not declare this so all can see the miracles that the gods have wrought."

"Well, it's just, if you tell everyone they're likely to think he's an undead monstrosity and demand his death."

"Our community hosts a spirit trapped in someone else's body, a troll, a Bogeyman and other valiant Pilgrims drawn from all sorts of places, I do not think we shall have trouble fitting a man resurrected by the gods in. The will of the gods is - after all - immutable. I doubt they would have sent him back to be torn apart by a mob on his return."

"I wouldn't be so sure. He's-"

Xenir interrupted at this point. "OK, enough already, I'm standing right here, you don't need to discuss me like some stray cat you brought home. What exactly do you propose then? Hiding me away until everyone's OK with it?"

"Well-"

"No way. I've already spent too long in here, I don't want to now have to hide more. Just tell them I pulled a Neo, only I decided to return to my body and not squat someone else's."

Nathaniel hesitated long enough for Ibruk to have the final word. "Well, I think that's decided then. Come, Brother Kadzar, let us finish our work." And with that the Dwarf inclined his head to the two Humans before him and moved off.

Kadzar hung around for a few seconds, and turned to Nathaniel. "What *were* you doing down here, Nathaniel, if I may ask?" His tone was not accusatory, more curious.

The necromancer took a few seconds to answer. "I was just down here to pray for the dead, when I heard Xenir and came to see, much the same as you and Ibruk," he finally replied. The priest looked satisfied, and bidding them goodbye moved off after Ibruk.

Nathaniel stood silently for a few seconds while Xenir hauled himself out of his coffin and stretched, sore from being trapped in there for the past hour or so. Then finally the necromancer turned the swordsman, lowering his voice conspiratorially. "Tonight, if possible, please meet my at my quarters, just besides the Human temple, I need to talk to you about your condition. As long as they just think you're fully resurrected as opposed to undead you should be fine though." *Hopefully*, he added silently, having little faith in the populace's understanding or tolerance of any magic that touched the dead.

Dusk

Nathaniel had not been listened to, and Ibruk had quickly announced Xenir's return during breakfast. Xenir had been welcomed back with a mixture of joy - especially amongst his former militia comrades - and apprehension: many did not feel the idea of the dead rising to be 'divine miracles', much less want them in their community. But cooler heads prevailed once again as Xenir was allowed back in, even if many kept their reservations and suspicions.

It was as night - or what passed for it in the underground - was falling that the resurrected Human stole his way to Nathaniel's little house by the Human church. A quick knock on the door and he was let in. He was greeted by the sight of a small library with paper strewn across the place. Nathaniel had clearly managed to procure a good deal of pig-tail paper that was slowly being made in greater batches by the farms as Derm, Stronghammer, and the community as a whole began to use it more.

Xenir leant on the wall, arms crossed as he watched the other man pick up a few papers of some strange arcane writing scrawled with notes in the margin. "So, what exactly did you want to say?" he asked.

Nathaniel replaced a few scrolls into alcoves in the little library before turning to the swordsman. "About your condition. I want to make sure you understand completely, and just to make it clear: what I say should probably stay between us for your own benefit." Xenir nodded and Nathaniel continued. "The simple fact is that you're undead; whether you appear so, whether you feel it or not, your body died and now is back, ergo, undead."

"Right, you said that before."

"Right. But the point I want to stress here is that this has only happened a few times in recorded history. Very few times. What causes it - whether gods or other - is unknown. It's not traditional necromancy or the more powerful version possible by using the Sixth Mystery - uh that's a set of rites that can be used to-"

"Nathaniel was it? You're babbling again. I'm not here to learn the history of magic and your cult or whatever."

"Right sorry, I just didn't want to confuse you. The point I'm making is that while the recorded cases have the body being almost completely rejuvenated, it's still possible that typical signs of undead could occur, rotting flesh and the like. So what I'm saying is keep a watchful eye on yourself and if something goes wrong come to me. The moment you start showing symptoms like a typical zombie or risen skeleton you're likely to find yourself on the end of a mob."

"OK. Have to say, you're pretty open about all this undead stuff."

"Oh, uh, well I'm not one for knee-jerk reactions."

"OK, well if that's all, then I'll be going, thanks." Nathaniel nodded, and Xenir, giving a small nod back, left the small library and off into the night.

Granite 679

As the election continued and both sides campaigned battle lines were soon drawn. Stronghammer's new plans soon became clear as he ordered the carving out of a tavern opposite the dining area. The plans so far were to make it large enough to accommodate several dozen people, with windows fitted to command a view over the lake, and with a storage area to make sure that drinks were kept nearby rather than trudging down to the storage below. It wasn't yet clear who exactly would run or work in it, but most people overlooked this in their pleasure of having such a fixture of pre-Nothing life return. Battle-lines in the election were becoming clear as the conservatives Elves and Dwarves, and even several Humans rallied around Brosso, while Stronghammer remained popular with the more moderate sections of the community, and especially among most of the Goblins - at least, those that accepted to 'debase' themselves enough to actually vote.

Outside of the elections a tragedy had struck when Reg Medtobiger, one of Meinhard's Jagers who had been accompanying a mining expedition was dragged off by a giant cave spider. Forced to fend for himself until the rest of the group found him, he nonetheless managed to kill the beast, but fell unconscious moments later, severely wounded. He was rushed to hospital, but despite Reg's best efforts eventually suffocated from his wounds, leaving the Jagers with only two members, Meinhard included.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





OK, the election'll be brought to a close in the next update in the next few days, so vote ~~early and vote often~~ now if you haven't and want to.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **HailFire** on **March 30, 2013, 07:59:33 pm**

Finally caught up with this after being *continually* badgered by my brothers to do so, but I have to say, this is one of the (possibly *the*) best fortresses I've ever read (It's just a shame that so many of the older players no longer post... :-\).

So, against my better judgement and despite other forum obligations, I'm going to request to be ~~d~~waelfed. :P

Name: Mifava Nitharanemo  
Race/Gender: Female Elf  
Occupation: Druid/Philosopher  
Professions: Herbalist, Medic, *Bow/Spear/Pike-elf*  
Personality: Mifava has a virtually unflappable- if sometimes distant- demeanor, always striving to be the voice of faith and reason amid fear and anger, viewing them pointless, self-destructive endeavors. Perhaps her greatest joy is teaching, and she will happily spend hours sitting, drumming, smoking her bone pipe (one of her few possessions, and vice of choice, though periodic company with dwarves over the ages has left her with a harder liver than most other elves) and answering the questions of all who care to ask... though when it comes to the art of war, she immediately reverts to her days as a merciless drill sergeant. Above all, she holds out hope for the survival of the mortal world, against all odds- though whether this optimism is genuine or a comfort for the dying is difficult to tell.

Spoiler: [Backgroundy stuff](#) (click to show/hide)  
Mifava was born near the dawn of recorded history, in The Eternal And Most Holy Empire Of The Ferns Of Strategy, to one of the more prominent noble Houses- and, as expected of one of her stature, she served many prestigious years in the army, first as a soldier, then as a trainer, before being inducted into the priesthood after she was discovered to have a particular talent for communicating with the Spirits.

Nobody's quite sure what happened to her- though speculation abounded- but one day, during routine rituals, she suddenly became wracked with seizures and bombarded with powerful visions and voices, before passing out; when she finally recovered days later, her entire outlook on life had been changed radically: spouting various vile blasphemies implanted by whatever had gotten into her head, perhaps the foulest of which was- of all things!- peace and harmony with the inferior races, such as the *dwarves and goblins!* Naturally, and as part of the imperial effort to dismantle her House, which had long opposed the Empress, she was quickly exiled for her heresies, written off as dead, and soon forgotten.

In reality, she went on to wander the wilderness as a hermit for unknown centuries, communing with the spirits of nature and teaching or healing those who occasionally sought for her as she watched the mortal world slowly decay from the inside-out. With the rise of the *Voma*, an Age had ended, and the Old World was finally in its death throes- not even the legendary cloud-cities of the sky-born ones were safe, and the Blight rolled across the northern reaches of the land like a tidal wave of ink, seeking to blot out all sentient life.

For a time, Mifava searched to discover the source and nature of these unnatural abominations, but as it became harder and harder to hide, fight, or flee from them, she was forced to abandon this venture; in but only a handful of years, they had swamped many of the greatest armies and fortresses of the world, though some few strongholds had sprung up, specifically for refuge from the Blight- or The Nothings, as they were more commonly known.

The most famous of these shelters quickly became the dwarven hold of Nomekast, or Godsaved, whom had both survived the Blight the longest of all and sheltered all who came their doors, regardless of race- and rumors suggested even stranger things had happened there, were that possible. It was here that she headed, joining a band of refugees, and gathering all that would follow, for the meagre protection even safety in numbers could provide from the waiting host.

*Voma* and spirits alike swarm around Nomekast, and both drive Mifava towards it- and she intends to find out why.

So yeah, I decided we were running low on religious nutters. :P Meant to get this out before the latest update, but oh well; if/once I get in, I'll start working on a preliminary in-character post or two.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenir** on **March 31, 2013, 08:52:04 pm**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
Quote from: Aequor on March 30, 2013, 11:27:38 am  
I do not think we shall have trouble fitting a **Dwarf** resurrected by the gods in.

Dammit Ibruk, I'm human you religious nutter.  
Also, someone should find all the narrative/journal/other story-related stuff and put it all in chronological order. I would, but I'm a lazy bastard.

*Journal of Xenir*  
I'm surprised I found this thing, but it was right where I left it; in that crack in the wall by my nightstand. I remember taking it out the night before I... died, I guess. I don't feel dead. If anything i feel better than ever, but I digress. I took it out that night, but decided to put it back, and write in it after the fight. How ironic.  
Anywho, Im not dead, but I *am* undead apparently. At least according to that Nathaniel guy. Supposedly, what happened to me has only happened like once before in recorded history. Lucky me; I'm a special snowflake. Being undead isn't that bad. As far as I can tell, im no different. Still, what the hell happened?  
-X

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **March 31, 2013, 09:02:29 pm**

From the journal of Nathaniel Stormwind:

Tales from the Void  
Chapter 4 Twists and Turns  
Part 2

Things turned out better then I expected, Xenir has been accepted back in to the community with no almost outward problems. I will still keep my eyes on him for this is a rare opportunity to study this 'resurrection', if I can unlock its secrets.....  
I sense a barely contained disdain for Brosso as I past Imiwa at the Elven shrine, it seems that she and Brosso made an agreement to get the Elven vote. I'll send Onthorn to spy on him and I will try to sway the Elvin vote to Stronghammer.  
I need to work on my sanctuary some more, to get thing started off with I need:  
1: Get hidden door and traps installed  
2: Get Necromantic lab set up  
3: Finish the shrine rooms  
4: Add 2 more rooms, a magic room for scrying, summoning, and arcane combat practice and a small holding cell/pit for my experiments on nothing and/or necromantic creatures  
Also Onthorn wants me to instigate a mysterious skull near the Fiery Cistern, its presence bothers her so I will get it and figure out what its purpose is.  
I will also need to start my investigation on the twelve artifacts, to start with the gypsum coffin "Gadankobem", I will speak to its creator for more information on it. Next will be the iron idol "Domas Eser". I will need to talk to Kadzar about the artifact, Ibruk is to overbearingly religious, hopefully Kadzar is not.  
I have been listening to my spirit companions and have decided that I want a living cohort, no ill-will to them but the undead are not the same as a live person in the conversation department. An apprentice will be a nice change. I have wandered the world for a long time and I think its time especially with what occurred not to long ago, he or she will need to be trustworthy and loyal to my cause, of course is the protection of the weak and innocent. If I get an apprentice I'll need to make a room for him/her in my sanctuary to rest and study.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **empfan** on **March 31, 2013, 10:04:47 pm**

Weiss's Journal:

I think its about time I began to stop loafing around and mourning...and stop drinking, I'm getting sick of the hangovers. I think since it appears we won't be receiving any animals anytime soon I might as well see about getting into another career. I suppose I'll begin asking around, seeing if anyone is willing to take an apprentice. Hope they don't mind me bringing a dog along with me...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **April 02, 2013, 04:06:43 pm**

*Konith's journal*  
The elections are going to be soon, and Stronghammer seems to be winning. With this tavern idea, there's no doubt he will be chosen, as long as he doesn't do anything scandalous. Ah, too bad. Brosso could've been a good opportunity to advance the Guild's interests.  
On another note, we finally have a plan. Not a very good one, but something's something, I guess. Hopefully, the girl won't screw up. Key word 'hopefully'.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **April 03, 2013, 02:18:02 pm**

As of breakfast this morning, a new priority has come to light. It seems that our friend Xenir has come back from the dead. Ibruk, of course, claims this to be a miracle of the Gods. Perhaps I'm just more skeptical than him. Records indicate that we've had a necromancer around Nomekast before, and who knows what all the Nothing are capable of. Xenir was killed by nothing induced suffocation. I need to give him an examination to see if there are any signs of nothing taint, or other side effects of his previous death. Doc. Steve should also be convinced to give him a checkup.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **April 03, 2013, 03:15:22 pm**

Brosso was unhappy, bah, that doesn't even begin to describe his mood as he paced back and forth in his office, biting on his cigar and clenching his fists.

"That no-good charcoal-monkey Stronghammer! He dares steal MY election plans!".

Oh no, he thought, that couldn't be. Something had to be done, something grand and majestic. Yes! That was it! It was an old trick, "bread and circuses, bread and circuses" he mumbled as he began scribbling down his new plan. It was a simple, yet, as he would say "magnificent" one. A grand furnishing of all bedrooms and dormitories. Plus of course the dwarven (to please Ibruk), elven and human temples. "Give people bread first, and add circuses. It has to work." Another good point was at least \*to try\* to be nicer to Imamwa. "After all she isn't that bad of a broad, for an elf." he thought, "Perhaps we could strengthen our alliance in some way, I can't afford to lose her support".

Perhaps even an alliance with the shadowy figures reportedly seen could be arranged, yes maybe through some \*boys\* or \*suspects\* of the grand metal theft he could gain a meeting with the rascals. Their was the kind useful in this kind of a situation.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 03, 2013, 03:33:36 pm**

HailFire - Thanks a ton! I'm glad you enjoy it! You're lucky we've got several unclaimed females, so you don't have to wait for a migrant. Your bio's up on the first post!

Xenir - For now let's pretend Ibruk thinks of everyone as Dwarves. Fixed :P

Granite 679

The rest of Granite passed in a flurry of campaigning by both Stronghammer and Brosso and their supporters. Brosso had been quick to respond to Stronghammer's plans by issuing his own plans - namely that of aggrandising and better furnishing both the dormitories and temples. This was something that appealed to many people - especially when it came to the dormitories. Nomekast still had nothing in the way of proper individual bedrooms and - except for the few who built their own homes such as Tarran or Nathaniel - most people were simply assigned a bed in the dormitory. Making these better was certainly a popular idea, while furnishing the temples further only cemented his already-strong support amongst the more religious and conservative sections of Nomekast.

1st Slate 679 - Evening

The community had gone to the polls in the days before and now as Slate was ushered in the results would be announced. Bounce as bookkeeper had overseen the counting and was to announce the results. Presently most of the community was assembled around the dining area, some in the seats, some standing, some sat on the tables themselves, eager to hear who out of the two candidates - Stronghammer and Brosso - would be Mayor for the next year. With the police, candidates and Sheriff Derm behind her Bounce stood on a make-shift podium of stone tables besides the large stone urns that the votes had been kept securely in.

She held up a piece of paper, silencing the crowd, and began. By the Grace of the Gods and the Ancient and Grand Nobility." As ever she started with the traditional formulas that ruled Dwarven elections. This had been an election under Dwarven-style politics, and so Dwarven protocol would dictate how she announced the result. "The results for the election for the Mayorship of Nomekast is as hence follows;  
Stronghammer Fireforge - 38 votes.  
Brosso the, uh, 'Magnificent' - 26 votes.

By the Grace of the Gods and the Ancient and Grand Nobility - Stronghammer Fireforge is hereby re-elected Mayor of Nomekast!"

A mix of cheers from Stronghammer's supporters and polite clapping from Brosso's filled the cavern. Brosso and Stronghammer shared an amicable handshake and the re-elected Mayor moved forward to address the crowd. "My friends," he began and the crowd quietened down once more, "my friends. I shall not bore you with long speeches. Words fail me to thank you for the trust you have placed in me once more, and I can only hope and do my best to be worthy of that honour. My mayorship will have simple policies: the safety for all of us against our enemies above and below, the continued expansion of our fledgling community with new facilities such as a proper meeting place, a tavern, a library, a park, and even a college, respect for all our fellow members in our community, and industry to see all these carried out!

I thank you again for giving me the honour of another year serving you to the best of my abilities, and wish you all the best." And with that he stepped off the podium and into the welcoming crowds.

Dusk

Brosso bit down hard on his cigar and huffed and puffed on it. He had not lost by all *that* much if one looked at it from a literal point of view. Only 12 votes. But 12 votes was still over 15% of Nomekast's voting population and meant a lot when only 73 people could vote - and that was if all of them voted, which several of them had not. Several Goblins for example thought of the election as degenerate Dwarven rubbish and wanted nothing to do with it.

"There's always next year," he muttered to himself as he sat down on his chair, sighing deeply. He had to think positively, he hadn't lost so much as gained a year to ingratiate himself better with key people in the community and prepare for next year's elections. If he worked hard and got volunteers hard at work, he could even have the arena and circus ready by next year. There were already several bugbats and a rutherer caged, not including the Nothing and Nothing-infected Goblins, he could even set up traps in the caverns to catch more creatures. Bread and circuses. If he could get the circus running he could gain a good deal of support. That had been the old way back in the Mountainhomes after all, the rich and noble paying for extravagant parties and events to boost their support with the voters. He knew he had already a good deal of clout with the conservative Dwarves, and through Imiwa, the conservative Elves. All he needed to do was broaden the base somewhat. First thing to do would be to try and make contact with the shadowy group that Bounce, Derm and the police seemed to be chasing in vain. Who had been suspected last time? That Kobold, Konith, wasn't it? Then he'd go to him. Contacts were always useful. Yes, next year, that would be his time.

2nd Slate 679 - Dusk

Nathaniel had left for the Fiery Cistern as the work at the forges wound down and there were fewer people around. Since Onthorn had told him of a strange skull, a large beetle-like one, down on this level he had been curious to check it out inbetween his investigation into the more supernatural side of Nomekast. Armed only with his staff and his spirit companions he made his way out into the non-colonised part of the cavern level.

It took around a half-hour for Onthorn to guide him to where the skull lay. Onthorn's description had been apt, it indeed did resemble a large beetle head-shaped skull, half embedded in the mud. The air hummed with the tiniest of noises, like a far-distant chime. Some strong magic had been used here. Nathaniel focused on it, hearing the chiming get louder, blending into what to an untrained ear might be a cacophony, but to one trained in magic was a subtle arrangement that could tell him what kind of magic it had been. The taste of ash and metal filled his mouth as he felt the magic envelope it. It had been powerful magic indeed, from a well-trained necromancer. Hadn't there been one in Nomekast long before he'd arrived, Rakon? Rakist? Rakust, yes that had been it. The ethereal taste of ash suggested necromancy, powerful necromancy no less, using the Sixth Mystery that allowed the living to control the dead, while the metallic taste was more unfamiliar to him but was most probably the summoning spell Rakust had used to bring the forgotten beast here. He moved closer, examining the skull. To his surprise there were some black lines painted on it, which seemed mostly fresh. Perhaps the skull hadn't been as abandoned as thought.

His thinking was interrupted as he heard a noise coming from ahead. He quickly hurried back behind a pillar, carefully trying to spot who was coming. To his surprise it was three small clawed and horned creatures.

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)



He remembered reading about these - crundles, but these ones almost resembled tiny Nothing-Goblins with their inky black skin and shining red eyes, complete with protruding yellow horns and claws. He watched the three approach the skull and one of them, holding a bowl, dipped one claw into it and began to daub new lines onto the skull. Some kind of ritual? A religious rite? This bore further investigation, but for now he had seen the skull and knew its location. The drawbridge leading in and out of Nomekast on the level of the Fiery Cistern would soon be closed, and he had to hurry back if he didn't want to awkwardly have to explain to whoever was on duty why he had been out here so late.

Slate 679

Slate passed quickly with little extraordinary singling it out. Work continued in clearing and furnishing the Goblin temple, the tavern had been carved out and was soon to be cleared, Stronghammer had had several meetings with the architect Shin in regards to his other buildings projects, Ibruk and his followers continued work on their cathedral, the farmers - ostensibly headed by Fori - began planting the next batch of crops in the fields for Autumn's harvest, the militia trained. It was - indeed - business as usual.

In other news Ugo Sosleng had convinced Doc. Steve and Reg to try and get Xenir to come to the hospital for a checkup, and the Goblin wanted to examine the risen Human for himself, both curious and apprehensive. Xenir so far - remembering Nathaniel's words - had refused, but he couldn't hold out forever. Meanwhile Nathaniel had continued to expand his small complex besides the Human church and had made contact with Weiss Ironscroll in hopes of finding an apprentice to help with his investigations and research.

As Slate drew to an end however, figures were seen marching into the valley. One small group on one side of the river.

**A elven caravan from Ithithi Tiveye has arrived!**

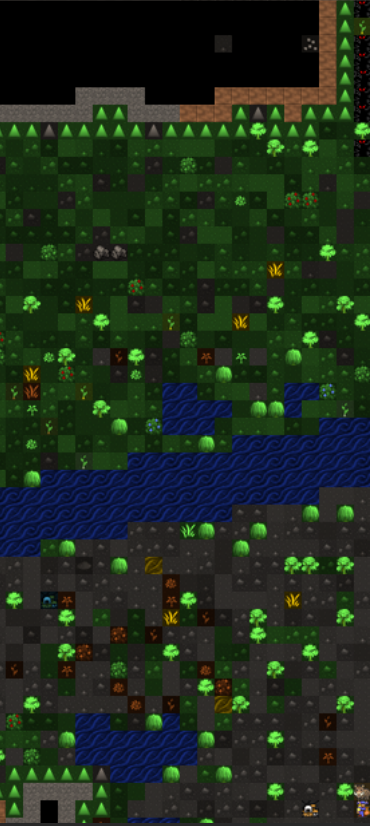
Another group on the other side.

**A vile force of darkness has arrived!**

And neither group particularly happy about the other's presence.

**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)





Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **April 03, 2013, 06:04:33 pm**

Aequor, you spin the most epic tale of all. Long have I waited for a tale that epic! Bravo indeed sir! I'd love for Nomekast to be victorious over the nothings' onslaught. Also Brosso came a long way from being a comical psycho dwarf. Now he's a serious dirty-as-heck politician. I love your writing, please never stop.

Also  
What do mixed migrants do in face of evil? They divert into factions fighting eachother.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **April 03, 2013, 09:21:56 pm**

Aequor another outstanding read. I so love the direction you are taking everything. I love the interaction between the characters and I enjoy how you developed Stronghammer. Keep up the great work.

Journal  
It seems that Brosso was close behind in the elections with the support of the more conservative parts of the community. I will have to do something about that, maybe arrange apartments for all of our citizens. Those are thoughts for the future. For now it seems that we are once again under threat of attack. We will have to send the militia to the walls and have the Iron Guard ready in reserve. Gods and ancestors willing we will have no casualties.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Lord Allagon** on **April 05, 2013, 09:11:51 pm**

*Konith's journal*  
Stronghammer has won. The bookkeeper, Bounce, announced the results. Brosso lost by about twelve votes, not too many, certainly. And a lot more that I expected. Who supported him, I wonder? Maybe the elves? I've seen that woman, Imiwa, going to his office quite often lately. Hmm. This requires further investigation.  
Though, as long as the police's still around, I should keep a low profile. No breaking into his quarters, then. Perhaps I could see if he's not looking for workers for his circus idea. It's not as if I have anything else to do, really.  
-  
There's talk in the halls of Nothing outside the fortress. And a caravan. I'm betting Stronghammer will send out the soldiers to deal with them. Me, I'm going to stay somewhere far, far away from the fighting. No profit to be made there, after all.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Sneaky Walrus** on **April 06, 2013, 03:56:53 am**

Juggernauts Journal  
~~~~~  
It appears that one of our bastion's members has been returned to the lands of the living. Truly, this is great news for the faithful. If one such as Xenir can be returned to fight again for the glory of Lord Armok, then what of the rest of our mighty defenders?

Perhaps this may be a sign from the Lord of Blood, a beacon to the faithful that through our trials and blood loss, we are reborn in his service, forged with the single purpose: To eradicate the world of this black tide. But I require more information.  
Simply interrogating the risen would provide little in the way of knowledge. Nay, I must search within that blasted temple for information on Armok's most sacred rights. Asking the cowardly priests for such information would be folly, as the weaklings do not understand the true majesty that is Armok.

My *friend* Ugo seeks to investigate the rise of Xenir by means of scientific inquiry and mortal knowledge. Although I know in my heart that this will yield incomplete knowledge, I will not stand in Ugo's way.

Where Faith may bind men to life, Blood will guide them true.

Where Blood may blind men of mortality, Faith will light their eyes.

~~~~~

A new caravan bares down upon our Fortress, lead by what appear to be Elves. But as before, the hordes of the Nothing have appeared to try and slaughter them before they can join our noble crusade of Blood. I shall sally forth with my fellow warriors, ready to slaughter the weaklings.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 06, 2013, 08:03:20 pm**

Ovg & Stronghammer - Thanks a ton guys! I have to say writing Nomekast has really improved my writing abilities, going back to read the start I can definitely see some good improvement :) I enjoy writing the story and I'm glad you enjoy it too!

6th Slate 679 - Morning

There was no time to waste. The usual council of the Sheriff Derm, Mayor Stronghammer, Chief Medical Dwarf Reg, Fori, and the militia squad leaders Tarran, Rovod, Neo, Meinhard and Kadzar were swiftly brought together to discuss the situation and what to do. The urgency of acting quickly meant that they met up near the entrance to Nomekast; meeting in Stronghammer's office would mean having to run to tell the militia the plans, which could cost the lives of the Elves just over the river. The rest of the militia had already been drawn up and were ready, weapons drawn or loaded.

"Right, what have we got?" Stronghammer started, drumming his fingers impatiently on his arm.

"Two squads on about length of the valley, each about a dozen each, all riding anything from jabberers to rutherers to giant toads. And those are just the ones we can see," Fori replied grimly.

"We don't have much of a choice," Derm started, biting at his lip in thought as he leant on his sword. "No way we can let them die."

"No way we can needlessly risk our lives either," Reg countered.

"We may not have to," Tarran said quietly. The swordsdwarf was stroking his beard, deep in thought. "The Elves are on the far side of the river, right? And the Goblins on this side? The Goblins will need to cross the river to get to the caravan, and to do that they need to take the only bridge - which is on the other side of the valley."

"Not quite the only bridge, don't forg-" Rovod stopped mid-word as he suddenly realised what Tarran had been suggesting. "Of course! We have the bridge from the compound over the river. We lower that, the Elves should be able to get there before the Gobbos, then we can close it. And from there-" he lifted his crossbow with a wry grin, "we can take over."

"What about the Nothing?" Reg asked, raising one worried eyebrow.

"There's no signs of any as far as we can see from the lighthouse, and certainly no flying ones, thank Armok."

"Right. Ve iz all agreed, den?" Meinhard asked. Everyone nodded. They didn't have time to argue further.

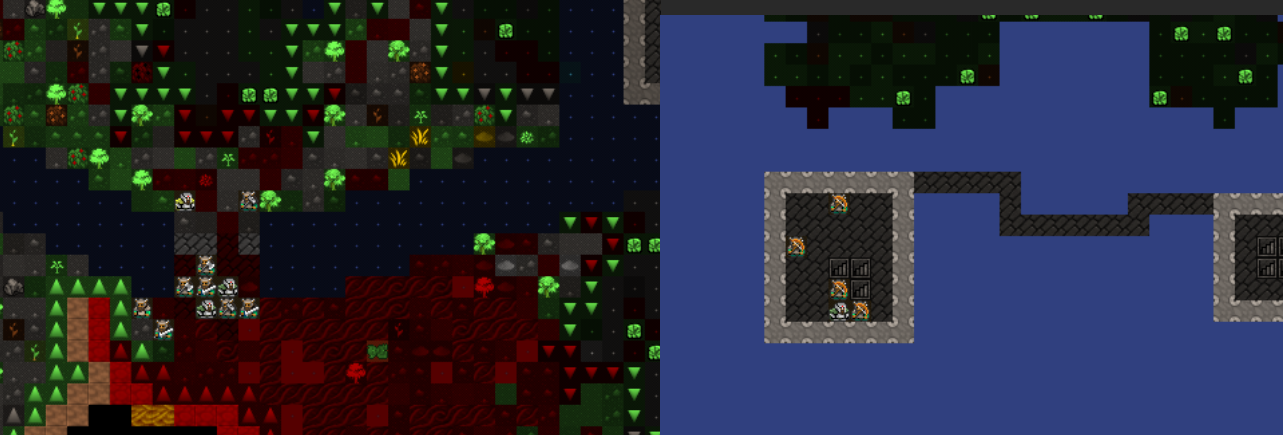
"Then let's do it, is everyone here?" Neo asked with a nod, hefting his sword.

Rovod nodded back. "As far as I can tell - except for Konith, the crossbowkobold."

"No time to wait, let's move."

They all fanned out, the militia commanders returning to their squads while Fori moved to pull the lever connecting the bridge. The crossbow squad - nicknamed 'The Arrows of Leading' - swiftly moved to the tower closest to the Goblins. If they passed too close to the compound, they'd swiftly have bolts raining down on them. The Iron Guard were kept back to guard against any possible unforeseen swarms of Nothing popping up, while the main militia force moved to the bridge over the river. If the caravan didn't manage to reach the fort in time they'd delay the Goblins. The Jagers meanwhile were sent on to the caravan themselves to lead them in.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



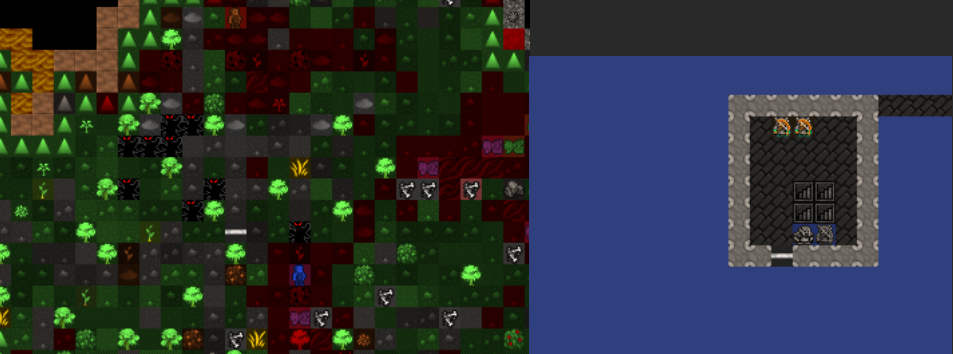
With Meinhard directing them - after having to explain that he was not some monstrous creature out to kill them - the Elves made swift progress into the compound, directing their animals forward with soothing Elven words.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



They had not been quick enough though as one squad of infected Goblins, riding full-speed on their assorted steeds, reached the bridge before the militia could pull back. The Arrows of Leading, up on their tower fired a hail of bolts down.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



It was Juggernaut who went first. The man hefted his axe high, taking a running start and leaping from the ledge into the Goblins below screaming a defiant curse. Thud took straight after him, the troll bellowing, his fists ready. Melagius hesitated a few seconds, then followed him, and the rest of the militia followed soon after that, not wanting to abandon two fellow soldiers to fight the enemy by themselves, and battle was joined.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The fight was fierce. The sound of metal clashing against metal filled the air, while the rain of bolts continued unabated from the tower above. The militia fought as best they could. Of note were Katana, who fought like a man possessed, and Kuro, who in his zeal to destroy his Nothing-infected brethren went as far as biting them or at least their steeds.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

```
The Human stabs The Infected Goblin Swordsman in the left lower leg with his -copper short sword- fracturing the bone through the {{giant rat leather robe}}!
A sensory nerve has been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Human stabs The Infected Goblin Swordsman in the upper body with his -copper short sword- tearing apart the muscle and tearing apart the right lung through the {{cave spider silk cloak}}!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Infected Goblin Swordsman is having more trouble breathing!
The Human strikes The Infected Goblin Swordsman in the upper body with the pommel of his -copper short sword- bruising the skin and bruising the liver through the {{cave spider silk cloak}}!
The Human slashes The Infected Goblin Swordsman in the right upper claw with his -copper short sword- and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Human stabs The Infected Goblin Swordsman in the left foot with his -copper short sword- tearing apart the muscle and bruising the bone through the {{pond grabber leather sandal}}!
```

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The Goblin swordgoblin slashes The Giant Olm in the left front foot with his -copper short sword- fracturing the bone!
An artery has been opened by the attack, many nerves have been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Goblin swordgoblin slashes The Giant Olm in the lower body with his -copper short sword- tearing the muscle and bruising the guts!
The Goblin swordgoblin bites The Giant Olm in the right rear leg, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Goblin swordgoblin latches on firmly!
The Giant Olm breaks the grip of The Goblin swordgoblin's upper front tooth on The Giant Olm's right rear leg.
The Giant Olm charges at The Goblin swordgoblin!
The Giant Olm misses The Goblin swordgoblin!
The Giant Olm collides with The Goblin swordgoblin!
The Goblin swordgoblin is knocked over and tumbles backward!
```

The apparent Goblin leader, wielding a fearsome silver scourge soon proved to be the most dangerous adversary as she bore down onto the Bogeyman Eldrich Stormsap. Despite his best efforts she effortlessly sidestepped his attacks, and sent the scourge smashing into his head. His usual hood came undone, revealing the burnt face of a Bogeyman below and sending him crashing to the floor.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The Bogeyman misses The Infected Goblin Master Lasher!  
The Infected Goblin Master Lasher counterstrikes!  
The Infected Goblin Master Lasher misses The Bogeyman!  
The Bogeyman misses The Infected Goblin Master Lasher!  
The Infected Goblin Master Lasher counterstrikes!  
The Infected Goblin Master Lasher lashes The Bogeyman in the head with her {{silver scourge}} bruising the muscle and fracturing the upper spine's bone and bruising the nervous tissue through the x(giant cave spider silk hood)x!  
The Bogeyman loses hold of the copper short sword.  
The Bogeyman loses hold of the (iron shield).  
The Bogeyman falls over.  
The Bogeyman misses The Infected Goblin Master Lasher!  
The Bogeyman pushes The Cave Crocodile in the left rear leg bruising the scale!

She was apparently no longer interested in finishing the fallen Bogeyman as she turned instead to attack a furious Tarran, who dodged and sent his blade smashing into her side. He was swiftly joined by Bax who attacked her from behind.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Infected Goblin Master Lasher misses The Swordsdwarf!  
The militia commander stabs The Infected Goblin Master Lasher in the right upper leg with his iron short sword shattering the bone and shattering the right hip's bone through the {{giant rat leather cloak}}!  
An artery has been opened by the attack a sensory nerve has been severed and a tendon has been torn!  
A ligament in the right hip has been torn and a tendon has been torn!  
The Infected Goblin Master Lasher attacks The Swordsdwarf but He jumps away!  
The Goblin slashes The Infected Goblin Master Lasher in the left upper tentacle from behind with his iron short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!  
The Goblin slashes The Infected Goblin Master Lasher in the lower body from behind with his iron short sword tearing apart the muscle and tearing apart the lower spine's nervous tissue through the {{giant rat leather cloak}}!  
An artery has been opened by the attack!  
A tendon in the lower spine has been torn!  
The iron short sword has lodged firmly in the wound!  
The Goblin twists the embedded iron short sword around in The Infected

The two swiftly made short work of her.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Goblin twists the embedded iron short sword around in The Infected Goblin Master Lasher's lower body!  
The Swordsdwarf slashes The Infected Goblin Master Lasher in the lower body with his (bronze short sword) tearing apart the muscle and tearing apart the spleen through the {{giant rat leather cloak}}!  
The (bronze short sword) has lodged firmly in the wound!  
The Goblin slashes The Infected Goblin Master Lasher in the head from behind with his iron short sword tearing apart the muscle shattering the skull and tearing apart the brain through the {{giant cave spider silk hood}}!  
An artery has been opened by the attack!  
A tendon in the skull has been torn!  
The Infected Goblin Master Lasher has been knocked unconscious!  
The iron short sword has lodged firmly in the wound!

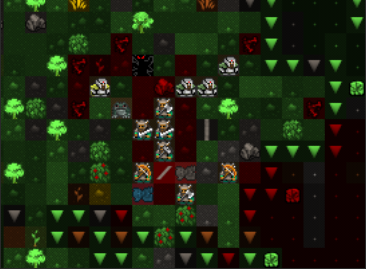
In the time it took them to wipe out most of the first squad, the second squad of Goblins had soon arrived, riding down the valley slope on their steeds, weapons at the ready.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



However in riding down the slope like that they'd left themselves split apart, and an easy target for the militia to take out one-by-one without much hassle.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



With the Goblins finished the militia took several seconds to breathe. That was, until Dohon noticed Eldrich's non-moving body still collapsed on the earth where the infected Goblin lasher had knocked him. He didn't wait a second, sprinting to his side. Eldrich seemed barely alive, and seemed to all intents not unable to breath at all.

"Gods damn it," Dohon ground out, frowning furiously. He quickly pulled a gauntlet off and placed one hand on the Bogeyman's chest. No breathing movement at all. But Eldrich was still shifting weakly.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Health of Eldrich Stormsap Bogeyman			
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment
	Winded		Hi
	Cannot breathe		
	Ability to stand lost		
	Ability to grasp lost		

The Dwarf took the Bogeyman by the shoulders, ready to heave him to the hospital at full-speed when Eldrich gave one last shuddering twitch and stopped moving at all.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Eldrich Stormsap Bogeyman has suffocated.

Dohon pounded a furious fist into the dirt, leaving an imprint of his gauntlet. He fell back, breathing heavily. The respite was short-lived however as a third squad soon appeared coming down the valley. As was increasingly the case, it was Juggernaut followed by Thud who charged them first, soon followed by Kuro, Katana, Rashem and John Lock before the whole militia followed them.

It was Doc. Steve who fired the first shot from the towers before the militia could engage the Goblins.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The rest of the militia soon clashed with the infected Goblins. Tired as they were, this proved the toughest battle yet. Neo was almost killed as the Goblin leader, a swordmaster, nearly cleaved his head in two with a scimitar, and left him bleeding from his arm.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Possessed Dwarf charges at The Infected Goblin Swordmaster!  
The Possessed Dwarf attacks The Infected Goblin Swordmaster but He jumps away!  
The Infected Goblin Swordmaster counterstrikes!  
The Infected Goblin Swordmaster slashes The Possessed Dwarf in the head from the side with his (iron scimitar) but the attack is deflected by The Possessed Dwarf's (bismuth bronze helm)!  
The Possessed Dwarf slams into an obstacle and falls over!

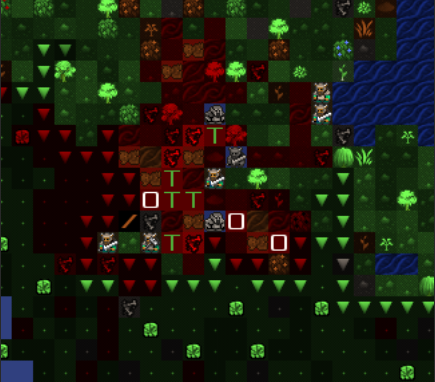
Dohon meanwhile found himself dueling two speargoblins alone, and caught by surprise was unable to stop the impending tragedy.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Axedwarf scratches The Infected Goblin Spearman in the left upper leg bruising the muscle through the (giant cave spider silk cloak))!  
The Infected Goblin Spearman stabs The Axedwarf in the right foot with his (copper spear) fracturing the bone and shattering the right ankle's bone through the (copper high boot)!  
A motor nerve has been severed a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!  
A ligament in the right ankle has been torn and a tendon has been torn!  
The Axedwarf gives in to pain  
The Infected Goblin Spearman stabs The Axedwarf in the head with his (copper spear) tearing the muscle and tearing the upper spine's nervous tissue through the (giant bat leather hood)x!  
A tendon in the upper spine has been torn!  
The Axedwarf loses hold of the (-iron war hammer-)  
The Axedwarf loses hold of the (iron shield)  
The Axedwarf regains consciousness  
The Axedwarf is no longer stunned  
Dohon Axedwarf has suffocated

Eventually though the Goblins were dispatched, and the militia left standing in a field of hacked and slashed body parts and blood.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **HailFire** on **April 07, 2013, 02:55:30 am**

From the journal of Mifava Nitharanemo, Druid:

[Spoiler: Preface](#) (click to show/hide)  
-Greetings, traveler!

Since you are reading this journal, it is likely that it has been lost, stolen, or, in the worst of cases, I have perished; either to the Blight, or some other horror lurking beneath the surface. Now that it is in your hands, however, please peruse it at your leisure- I can only hope you might gain some insight from my musings!

My name is Mifava Natharanemo... --*An abridged biography follows here--*

In recent months, however, I have been forced to relinquish my solitude- the Blight grows so thick across the land that not even a hermit such as myself can any longer easily avoid them- and join a caravan of refugees traveling to the dwarven stronghold of Nomekast- "God Saved" in their tongue; it is said to be the safest place left in the world, and that none are turned away from their doors.

Something about it seems strange, though... though its continual siege by the Blight is perfectly normal (insofar as the Blight can be considered normal or natural in any way...), the Spirits of the land urgently beckon me towards the place, and even the very mention of the name Nomekast seems to leave an odd taste in the air. I must seek out the 'mad prophet' Ibruk my companions spoke of, who founded the place, as quickly as possible.

The astute reader may be wondering why I have chosen to leave a written accounting of my journey, when most of Elven lore is passed down by oral tradition- several days ago\*, we took refuge in a large cave from both a fierce storm and a passing horde of Blight, and, given no other option but to sit and wait- possibly for several days- while supplies dwindled, some few of our number and myself (having become at some point the de-facto leader of the convoy) volunteered to scout the depths of the cave for an alternate passage through the hills.

Unfortunately, the ceiling collapsed some way in, and I was separated from the rest of the group. Given a lack of mining tools in the caravan (The pick being one of a very select few tools a Dwarf cannot substitute with creative use of his beard), their lives are now in their hands- and mine in my own. I have cobbled together this journal from some plants I discovered in the caverns here, to leave some record of my passage should I never reach Nomekast.

\*These entries will not be marked by date until I have reached Nomekast- it has been some time since any one of us had known the exact date, by either the Dwarven or Elven year.

In the event that you cannot read the Elven script, I have inscribed a basic translation guide to Dwarven into the back cover- the unreadable word is useless.

The Spirits watch over those who watch over themselves-  
-Mifava

[Spoiler: First Entry](#) (click to show/hide)  
Alas, I have been denying the purpose of this text by consistently neglecting- or outright forgetting- to write in it; it has been on the order of two weeks since I created it, by my estimation. Please forgive me, Spirit; I bear no ill-will, but am merely unused to writing!

While I'm thinking about them, though, the Spirits are as good a subject as any to write about. If you are familiar with the Elven faith- and it varies surprisingly little, even for the pretensions of the Glorious, Eternal, And Most Holy Empire Of The Ferns Of Strategy\*- this probably means to you the Spirits of our ancestors, entombed in the trees. This is an unfortunately narrow view, for Spirit exists in all things, great and small, from men to mountains; for mortals are but Spirit given flesh, and gods (per most other religions) are but Spirits given Faith. This is not to say that all Spirits are deserving of worship, however, though they are all indeed worthy of respect; where the Spirits of many animals, for instance, pale in comparison to the strength of the mortal Spirit, the Sun and Moon who reign over the Heavens and the great Spirit of the Earth hold domain over all things under the Divine World-Law, to which nothing is un beholden\*\*.

Such woeful irony, how my People speak to our glorious dead though the trees, but neglect the Spirits of the trees themselves! For good or ill, through Faith the false can be made true, and the true made false... But I digress.

Subsisting in these caverns has been a difficult, but rewarding experience: food and water are scarce, and so close to the Under-World, one must be wary of the creatures twisted by the Black King's domain, but the natural beauty here rivals even the most magnificent of vistas in the surface world, and I have borne witness to things which I had only previously known as legends. I do so long to feel the touch of the Sun again... but, being primarily dwarves, it is likely that the citizens of Nomekast have burrowed some distance below the supposed site of the fortress- failing to find a path back up to the surface, I may be able to stumble upon it from below.

\*Imagine having to say that mouthful virtually every other sentence in the priesthood or the noble courts! I was almost glad when they exiled me.  
\*\*Or so I thought, before the Blight. What could possibly have spawned such a monstrosity?



Stride forth with confidence in every endeavor; the strongest blade on Earth and in all the Heavens will not avail one who has lost Faith in oneself-  
-Mifava

Spoiler: [Second Entry](#) (click to show/hide)  
O, the Heavens and Earth are filled with light! I've spotted tool marks in the stone; civilization of some manner cannot be far! Spirits- dwarven, likely- swarm in the edges of my perception, though I rest from a long swim through the caverns at what appears to be a Kobold shrine carved into the cavern wall. To think that even they could be driven from their warrens...

One can only hope that these entries will become more consistent once I settle down into Nomekast, and am not so preoccupied with foraging- I would highly recommend a life as an ascetic hermit for anyone who finds themselves hopelessly lost in the subterranean world! It's been... another week, at least; again, my apologies to the journal.

Naturally, I still have to locate a path to the settlement itself, and gain entry, but dwarves (contrary to popular belief) are generally pleasant company, unless one makes oneself unpleasant- particularly if they are inebriated\*, and, being dwarves, they're never *not* inebriated if they can help it. I have, in fact, heard tales of warriors, who, upon ritually devouring the bodies of fallen dwarves, immediately lapsed into alcoholic comas from which they never recovered, in a final attack of irony from beyond the veil...

Ahhh, there's another good topic with which to enlighten the prospective reader, though one which I don't doubt I'll have to regale many a dwarf with once I reach Nomekast itself, and which is unfortunately misunderstood.

Originally, the practice of devouring the corpse of a fallen enemy was a sign of respect for the worthy foe slain in battle, much like the collection of trophies by other races: Not only would the body not be allowed to rot in the sun amidst the battlefield, but the victor would take on the strength and wisdom of the fallen- literally, taking a piece of him into himself, and growing from the experience. Over time, some reviled the practice as barbaric, while others relished in the practice to unhealthy extremes, devouring any they could kill- another misfortunate victim of oral tradition, and the whims and wiles of our queens.

Pragmatically, of course, Elvenkind haven't historically had much intake of meat, as most animals are considered sacred, and only killed in self defense; those who we fought and who disrespected our traditions had no such restriction.

\*You as well; dwarves tend to be quite lenient on fellow drunks, and, although I have shared drink with them only once in a great while throughout my life, never before have I relished the thought of getting absolutely stumbling drunk like I do now.

Impermanence is the only constant; all that does not grow must wither-  
-Mifava

The guard on duty at the Fiery Cistern gate that day receives an unusual surprise in the form of an unusual visitor- a thin Elven woman, weapon in hand, and wearing nothing but the pelt of a bear as a hood, cape, and, where it's bundled together at the bottom, pack; her skin weathered and deeply tanned from decades (centuries, perhaps) of exposure to the elements. Although she is slightly unsteady on her feet as she approaches, she carries a smile and an air of confidence with her.

Cautiously drawing steel at the suspicious stranger, the guard's next surprise comes in the form of the elf politely- and in fluent Dwarvish- introducing herself, and asking if this was indeed the fortress Nomekast.

"I must meet with the one you know as Ibruk, the prophet. Even deep beneath the Earth, ill tidings sing on the wind, and we have much to discuss..."

-----

Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
I'd actually have preferred to have been with the next migrant wave, but I think I've found a way to work with it. 🙄 Sorry the post took so long, and hopefully I'm not stepping on any toes!

Surprisingly close to my original vision of her with the bio too, though, save a couple traits... and it's Mifava with a V. 🙄

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **April 07, 2013, 03:44:30 am**

From the journal of Nathaniel Stormwind:  
Tales from the Void  
Chapter 5 Rites in Shadow/Blood in Light

I found the skull of the large bug, it was used in a dark ritual to summoning a forgotten one by a powerful necromancer named Rakust and abandoned when she died. When I found it however it was not as abandoned as I first thought.  
I know not what happened to them but I found what appears to be crundles that were corrupted by the shadow demons, they were doing some sort of religious ceremony or dark rite for the skull was covered in paint and they were painting it anew.  
I will hold my investigation of the skull for now, I need to get my sanctum complete and give Weiss Ironscroll some tests to test his ability to keep secrets, his loyalty, and his will most of all. Weiss clams to have apprenticed with a dungeon master, if that is true he would make a very good apprentice and his dog would make a good familiar for him.

If he is serious in becoming my apprentice, Weiss Ironscroll's tasks are:  
1:Get Blood thorn and Nether cap wood 10 of each.  
2:Help carve furnishings for the sanctum.  
3:Carve a bedroom and library for himself in the sanctum.  
4:Get information of 6 of the 12 artifacts of Nomekast: how they were built, who built them, what happened to the individual in the creation process.  
I will get information for the other 6 artifacts. When and if we get the information the investigation of the artifacts can truly begin.

This morning was a brutal time as the militia went out to save some elven merchants from three corrupted goblin hordes. The militia fought valiantly but two have fallen. I am tempted to try an experiment, to revive the to individuals in a similar manner that of Xenir, but that would be very risky, for I do not know how Xenir was revived and what that process entails.  
A thought occurred to me though, Xenir was dead for almost four months, the two militia who just died, well, just died, maybe they can still be saved...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **April 07, 2013, 07:37:56 pm**

Journal: Well it seems that the battle is won. However we lost more to the continuing menace.We must look into better armour and training for those on the militia. I might even have them removed from any other profession and focus only on their training. We did rescue the caravan so that is a benefit. I will have Bounce go and trade with them for any luxuries they might have. I will have to look over progress on the public projects. In fact I might even have Brosso assigned to furnishing and setting up the tavern. That way he might know I dont see him as an enemy. I feel things continue to go unseen in the community, and worry about what that might mean. I will have to work something out with the thieves guild if they could be contacted. Maybe in exchange for looking the other way on occasion they might provide information on the town. At the very least I will be able to keep a better eye on them. Well its off to see to the militia and the caravan.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **empfan** on **April 23, 2013, 04:42:37 am**

Weiss's Journal:  
Nathaniel gave me an offer to work under him.  
  
Well this is going to be a hell of a lot of work, but might as well give it a shot, albeit I feel the info gathering with the six artifacts is going to be one of the harder things to do...best ask around to get some info for that. Welp, time to get to work.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **April 25, 2013, 08:31:53 am**

Brossos Magnificent Diary  
  
Another battle with them upwordly thingies, those "nothings". I heard, and indeed noticed that we suffered heavy casualties. One of the lost was a boogyman, so good riddance to him, but then, he fought for us, and what did he get? Naught but death. If I were mayor no such things would ever happen! We would equip our glorious army with best the dwarfkind has to offer! I need to speak to the soldiers... Anyway my dear diary, I have dealt with my defeat in the election. Yet that fiend Derm and his lover, Fori must be brought down. Their leadership will bring doom to us all! Am I the only sane dwarf in this wretched hole? Is this why am I, a well-bred noble, not invited to those "council" meetings? I need to take action. It's the only way to save everyone here, even the lower races.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Xenir** on **April 28, 2013, 12:45:50 am**

*Journal of Xenir*  
The Shades took another two. I wonder if they'll come back, like me.  
-X

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Julien Brightside** on **April 29, 2013, 04:25:25 pm**

Trying to read through everything here, but could I request a dwarf?

Name: Jules  
Occupation: Engraver  
Race: Dwarf

Personality: Social, but tends to get lost in his own work. He has the idea that a person can live forever if their story lives on, and thus he wants to carve the story of the fort in stone. HE also likes to hang around with others to hear their stories.

--

Really a brilliant story so far. I like how it goes from a survival tale in the face of destruction to be a tale of factions and political rivalry, along with the "heists".

--

Jules is struck by inspiration and has made an engraving. It is of Derm. Derm is exploring. Relates to the discovery of caverns during Derms first trip to the caverns in 674,  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **June 20, 2013, 10:03:20 pm**

I would like a human

Male

Wields 2 steel swords

Very flirty

Makes a lot of friends

He is very protective of friends

Is an atheist though he allows religion but does not let it hinder the growth of the fort

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Again\_Dejavu** on **June 26, 2013, 09:49:30 pm**

Holy crap. I read this all in a day... I... I can't believe I have to wait now.

Hmmmm

How about a... Gorlak!  
Introduce him by having him be captured by Bosso, running from evil in the caverns.  
E should tawk lik dis  
E be smahta than e look  
E be called Grawp  
E luv to chow  
E be a gud e'grava  
Grawp want no trouble.  
Grawp will refer to himself from third person.  
Grawp lik ev'rybudy  
Grawp try.

So, I'd like to be Gorlaked

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Again\_Dejavu** on **June 27, 2013, 06:31:03 pm**

*Hidden behind a rock, there is a masterfully carved journal low on the the cavern wall, too short for even a dwarf to have made. It menaces with spikes of attroucious spelling and grammar. The artist has carved a masterful image of a Gorlak, it appears to be a self portrait. The journal was written as follows.*

grawp scard  
bad things here  
dey big and strng  
dey neva stop  
bad things kil an mak freind into mor bad thing  
grawp hungry  
dey no find grawp  
grawp wil beh fond soon  
grawp ned to go  
by by

So, here's my guy's first journal.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **June 28, 2013, 08:20:17 pm**

Grawp and Thok should be friends! They sound quite similar, but Grawp is smart.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Again\_Dejavu** on **June 28, 2013, 08:27:26 pm**

Quote from: TheFlame52 on June 28, 2013, 08:20:17 pm  
Grawp and Thok should be friends! They sound quite similar, but Grawp is smart.  
They both have tusks too.  
That'd be cool

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **July 19, 2013, 03:55:08 pm**

PSA: I am terrible and should not be allowed to run community forts. That is all.

Hailfire - Apologies, corrected the name. ;)

Julien Brightside - Thanks! You'll be in the next migrant wave whenever that arrives, and many thanks for the picture, don't think I've had fanart before, certainly gives me a warm fuzzy feeling. :P

jrrocks05 - Sure thing, you'll be with the next surviving migrants too.

Again\_Dejavu - In a day!? Whoa, that's certainly dedication. :P A gorlak is certainly fine, considering how diverse the place is already. :P As with the others, you'll be in the next surviving migrants.

6th Slate 679 - Noon

No one knew what had caused it. Jessica von Sachsen, violinist, instrument-maker, and crossbowwoman had just made it back to the militia barracks when something snapped inside her.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
■Jessica von Sachsen■■ Violinist has gone berserk!

Surrounded by the rest of the militia she suddenly pulled free her crossbow and aimed it right at the Dwarf besides her, Unib Kibducim, a Dwarf of the Iron Guard.



With no apparent hesitation she began firing.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The flying {-silver bolt-} strikes The Brewer in the left lower arm, chipping the bone through the copper left gauntlet!  
A motor nerve has been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!  
The Brewer loses hold of the (bronze battle axe).  
The flying {-silver bolt-} strikes The Brewer in the right hand, tearing the muscle through the (cave spider silk right mitten)!  
The Brewer loses hold of the (iron shield).  
The flying {-silver bolt-} strikes The Brewer in the right hand, chipping the bone through the (cave spider silk right mitten)!  
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!

Pandemonium broke out as the militia stood dumbfounded as one of their own, a berserk expression on her face, began to shoot down a random Dwarf. Rovod was the first to react, ordering her to stop. She didn't even react. The militia captain, pulled free his own crossbow and fired at her legs, hoping to disable her rather than kill her.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)  
The flying {silver bolt} strikes The Violinist in the right upper leg from behind, chipping the bone through the copper chain leggings!

She didn't stop however, continuing to fire at Unib. That was when Rashem moved in, slamming his warhammer down onto Jessica.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)  
The Hammerdwarf bashes The Violinist in the head with his (steel war hammer), bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!  
The (steel war hammer) has lodged firmly in the wound!  
Jessica von Sachsen Violinist has been struck down!

For a few seconds no one moved, still in shock. Then as one they rushed to Unib to help, but it was already too late as he was already gone.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)  
Unib Kibducim Brewer has suffocated.

-----

Evening

The funerals had been held that evening, somber and with a dark cloud looming over the community. Eldrich, Dohon, and now Jessica, gone in one fell swoop. Ibruk had just returned to working on digging more of the future cathedral alongside others of his congregation when the elf approached him. Much of the rest of the congregation - all dwarves - gave her suspicious glares but said nothing. Ibruk stopped his mining, breathing heavily and leaning on his pick as he faced the elf.

The elf didn't wait to be addressed. "Are you the prophet they call Ibruk?"

"That I am. What can this servant of the gods do for you, pilgrim?"

"My name is Mifava Nitharanemo, I have just arrived, following the lead of the Spirits, to talk to you about the Blight - or Nothing, as some call them."

"It's certainly heartening to see an elf take an interest in the subject, I fear most here prefer to simply fight them than first understand their divine mission they undertake on the surface." The dwarf moved off to the side, away from the mining and sat himself down on a rock.

Mifava followed him, sitting herself nearby, facing him. "You say they have a divine mission?" she asked, raising an eyebrow, "So you know of where they came and what they seek?"

Ibruk let out a small, almost humourless, chuckle, one hand stroking his beard. "Any who read the writings of the Blind Prophet of the Broken Rock can answer you that, if they have the eyes to read or the ears to listen and the faith to see their way through the dark times ahead."

"And what does this...'Blind Prophet' speak of?"

Ibruk waved a hand around him. "This. The destruction of the sinful Old World. He himself saw it, warning that '*Nothing will destroy the Old World, dark as the depths, listen if you have the ears, for Nothing was created by the gods to cleanse us all.*', furthermore he saw the Fall of Life, that is: the dead rising. And it was not only he, for later the Ocean Princess - another god-blessed seer - would warn of the Collapse of Hell: monsters roaming the abyss. This the gods showed them both, and now it all comes to head."

"So you would say the Blight are sent by your gods? Why then, would they attack you?"

"Mine is not to question, only to report. We must, after all, be reminded what will happen to us if we fall into the same immorality that has destroyed the old world. After all, '*sin forges only your own death*'." Ibruk stood up from the rock, stretching his arms as he picked up his pick again, giving the elf a clap on the shoulder - just able to reach as she was sitting - "Have heart, pilgrim Mifava, we have not failed them yet."

Slate 679

The elven traders had been welcomed with a mix of both desire to know how the rest of the outside world was faring, and blame from some who considered them the cause of the recent deaths. Under Stronghammer's direction Bounce - in her capacity as bookkeeper and broker - had negotiated for several dozen wooden logs, which could be put to use without the objection of the elven community since they'd been grown and tended by fellow elves according to their customs. Bounce had also negotiated for several bags of overland plants which were destined to be brewed to bring some more variety to the drink reserves; as well as several bags of seeds, with which it was hoped Fori and the rest of the farmers could nurture at a new overland farm now that the compound was secure - as long as the winged nothing remained away. It wasn't just Bounce trading however, many of the fort turned up to trade trinkets with the traders, in particular Brosso, who with some of the silver he'd got from carving out his huge complex, purchased two horses, a tame wolf and a black bear, all destined for his circus.

Work was progressing quickly meanwhile on the new projects Stronghammer had initiated. Brosso had been placed in charge of setting up the tavern, and had expanded upon the mayor's original plans by including two open-air areas over the lake.



Plans were drawn up for an auditorium for both meeting in and hosting events as well as a library to hold what books refugees had brought with them, complete with separate chambers to read quietly in. Both buildings would be beneath the main meeting space, not far from the hospital and Brosso's office.



Fori meanwhile had briefly stopped her hard work on improving Nomekast's defences to oversee the plowing of several fields on the surface within the compound for the seeds Bounce had purchased. As long as the winged Nothing remained away, the community would soon have more variety in their diets.

[Spoiler: Overland farms \(click to show/hide\)](#)



As Slate wound to an end, the community continued their work as ever, hearts hardening by the day.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **July 20, 2013, 03:52:41 pm**

huzzah it has returned. Glad to see you back Aequor!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **HailFire** on **July 26, 2013, 05:18:13 pm**

It's great to see you again, Aequor! Don't let life get you down, we're all patient here. :P

Also, well-deserved bump, if only because a lot of people probably aren't aware this is active again, and I don't feel right dumping the entire goddamn *novel* of a post I've been working on before anybody else has a chance to post. :-X

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **July 26, 2013, 10:29:46 pm**

Dear Journal

Another death has occurred within our humble community. No one knows for sure what has caused it. Most likely it was caused by the stress of our situation. I can only hope that the projects will be finished in time for some of our folk to safely blow off steam. Well back to the paperwork.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Wofi** on **July 28, 2013, 09:54:58 pm**

I've finally caught up, woo!

In other news, I'd like to be human'd as the following:

Name: A/A Alum  
Gender: Male  
Profession: Geologist/Sailor  
Personality: A human with two personalities. Shortens ending 'ing' to 'in'. Universally dislikes religion. His personalities change randomly (Read: At the whim of the author.) The personalities of the two personalities are as follows:  
-Aarde is kind and helpful, but a pacifist. He is an amateur geologist and likes to bask in the sun.  
-Aeras is quiet and sarcastic, but has a ton to say when he talks. He loves the forest and the sea, and was a sailor once. Says "damn" a lot.  
-The two personalities refer to eachother as "brother" and are on very good terms with eachother.  
Extra Info: Comes from the northern island portion of the Excavated Confederation.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Again\_Dejavu** on **July 29, 2013, 08:33:58 am**

Hurray, I didn't kill it!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **July 29, 2013, 02:26:02 pm**

Wofi - Sure thing, as with the others, you'll be human'd once there's a free migrant.

#### 4th Felsite 679 - Morning

Weiss Ironscroll grunted as he sent the axe into the trunk of the blood thorn. He had quickly learnt that the crimson trees were easily the densest sort of tree encountered in the caverns. He had no idea what exactly Nathaniel wanted with blood thorn and nether cap logs, but at the rate he was going it would take him an entire just to fell the blood thorns - and that was if there were no distractions, which wasn't assured considering the human had made his way down to the Lower Levels, the wild third level of the caverns where the militia rarely, if ever, ventured. And after this there was more to do, he had to help furnish Nathaniel's little sanctum, carve out his own quarters, investigate the artifacts, so much, it seemed a never-ending list from this side.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



As the blood thorn finally fell he stooped down, careful to avoid its eponymous spines and with a grunt hauled the small tree up onto his shoulder. He could only hope that Nathaniel hadn't wanted the larger trees, since the animal trainer had been forced to only fell the smaller trees if he was to have a hope in hell of being able to haul it all the way up the stairs from the Lower Levels up to the Fiery Cistern.

With great effort he hauled the tree trunk up to the Fiery Cistern, giving the guards on duty a cursory nod as they let him through. As he was passing the forges, he heard an angry yell, looking round to see the blind philosopher Arsethotheles bearing on a poor animal trainer who had been hauling bars from the smelters to the stockpiles and who clearly found the blind dwarf - and his eye-sockets embedded with cherry opals - quite the intimidating sight.

"Ah'm blind but ah'm not stupid! Give me back that silver!" The maddwarf had spent well over two years now often working in the forges, smelting bolts from silver. Where the inspiration had come from no one know, but the philosopher certainly knew his way around a forge, navigating using nothing but his excellent memory and hearing.

The animal trainer didn't seem to understand exactly what Arsethotheles wanted, eyes wide as she replied in a frantic voice. "I haven't got it! You didn't have any!"

"Lies! Give! It! Back!"

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

**Arsethotheles** **Philosopher is throwing a tantrum!**

The philosopher rounded on her, drawing back a fist and swinging wildly, managing to hit her arm.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

**The Philosopher punches The Animal Trainer in the right upper arm with his right hand** **bruising the skin through the x(pig tail fiber cloak)x!**

She gave a yelp, stumbling back and narrowly avoiding tripping into the magma. Arsethotheles swung again, but not seeing where she had gone, his fist simply sailed over her head uselessly until it hit something else: a palm.

Looking down curiously, the troll Thud took hold of the dwarf's arm, keeping him back. "Hey, fightin's not da way to make friends!" he said, apparently having completely misconstrued the situation.



"The," Arsethotheles corrected almost automatically, his education kicking in.

"Da?"

"The."

The scene was interrupted as a hand came down on Arsethotheles' shoulder. Frowning and looking thoroughly unimpressed was a policedwarf. "Not a good move, Arsethotheles. I'm afraid I'm arresting you on charges of Disorderly Conduct: the penalty of which is a imprisonment." The philosopher didn't even have a chance to react as the policedwarf took a firm grasp of his wrist, Thud letting go, twisting it round his back and leading him forward, all as the maddwarf protested all the way to his cell, leaving the animal trainer to nurse her bruise, and the troll to try and learn correct pronunciation on his own.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



-----

Derm sighed deeply as he put down the list of worksheets. Ever since Stronghammer had ordered that all people using workshops had to be signed in and out, his paperwork problem had only gotten worse.

"You put Arsethotheles in prison?" he asked again.

Across from him, Sigun, the policedwarf on duty, nodded. "Aye, 26 days in prison, that's the penalty according to the law."

"A month," Derm said, disbelievngly, "you're going to keep him in there for a month for throwing a small tantrum and punching someone once, leaving only a bruise?"

"That's right sir. It may have been a single punch, but it's still assault, it almost caused the victim to fall into the magma, and it could have been much nastier."

Derm ran a hand through his beard. "Could have, but wasn't."

"The law is clear sir. With respect, the police force naturally looks to you for leadership, but the Mayor sets the laws, and I believe he decided dwarven law would be kept until further notice."

"So 26 days in prison?"

"26 days in prison."

Derm sighed again, waving her out, looking glum down at the paper strewn across his desk. Locking up Arsethotheles was bound to cause some voices to be raised, especially those that were already still furious over having to sign in and out simply to use a workshop, or who saw a conspiracy to imprison whatever race or kind of person they thought. And Derm - as Sheriff - would be blamed for the whole incident. He sighed again, picking up his quill. He'd never expected this when he took up the job of Sheriff, he should have, he guessed, but it was too late now.

-----

Brosso the Magnificent sighed melodramatically as he took a deep puff of his cigar, blowing the smoke out over the magma, the small dark cloud illuminated by the glow of the liquid rock. "I tell you," he repeated, "it's not a good sign. The blind maddwarf assaults people. And you know they say that the blind see the future. And before that of course: three deaths. One of which was one of our own going crazy and attacking our own militia! Not a good sign at all."

Besides him, Rashem, Kuro, Katana and a rather bored-looking dwarf shared a glance. The three were on duty guarding the entrance to the magma forges down on the Fiery Cistern. "Didn't strike you to be one to look for omens in everything," Rashem replied to Brosso, leaning on his hammer.

"Not at all! I just heard someone else mention it." The circus-director took another deep puff of his cigar. "I tell you though, if I were in Stronghammer's place I'd get better armour for all the militia, proper weaponry too, better defenses, the whole lot."

"That so?" Kuro said, looking rather disinterested with Brosso's conversation.

"Certainly! The more of those abominations we kill the better, after all. Stronghammer wants to hide, I'd rather take the fight to them and get rid of those beasts once and for all."

That got the dwarf a chuckle from the goblin. "Can't argue with that."

Brosso took another drag of his cigar, blowing the smoke out across the magma. "Still, I guess we just have to trust Stronghammer to do the best he can. I suppose we should be grateful it was only three deaths. Could have been any of us though." He tipped his hat slightly, giving them a nod. "Gentlepeople," he murmured before leaving, a small smile on his face. With both the Imiwa's elves, the Iron Guard and his own work, he'd little by little be sure to get some support from the militia, he was certain. He had, after all, a half-year to finish building support ready for the next elections. And once he was elected, he'd finally be able to help this community the way it was supposed to be.

-----

Evening

Ugo Sosleng grinned out across the cleared space that would soon be his secret laboratory. With the help of Grau, Juggernaut, Meinhard and the remaining Jager, they had cleared out the rubble from the excavation, piling it up while waiting to decide what to do with it, and now they would soon furnish the place. Under guise of Jager business, Meinhard had already procured a heavy door made of lead, camouflaged to appear as part of the rock face. The heavy lead would ensure that no one accidentally opened it simply by leaning on it, while the camouflage would mean anyone not specifically looking for it was unlikely to ever find it; and that was if anyone even came down to the Lower Levels. Ugo now planned to approach Fori in the coming days and try to get her on board with his plans, and then hopefully to fake the death during experimentation of a few of the caged Nothings and surreptitiously bring them down to the secret labs. The goblin scientist had already been hard at work, having followed the militia in the past months, taking samples of the remaining vomit of the forgotten beast Okag, as well as a corpse of the goblin squads for future experiments.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **HailFire** on **July 29, 2013, 07:17:31 pm**

Mifava mulls over the prophet's words for a few moments as he turns to leave, before sighing at length.  
"...Then the best is yet to come."

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From the Journal of Mifava Nitharanemo, Druid:

Spoiler: Sixth of Slate, 679 (click to show/hide)

I have arrived in the sanctuary of Nomekast to a grim atmosphere. Bowed, but never broken by hard labor and heavy hearts, Man, dwarf, and Kindred\* work to safeguard themselves and refugees abroad from the encroaching Blight... not a day prior to my arrival, two of Nomekast's finest were lost to the protection of an arriving caravan, and two more when one of their number succumbed to madness, striking down a fellow before being slain herself.\*\*

I have not yet acclimated myself to the city-fortress, so I will write of it another day; my first imperative, as mentioned previously, was the prophet Ibruk. Fortune would have it that he yet lives; aged, even for a dwarf, but still possessed of wisdom. Our conversation was brief, but illuminating:

Firstly, the barrier that separates the living world and the Nether-World, where Spirits of the dead await judgement and re-incarnation, is weakening. This much I had already gathered, from their growing profusion in our world and the mischief that entails... but it seems to have progressed farther than I had yet expected: Supposedly, according to the few I spoke to on the way to my quarters\*\*\*, there have been a couple fallen warriors who have returned to Nomekast- not as re-animated bodies, but in true resurrection.

Secondly, the prophet claimed that the Blight are, in fact, agents of "the Gods" (which, he did not specify), come to destroy the living for their sins and remake the world, as recorded from the mouth of 'The Blind Prophet of the Broken Rock'. While I do not doubt there is some element of truth to this, I cannot accept it in entirety.

The Blight are 'creatures' possessed of no Spirit- pure black void given shape, automatons that have no natural place in this realm. The Heavenly Kings and the Mother Earth would have nothing to do with them, for they violate their Divine World-Law; nor would they be of the Black King^, whom is so bound to it. But what lesser spirit wields the power to conjure such a scourge? Two options present themselves

Immediately, both equally disturbing- The Blooded One, oddly parasite and avatar of destruction^^, for the Blight still bleed, even as they bleed the world... Or an entity who exists entirely outside the bounds of the Heavens and Earth, and perhaps even mortal comprehension.

Perhaps not all is lost though... it is said by the oldest of sages that a great cataclysm will precede the Kingdom of Light- the unification of Heaven and Earth, which will bring forth an eternal Golden Age... assuming the Blight do not first scourge all life from the world.

\* And Goblin, and Kobold, and even a Troll, as I understand it, though they are the smallest of minorities in Nomekast, and I have not yet seen them myself.  
\*\* The fortress' only musician, so I hear, barring myself. I hope I might raise spirits in her stead.  
\*\*\* A vacant patch of earth in one of the caverns, as preparing quarters for new refugees is a constant task. I dismissed their apologies; I have slept on the earth for all of my hundreds of years, so what are a few more nights?  
^ Of whom I shall write further another time; my journey has been long, and I tire.  
^^ Of whom I shall write no further, so as not to attract his attention.

If a tree falls in the forest, but nobody is present to hear it, does it make a sound?  
This is an invalid question, for the Spirits are omnipresent.  
-Mifava

Spoiler: Seventh of Slate, 679 (click to show/hide)  
As I mentioned previously, I intended to write at length of the Black King of the Under-World, now that I am better rested; Ibruk spoke of Hell, the more common Human and Dwarven perception of the Under-World, and it was these words that were most unsettling of all: The prophecy, according to the oracle known as the Ocean Princess, of the collapse of Hell. Actual details of this prophecy were not forthcoming, but the implications of such an event shake me to my very core: Never, in any legend or prophecy I have heard, or any text I have read, had any such event even been suggested.

The Black King is widely perceived as a wholly evil figure; the source, perhaps, of all evil... but without delving into the drudgery of such loaded terms, the truth, as ever, is slightly more complex. Spirits, in every incarnation, have specific duties to perform and lessons to learn, to grow in understanding and be re-incarnated as more complex beings. Once they have expended their time, they pass to the Nether-World for judgement, and should they fail to perform, they may be set back in the cycle, to re-assert more fundamental lessons... Some, however, may only be driven home by fear, pain, and vice; the domain of the Under-World. Every one of the Eighty Million Demons\* imprisoned there is warped and twisted by the Black King's dominion, themselves each bearing the power to level a country, but proscribed from using it by his Will- locked inside their own bodies with no recourse but to brutalize those beneath them (and mankind, when they sometimes leak from their domain) with mere flame and brute force, sliding further and further into rage and damnation; a trap from which only the strongest of Wills have any hope of escaping.

Obviously, the Black King has subverted the original intention of his Kingdom, but the fact remains that he is a monumental force of Order, a singular Will keeping bound a power that could destroy the Earth... The unraveling of the Under-World would be an apocalypse that could dwarf even the horrors of the Blight itself.

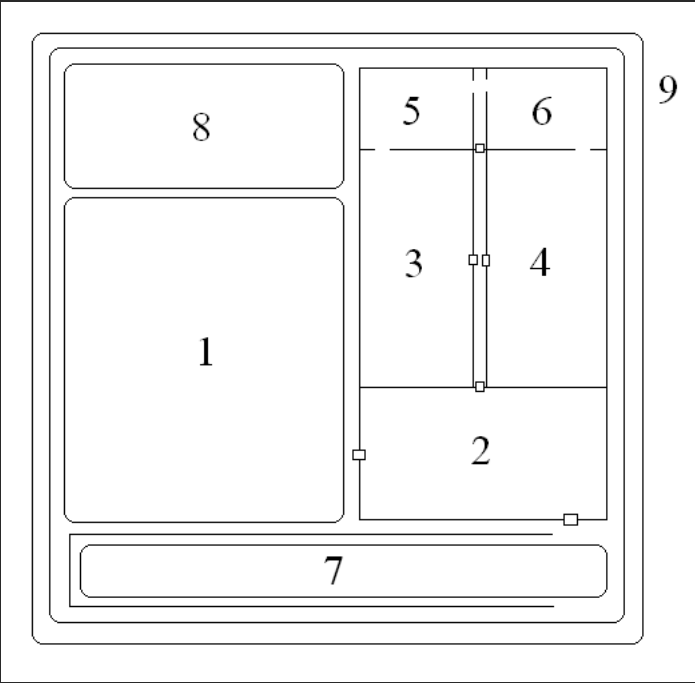
It is absolutely vital that I procure copies of these texts and others, should they exist here- my traveling companions mentioned other works that the Prophet would cite, though I do not currently recall their names. Should there be no existing copies, I must squeeze every last drop of information from Ibruk that I can.

I also inquired into the fate or whereabouts of the convoy with which I traveled- but to no avail, from either the residents of Nomekast or the merchants who recently arrived here. I can but pray for their safe deliverance.

\* Not a literal estimation; while they may only be eighty million in number, the demons of the Black Kingdom are infinite for all practical purposes.

One who always learns never fails-  
-Mifava  
Spoiler: Tenth of Slate, 679 (click to show/hide)  
Mankind has ever had two prime directives- to survive, and to thrive. For the people (and People) of Nomekast this must mean on one hand to destroy the Blight and any whosoever would ally with the force that created it, wherever they might appear; and on the other, to build the Kingdom of Light and their own salvation. While my plans on how we might expedite the latter are nebulous as yet, I can help the former in a more concrete manner; the two barracks Nomekast hosts are small, disparate, and ill-equipped; fit, perhaps, for training a militia, but wholly inappropriate for equipping a proper standing army with the skills and tools necessary to combat the Blight.

While my days of soldiery are well behind me, I intend to offer my services to Stronghammer Fireforge\* as combat trainer and drill instructor, and propose the construction of a new training compound, better suited to the needs of a city-state at war\*\*.



- 1: The drill yard. Where actual training and exercise occurs, and when unused for that purpose, an open space for discussion and meditation.
- 2:The sleeping quarters of the barracks proper; the external walls of the structure are doubly reinforced, while the internal walls have arrow slits for repelling enemies that make it inside. Blocks in the wall represent mechanized floodgates, while gaps are ordinary doors.
- 3:The armory. A lever here allows the barracks to be quickly locked down in case of attack, and a covered walkway leads from the armory to a watchtower over the sleeping quarters.
- 4:The mess hall. A cellar below it stores supplies, and contains a still, butchery, and bone-crafting workshop. Soldiers must be accustomed to ordinary labor and the sight of blood and bone; as such, operation of the workshops will rotate between all trainees.
- 5:Hospital for treating injuries sustained during training. Additional beds are in a cellar below for sustained sieges, and a covered walkway leads to a watchtower over the bathing area.
- 6:The bathing area.
- 7:An archery range for training with projectile weapons.
- 8:Garden, tended by all trainees to maintain a supply of food and alcohol for the barracks. Any excess products from the garden or workshops are contributed back to the fortress.
- 9:A chest-deep moat of water surrounds the compound, for defensive, training, and disciplinary purposes.

Being a draft, the measurements here are not precise; rooms may be re-sized as necessary, and it should be built to house twenty to thirty people.

Why so many, given the population of Nomekast is well less than one hundred? My second proposal to Mayor Stronghammer will be to make a basic level of military training mandatory for all citizens of Nomekast, in arms and open-handed fighting, with and without armor: When the Blight breach a stronghold, no man or woman is a non-combatant. Furthermore, it ought to help to root out the thieves rumored to reside here; who would steal from brothers and sisters in arms? Where there are no helpless victims, upon whom do you prey?

\* As dwarven a name as I have ever encountered. Re-elected mayor by the citizenry shortly before my arrival, and overseer of Nomekast's forges. A dwarf's dwarf, but generally accepted by the various minorities as well.  
\*\* War is nothing more and nothing less than what the Blight bring. A war for survival of all Mankind, and, perhaps, the war to end all wars.

A coat of maille is not held fast by its strongest link, but torn asunder by its weakest-  
-Mifava  
Spoiler: Date Unmarked (click to show/hide)  
Unfortunately, the hustle and bustle of daily life in Nomekast has left me little time to write, as I help with various tasks around the fortress as I settle in; accordingly, I have not yet been successful in attracting the ears of Ibruk or Stronghammer; being Nomekast's primary religious leader and mayor, respectively, they have their own- frequently incompatible- schedules.

I have been learning much of the fortress and her people, however, and there are a few others whom I should seek out; specifically, Fori and Imiwa of the People, and the goblin **Ugo Sosleng**. Fori and Imiwa each represent roughly half of the People who live here: The former is apparently every measure the heretic I am, touched by the Spirits, and followed by the more moderate segment of the community\*; the latter is a steadfast and prideful traditionalist, whose followers support and are supported by one Brosso 'the Magnificent'.\*\* While I haven't yet let slip my own beliefs to them (the aforementioned busywork has also left little time for philosophy), I would seek to mend the relationship between the two factions, as the first step to unifying the people of Nomekast itself. **Ugo**, on the other hand, is a goblin of scholarly pursuit\*\*\*, tasked with studying the individuals of the Blight captured by Nomekast's defenses, to understand them from the perspective of Earth, as I^ seek to understand them from the perspective of Heaven^^.

There is also one of whom I have heard little and seen less... a mysterious Spirit-worker known as Nathaniel Stormwind- I originally had mistaken him for a man haunted, as he is frequently accompanied by Spirits of the departed (as many as five), but they appear to snoop around the fortress on his behalf... while his assistance might be of use, I question his motives.

\* Fori is also in a relationship with Derm, the Sheriff, and both are supposedly given to prophetic visions, mostly concerning terrible beasts from the deep... I must investigate this, as these beasts are said to be in some way associated with the Blight.  
\*\* Stronghammer's main political rival for mayorship of Nomekast. By most accounts a promoter of factionalism and vice; while it would be foolish to discard all one's earthly desires, his efforts are misguided at best.  
\*\*\* This surprised me as well.  
^ Ibruk, of course, claims to already understand them, but one is only knowledgable to the extent to which one understands one's own ignorance.  
^^ Naturally, to most of Nomekast's residents, his work translates directly into "What is the fastest and easiest way to kill them?"

When the leaves and the roots quarrel, the tree is at dis-ease; a body in conflict with itself cannot survive-  
-Mifava

*(An addendum is written on the bottom margin of the page)*  
Apparently, Nomekast is also home to self-ascribed philosopher and commonly-ascribed maddwarf Arsethoteles... Whom put out his own eyes prior to coming to Nomekast as a sacrifice to the Blooded One, and was recently jailed for assault. Sometimes, the common perception is common on account of its accuracy, I suppose.

-----  
Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
Why do I write so much holy fuck I am so sorry 🙏

Dear Diary  
It has been another long day as mayor. I have received word from the police that our blind philosopher threw a tantrum and punched a nearby worker. While normally that would be something minor, it could have been much worse with the industry and lava nearby. It seems however that this is not the only thing that the divines have decided I am to deal with. I have received reports of Brosso talking in a very negative manner in regards to my policy decision. I am worried that he may cause strife and unrest amongst the populace, and at a time like this it can be most damaging. I will have to look into what can be



done in that regards. At the very least I must look into support with the guards, militia and police. Ale rations can be increased, as well as better furnishings for their barrack. I should also look into having newer equipment created for them. I have heard that one of our newer citizens wishes to meet with me to discuss plans for the military, I will have to see what they have to say. I should also look into having Brosso followed, so I know what he is up to.

We must protect the fortress and the people within it. I have noticed that the populace has remained rather broken up into separate parties. I will endeavor to fix this. Hopefully the new buildings I have commissioned will aid in this. I should also setup a festival for the people to find some enjoyment and start to experience different cultures. I will summon the council to see what the different factions would like to see in this festival. I will however announce my intentions to have the festival so that Brosso can not possibly spin it as his idea.

Well I must resume my work and now with a festival to plan and organize I will have much more to do. I think I will reward myself for my hard work with some new jewels. Ill go down to the workshops and take a look at some of the new pieces.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **July 31, 2013, 07:34:26 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on July 29, 2013, 02:26:02 pm  
"Hey, fightin's not da way to make friends!" he said, apparently having completely misconstrued the situation.  
I like you Aequor. You used my character and it was hilarious. Good job.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Oshha** on **August 07, 2013, 03:24:25 pm**

Can I join?

Name: Tragarus (Tag'gar'rus) Helmbolt  
Race: Human  
Gender: Male  
Personality: Courageous (but not stupid), honourable, he despises lying and swearing (profane type, not oath type) or anything dishonest. Loyal and hard working. He is deeply religious. He is gruff, blunt and too the point, even if it means being rude and outrageous.  
Info: From a small, but stable population and breeding wise group of clans in the far north-west of the world (as far north as the furthestest north of the Union of Burying, and as far west as the furthestest west of the Empire Roasted North.) The Nothing have barely reach his people due to the constant blizzards and snowstorms as well as a result of freezing cold and the fearsome local wildlife, which has pygmy frost dragons. In fact only three nothings have every reached any of the villages. Travelling south to aid the rest of the world, Tragarus has slain many nothing as he protects a group of refugees fleeing to Nomekast. He is a swordsman is rather strange (as in different not any secrets or anything).

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **99Hedgehog** on **August 10, 2013, 03:49:32 am**

This fortress is the epitome of epicness. I wish to join in as a kobold:

Name: Norkas the Lonely  
Age: 30  
Gender: Male

His story: He lived a peaceful life in the depths of the world until the advent of the Nothing. He trained in swordsmanship to protect his people and studied the languages of the Overworld so he could interact with the world above. But it was to no avail. The tribe fell and scattered. At the age of 15, he left the underground and roamed the world, talking to none, wrapped up in his own thoughts. Those who saw him created a sort of folk legend of the short warrior, far from home, the Lonely One they called him. On his wanderings, he came across a band of travelers who were going to the fabled stronghold against the Nothing known as "Nomekast". He had a new purpose.

Gear: Cloak and hood, tunic, coat, trousers, boots, shortsword, buckler, large dagger, gauntlets, a helmet of any kind, a backpack and a flask.

Personality: Bad social skills yet tries to be friendly, holds no grudges except against the Nothing and keeps to himself.

Profession: Warrior/Bone Carver

Extra notes: Has had his sword and shield since he started training at the age of 6. He worships the Ascended One known as "Deebus the Amber Sneer", whose spheres are hope, heroes, light, war, survival and the shadows which we hide in. Carves bones when he isn't fighting. He is quite skilled.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Julien Brightside** on **August 10, 2013, 07:54:39 pm**

The travelling engraver Julien scribbles down a piece of a forgotten monster that was once seen Nomekast. It was called Osman, and was a great towering bloated monster consisting of coke that spread deadly vapors. It was defeated in a battle together with a lot of Nothing.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **ShadowHammer** on **August 10, 2013, 08:22:58 pm**

Yes! I finally caught up! It took me like two weeks to read up to this point, but I did it! This is an epic story, and I can finally stop lurking it. Can I be dorfed as...

Name: Shadowhammer  
Gender: male  
Race: dwarf  
Story: has made his way through the caverns, all the way from some long forgotten realm to the east, sometimes descending into the 4th cavern level, and didn't even know about the Nothing until a couple days before he found Nomekast. He thinks that Nomekast's religion is nonsense, and follows a much older religion, which he doesn't talk about, and no one really asks about. He likes cavern creatures, having lived among them almost his whole life, so he would really like it if you could capture and tame some for him to keep as pets.  
Profession: Hammerdwarf/ animal trainer

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **99Hedgehog** on **August 10, 2013, 09:14:33 pm**

<<+JOURNAL OF NORKAS+>>  
Entry 1:  
  
Our party has been searching for Nomekast for weeks. They say it is located in a region known as "the Swamps of Tunneling". I sure hope we reach it's gates soon, we've lost 10 to the Nothing already.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Oshha** on **August 12, 2013, 01:03:57 am**

Journal of Tragarus  
  
My protected band of refugees has joint up with another last night. This one has not been so lucky as ours. While we have lost none since I joint by group, this new group has lost ten souls already. I hope we don't lost anymore. At least I can make sure if we do, they won't be any under my protection.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **99Hedgehog** on **August 12, 2013, 01:23:09 am**

<<+JOURNAL OF NORKAS+>>  
Entry 2: Met another party on our travels through the Humble Nations, lead by one Tragarus Helmbolt, a human. Saved us from a Nothing ambush when we met him. I carved an amulet from wolf bone to show my thanks. It is well crafted. On the image is and image of a human and a nothing. The human is striking down the nothing. This relates to Tragarus helping us. It is encircled with bands of dingo bone. It menaces with spikes of alligator bone.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Oshha** on **August 12, 2013, 06:53:05 am**

Just wondering, how did you mod the Nothing into your game?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Oshha** on **August 12, 2013, 06:54:47 am**

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **99Hedgehog** on **August 12, 2013, 04:17:46 pm**

Quote from: Oshha on August 12, 2013, 06:53:05 am  
Just wondering, how did you mod the Nothing into your game?

Their RAW files are on the front page. Copy and paste them into creature\_standard.txt in raw>objects

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **August 23, 2013, 11:37:09 am**

Oshha - Sure thing on your character, you'll be in with the next migrant wave. As for the Nothing, simply copy the RAWs in the first post into your creature\_standard.txt and gen a new world.

99Hedgehog - Sure thing, as with Oshha you'll be in with the next migrants.

Julien Brightside - Love that picture! The red eyes in the background were a nice touch. ;)

ShadowHammer - Thanks! As with the others you'll be in with the next migrants.

15th Felsite 679 - Afternoon

Brosso grinned widely as he clasped his hands, watching the work unfold around him, the sound of chisel hitting stone and workers hauling tables and chairs music to his ears. He'd managed to get the engraver Felix to agree to smooth out the room of the future tavern, while already several tables and chairs had been brought in with more on the way once the masons were finished.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Stronghammer putting him in charge of setting up the place had been a stroke of luck. People liked taverns, and so it stood to reason that they'd like the one who had set it up. Sure, some would thank Stronghammer who'd given the original order, but many would also thank Brosso for designing, furnishing and establishing it. He was interrupted in his work however Ahra hurried up to him, dressed in the mail of the Iron Guard. The sole non-dwarven member of the Iron Guard insisted that he come down to the Fiery Cistern at once, and after much grumbling the large circus-director agreed to.

What awaited him in the Fiery Cistern was the sight of a gorlak caught in one of the cagetraps that lay at the entrance from the non-colonised parts of the cavern. "Excellent, another attraction for the zoo, or maybe the arena," the dwarf said, nodding.

"It's not that, it's-"

Ahra was interrupted as another voice piped up, rough and clearly straining slightly to make the sounds of the language. "Grawp prefer to be outta cage plees. E want no trouble, jus' gettin' away from da tings in da caves."

Brosso's eyes almost popped out his skull, one hand moving up with a handkerchief to dab at his forehead while another gave his beard a stroke. "Unbelievable. Unbelievable, this ragamuffin creature can speak. Speak!"

"Grawp can speek!" the gorlak repeated.

Brosso's grin got wider as he rubbed his hands together gleefully. "Forget the arena or zoo, you my dear gorlak, will be a star of the circus! Think of it, the 'Amazing Talking Gorlak', why, people will come from far and wide to-"

It was then another voice interrupted. "Not quite, Brosso." Brosso and Ahra spun round to see Derm, with Fori besides him, approaching. It was all he could do for the circus-director to restrain from scowling as he guessed just what they wanted.

"If that gorlak is intelligent enough to speak, you are not making a freak-show out of it. We are all equal in spirit here." Fori said, her measured tones betrayed by her angered glare. She was no great friend of Brosso, and it had not been helped by the dwarf's informal alliance with Imiwa, the elven acolyte that led the traditionalist elves in the community and had branded her a dangerous heretic.

Brosso waved a hand dismissively. "Restrain your preaching to your flock, if you could be so kind, Ms. Fori. I have only the best interests of this community at heart."

"Don't we all," Derm said, his own tone making it clear that he was no buying Brosso's justification.

"Now look here. If this gorlak couldn't speak you'd not have given a care in the world. I shan't accept such blatant double-standards."

"If one gorlak is intelligent enough to speak, then maybe the others are too. Perhaps it might be best to not cage-trap them at all," Fori said quietly.

Brosso's eyes widened with a mix of shock and anger, and he dabbed at his forehead with his handkerchief again. "This-this is blackmail and sabotage of the war effort against our real enemy!" The three of them stood there, exchanging glares while to the side, Ahra simply stood and waited, not wanting to get involved. Grawp likewise, stayed silent. "But very well," Brosso said a last, a momentary scowl flashing across his features, "I shall let it go free. I leave it up to you to try and explain to everyone that we are now letting gorlaks join the community." He glanced down at the caged creature. "I do suggest you think of my offer though, I assure you, work with my circus and you could become one of the best-known entertainers in all of dwarfdom, if not further!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Some refugees have arrived despite the danger



Jules scanned the valley as he and the ragtag crew of fellow refugees that he joined with made their way through the valley that surrounded the Swamps of Tunneling. They had traveled carefully, never staying in one place long, always moving on in search of the so-called fortress of 'Godsaved', Nomekast. By far one of the most successful of the communities that had sprouted up after most towns and cities had been overrun by the tides of Nothing that swept from north to south.

A wide grin split his face as he saw what they had been searching for for several months now. The towers of walls of Nomekast. The dwarf pointed over at it. "There! There, we've made it!" he called happily to the rest.

"Keep a weather eye out," came a voice. Aeras Alum moved up besides, the human glancing out across the vista of the valley. "By all accounts the damned things like to swarm around the damn place, more than elsewhere."

"Not sure about that, we haven't seen hide nor hair or any of them for the past day," a cheerful voice interrupted. Thantos made his way over, followed by the mule foal and bull calf that had adopted the group, the human's twin swords strapped to his back. "Seems they're all elsewhere."

"Sure, no doubt they're havin' a tea party. Smells more like an ambush to me."

"I wouldn't be so sure, look, they're lowering the drawbridge, they must have seen us. Let's get moving," Jules interrupted, the dwarf glancing up at the two humans flanking him as he stepped down the ridge towards the river. True to Thanos' assessment they reached it safely, and before long were welcomed into the compound, the drawbridge raised behind them. They were welcomed in warmly, but a sense of uneasiness pervaded both the group and the militia on watch as they looked out across the desolate landscape that seemed totally devoid of the usually omnipresent hordes of Nothing, both on the land and in the air. The beasts had shown themselves organised before, what could they be planning now?



(To help reading, everything that isn't "the main text" (mostly them arguing amongst themselves) has been put in parentheses, and the "main text" has been bolded.)

**Aeras** (Didn't we agree that I was to go first?)(No, we didn't.) **and Aarde's** (Well, now we have to put me last since otherwise it would just be you twice.)(Why can't it be me twice?) **Journal Entry One:** (Five hundred and seventy six!)(We agreed we would start over the damn numberin'!)(Oh, right. I remember.) **I** (Don't leave it at that, it would be confusin'!)(God damn, no it wouldn't!), **or rather, we, have arrived. There were, oddly,** (Why do you keep usin' that damn word, "oddly"? It's like your favorite word or somethin'!)(It's such a good word, though!)(Not when you usin' it as if it's some kind of damn comma!) **none of the Nothings** (That's not what those damn things are called!)(Yes, it is! What else would you call them?)(There are millions of damn things you could call them! I can barely list them!)

(Most of the rest of the entry is them arguing over what to call the Nothings, with the following at the end.)

**around the entrance of the damn place.** (That's odd, right?)(I'm pretty damn glad you didn't say "oddly"! You put that in every damn entry we do!)(No, I don't! The first couple we did didn't have it in it!)(Yes, they did!)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Julien Brightside** on **August 25, 2013, 02:21:43 pm**

Story part:  
**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)  
Jules go forth with a cheerful expression, ready to begin his work as an engraver in these halls of brave dwarves. Or at least he hoped he could work as an engraver. If he was immediately set to work as a planter, he would probably just shrivel up and perish out of boredom.

"I got plans you know, if they just set me to work at a wall, I'll make something worth looking at."

He decided he would show his sketches to the mayor when there was time for a meeting.

The halls look far more worked out than he had dreamed of. Then again, the rumours he had heard of a dwarven village surviving in the middle of "nothing" territory was quite old by now.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **August 25, 2013, 07:27:42 pm**

Thud's Journal

I made a new friend! His name is Grawp. He is nice but he is stuck in a cage. I want to get him out because that would be a good thing to do.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **August 26, 2013, 04:45:50 pm**

Felsite 679

The new inhabitants had been welcomed easily into the fort, Thantos had joined to help the militia, bringing his swordsmanship to aid them. Jules meanwhile had made his skills as an engraver known, and had asked to see the mayor Stronghammer to discuss it once the mayor was finished arranging the industries and his new projects. Aeras' other personality Aarde meanwhile had been happily welcomed by the dwarves as another geologist to held for future mining work. Grawp however, had received a less than ideal welcome. The reservations Brosso had had were shared by many in the fort, despite Derm asking them to at least give the gorlak a chance. In the end, the troll Thud had broken open the cage, having apparently thought that the fact that the rest of the community was taking so long to free him was due to a lost key or some other minor inconvenience. It didn't take long for Grawp to form a friendship with the troll, the two easily the more 'extreme' members of the community.

20th Felsite 679 - Noon

Mifava Nitharenmo found Ibruk at the temple, kneeling before the altar, Kadzar doing likewise behind him. As she pulled open the iron door the pair rose and looked to her. Ibruk was the first to react, touching his hands reverently to the floor and giving the altar a bow before he stood up to speak to her. "Ah, pilgrim Mifava, I am glad to see you here. Have you come to pray? There is a service this evening to Dustik Bulbearths if you are interested."

"Forgive me, Ibruk, but I came to speak to you, not to pray. I hope I am not interrupting?"

The prophet waved a hand dismissively. "Not at all, brother Kadzar and I were just meditating." He moved closer to her, leaning on his stick. "So, good Mifava, what can I do for you once more?"

She looked down at him, well over two heads taller than the dwarf. "I have been thinking about your words, about the Blight. You mentioned the prophecies of the 'Ocean Princess', and the 'Blind Prophet of the Broken Rock', I would be much interested to learn more, so I came to ask if you keep any copies of these texts I may be able to read."

Ibruk said nothing for several seconds, one hand stroking his long beard. "Well I am always happy to help a fellow pilgrim better understand the ways of the divines and the mission we have been entrusted with; unfortunately I fear I cannot help you for the texts of the Blind Prophet. The old clergy held a strong grip on any copies and I was not able to salvage one before our pilgrimage to Nomekast. If any copies remain they will have been lost or abandoned back in the Grizzly Vessel, far south. I do, however, have a copy of the prophecies of the blessed Ocean Princess. A modern adaptation by the scholar Thikut Toolactions some 70 years ago, the original prophecy dates from the late 2nd century, the writing was slightly archaic. Brother Kadzar, if you could be so kind." Kadzar nodded, moving back to the altar and pushing aside the cloth beneath the table, revealing several books and scrolls piled up, litanies, writings and holy books that Ibruk or others of his flock had saved and brought with them to Nomekast. The temple priest rummaged through the piled for a few seconds, pulling out a scroll that had seen better days, passing it over to Ibruk. Ibruk unrolled it, holding it at both ends in his hands. "You must understand if I insist on keeping the scroll here, not to slight your good self, but it can be so easy to misplace or lose a scroll, and for such a holy writing that would be shameful indeed. So then, pilgrim Mifava, what parts were you particularly interested in?"

"The Collapse of Hell, I believe you mentioned it as the Ocean Princess' writings?"

"Indeed," the dwarf replied, eyes scanning the page. "Ah, here, only a short part of her divine prophecies, and yet so very much the crucial part." He proffered the scroll to Mifava who took it, reading the lines he'd indicated;

The vaults were gone, hell collapsed  
The dwarves had failed, their duties lapsed  
The bright towns were ash, kings of steel  
Had fallen to dark and lost their zeal  
On floors of slade stole the tide  
The powerful were smote and lost their pride  
Hell collapsed, the vaults agape  
Up came the hordes in one great shape  
The shadows above in a wave woke  
To rebirth in blood and shards of smoke  
The world swept away, blazed in its sin  
But remain the shards and the god within

The elf read the line several times, committing them to memory before she handed the scroll back to Ibruk, who gave her a warm smile. "I do hope that helps," he said, delicately re-rolling the scroll up and passing it to Kadzar, who moved to return it into its place. "And please do think on that service, we are always happy to welcome another to the temple."

Afternoon

Stronghammer Fireforge was sat in his office, looking down at the sheafs of paper on his desk. Across from him, Jules sat, patiently waiting for a response. The mayor took a while to examine the worn sketches, taking in their details before one hand moved to stroke his beard, nodding. "Yes, this seems excellent," he said at last, "the auditorium is currently being cleared of the mined stone at the moment, once it is done, I'd be delighted to have you work on smoothing and engraving; people need reminding of how far we've come, and their spirits lifting. Have you met our other engraver Felix? Quiet dwarf, but very much the hard worker, I'm sure he'd be glad to help you once he finishes with Brosso on the tavern...and there's that gorlak too, say's it - I mean he - is quite the engraver too, you should at least give him a chance."

The engraver nodded, a smile moving onto his features as he collected up his sketches. He was, after all, an engraver first and foremost, and so delighted to hear that he wouldn't be trapped doing menial work planting or hauling stone between the levels. "Thank you very much Mayor Fireforge, I'll be sure to get to work as soon as possible."

Stronghammer nodded, waving Jules out of his office just in time for another knock to sound and for the militia commander Tarran to step through, followed by the elf Mifava. He beckoned the pair in and they took the seats opposite, the elf still over a head taller than both Dwarves when sat down.

Stronghammer looked down at his agenda. "Now then, Tarran and Ms...Nitharenemo? I believe you wanted to talk to me about the militia?"

Tarran nodded as Mifava took out some more sheafs of paper with plans on them, placing them on Stronghammer's desk. "That's right," the militia commander said, "Mifava here approached me coupla days ago with some ideas about reforming the militia further. Thought you'd be interested to hear."

"That's right, you can see here, I've drawn up some plans for consolidating the barracks into a full military compound," the elf said, pointing to the map, "drill yard, quarters for the militia, a mess hall, hospital, bathing area, a moat,"

"The moat might not be practical here, but it's still a good idea," Tarran interjected.

Stronghammer stroked his beard thoughtfully with a hand, nodding slowly as he inspected the plans. "I see, yes. If we empty out the old area the thieves were holed up in, we can easily set it up." A small smile lit his features, "I'd be glad to put you two in charge, make it so."

Evening

Bax leant back in his chair, putting his boots up onto the table. "So then, what exactly have we got planned? We've been sitting on our thumbs for months now, ain't no way to run a Thieves' Guild," the goblin asked.

Opposite him, shrouded as ever in his cloak, Stas gave a shrug, the dwarf's face impassive. "We are holding a low profile, quite essential in our line of work, I assure you."

Standing on his chair to be able to reach the same level as the others, the kobold Konith drummed his fingers on the stone table in the hide-out. "The police are too busy arresting philosophers. They're not looking for us with any real effort, Atis has told us as much." The small dwarven girl turned to look at the kobold from where she stood near Bax, not saying a word. "Complacency doesn't lead to much."

Stas gave a small sigh. "Yes, I rather suppose you are both right. Of course I anticipated as much, which is why I called you here in the first place." The dwarf moved a hand into a sleeve, plucking out a small scroll he unrolled out onto the table between them. Bax moved his feet off the table, leaning forward, while Konith held on as he pulled himself closer.

"Maps of the stores?" Bax asked, raising an eyebrow.

A smile reached Stas' face. "Of course." He leant down, picking something off the floor and dropping it onto the table with a loud sound. A pickax. "Konith, my fellow, you remember what you told me you heard at the circus this morning?"

The kobold thought for a few seconds. He'd been spending the past few weeks working to help clear Brosso's future circus, using the opportunity to keep track on the prospective politician and impresario. "The festival?"

Stas' smile grew. "That's right, a festival. Stronghammer will declare it tomorrow, but is already planning it with the other bigwigs of the fort. A grand affair no doubt, everyone will be invited!"

A toothy smile grew on Bax's face as he understood. "Everyone will be at the festival, of course."

Konith got it then too, nodding eagerly. "All too easy for some things to go missing when everyone's enjoying the shows."

"Especially," Stas said, hefting the pickax, "if we don't even take the main entrance."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **August 26, 2013, 08:31:30 pm**

Another great read Aequor. I really do love how you are able to keep track of all the different stories and intertwine them. I cant wait for the next one.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Wofi** on **August 26, 2013, 09:11:41 pm**

A great post, looking forward to the next, etc etc etc. Point is, it is awesome.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Julien Brightside** on **August 29, 2013, 03:22:52 pm**

Must say I really enjoyed the poem part there. And my part, hehe.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Again\_Dejavu** on **August 30, 2013, 10:16:23 am**

\*Squees\*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **September 11, 2013, 06:09:07 am**

Quote from: Stronghammer on August 26, 2013, 08:31:30 pm  
Another great read Aequor. I really do love how you are able to keep track of all the different stories and intertwine them. I cant wait for the next one.

My thoughts exactly!

Anyone else thinks that thanks to our intrigues and infighting this will all crash and burn? I hope Brosso and Imiwa will play a big part in that.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Dorsidwarf** on **September 20, 2013, 03:12:24 pm**

I have watched this fort for ages, and I love it so.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Karkov** on **September 21, 2013, 02:22:23 pm**

Aequor's story is one of the best out there, man can make a narrative like no other. That being said I'd like a dwarf in there myself.

Name: Karkov  
Gender: Male  
Race: Dwarf  
Profession: Brewer

Backstory: He's been a dwarf-of-all-trades most of his life until he met a human who thought his name was funny. After a quick scuffle, the dwarf demanded to know what was so funny about his name. The human, being the victim of a submission hold at the time, relented and told the dwarf that his name was that of a cheap vodka that was sold in bulk in the human territories. The dwarf was curious of this circumstance, and made a pilgrimage to go find the brew that had his name on it. Many cases of the stuff later he found that, though it tasted terrible, it had the right kick to it, and he decided he would make a new brew with the same kick, but tasted slightly better. He was actually on the verge of getting the mixture just right when the town he had installed his brewery in was attacked by the nothing. With just a couple of bottles to his name, he traveled to Nomekast in search of a safe-haven to try and fulfill his dream again. The man's nothing, if not determined.

You can just make him a fixture of the fort if you want to, kind of like Felix is. Silently doing his job, just watching everything and giving the occasional snide remark. If you want to make him act like he's possessed that'd be fine. He's obsessed with getting it right and politics/religion be damned. He's well-traveled as well so he doesn't care much that there are other races here, everyone's gotta drink sometime after all.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **September 26, 2013, 08:27:41 pm**

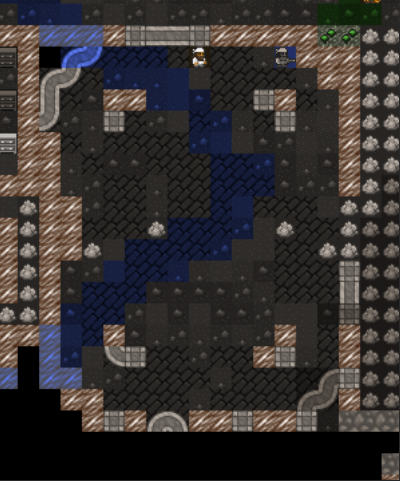
Thanks guys! I try to do my best, though I'll admit to occasionally end up forgetting some characters (to be fair to myself, there's currently 41 living ones, another 12 dead ones, and that's not including those waiting for migrants, or the 'NPC' characters like Ibruk and Imiwa.). I have to say, I might be, y'know, hella slow at updating but I do really enjoy writing Nomekast, and I'm glad you enjoy it too. I'm a big fan of world-building, as my confusing writing and info-dumps might sometimes show. :P

Karkov - Thanks, and sure thing, you're on the list with the next migrants!

Felsite 679 - Evening

Stronghammer had declared a festival would be held during the Summer and had already asked for the various prominent citizens who held influence amongst the races in the community to meet with him and discuss what they wanted to see. Work had intensified on the public auditorium in anticipation of the festivities, while plans for a public park where people could relax among the cavern plants were being drawn up by the architect Shin. Jules had teamed up with Felix meanwhile to start smoothing out the auditorium, with help from the gorlak Grawp who seemed delighted to be able to help in any way, babbling to the two dwarves over the noise of the chisels.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Under direction of Tarran and Mifava, meanwhile, the miners had begun to carve out what would eventually be the new barracks of the militia in the old Thieves' Guild quarters long since abandoned.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



5th Hematite 679 - Morning

"-but She had fallen far from Zasngalk, dropping through the abyss to Vitti, where the Witchqueen snared her. Unbeaten though was Dustik Bulbearths, and She spoke, and Vitti shook, for no cave of darkness could withstand the Rainmaker-" Ibruk intoned, voice carrying out over the congregation. The morning service had been dedicated to Dustik Bulbearths, goddess of plants and rain. Besides him Kadzar stood in his priestly attire, holding aloft the sigil of the goddess. "-and in the depths She called, and so spoke the Traveller: "What care I for your imprisonment? I who no bars can hold? Earthridden Dustik, forge thee a plough, and farm the fall of your captors, for surely nothing can-"

There was a surprised cry from the congregation and Ibruk stopped, looking out as worried shouts arose. In the crowd Derm lay on the ground, writhing somewhat, the Sheriff having attended his patron goddess' service. "Give the dwarf some space!" Kadzar said quickly, laying the sigil down reverently and moving to come help. Derm was squirming in the earth, voice mumbling low, eyes up in his head. Kadzar pressed a hand to his forehead, checking his temperature. There was a cry, and he knew nothing more.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

**Kadzar Zealot has been possessed!**



Ibruk had been the first to leap to his disciple's help as Kadzar fell, writhing on the ground much like Derm. "Brother Kadzar, please, take hold of yourself!" the prophet said, holding a hand out. Kadzar stopped briefly, eyes also up in the back of his head, and spoke, voice low and rasping:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Forgotten Beast Ura has come! A gigantic three-eyed alligator! It has a pair of long antennae and it belches and croaks! Beware its deadly dust!

There was silence amongst the crowd around the pair as Derm stilled, quietening as the visions that had wracked him ended, while Kadzar seemed imbued with new purpose, rising shakily to his feet and striding towards the workshops, the crowd parting before him. Then a cry came from the meeting space. "They're back! They're back!" Donned in his militia armour, Neo, the possessed dwarf, arrived at the crowd. "The Nothing have returned above!"

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The crowd reaction was unsurprisingly negative. The Nothing had vanished for a long while, seeming to have left the valley for other pastures. They're return presaged nothing good.

-----

Tarran looked out across the assembled ranks of the militia.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"OK people," he began. "We've got another beast 3-eyed alligator. Comes gratis with deadly dust. And right here on this level, that right Derm?" Derm nodded, having recovered from the visions of the Forgotten Beast he'd received. "So, that means that we're counting on your squad, Rovod, to get the damn thing before it gets us. And that means that the rest of will. Stay. Behind," he emphasised the last few words, sending a glare to Juggernaut, the Armok fanatic who had before already disobeyed orders to stay back. The man didn't respond, simply tightening his grip on his weapon. "And that means you too," the militia commander after a few seconds, addressing a stern glance to the troll Thud, who towered over the rest of the militia. The troll gave a wide grin, raising a fist, but saying nothing. "Right then, let's move out."

They filed out in their squads, passing over the narrow drawbridge that led out from the colonised part of the cavern into the wilds. The Iron Guard and the Police would remain behind as a protective force. Once they'd crossed, the stone drawbridge rose, slamming shut, a dwarf giving them a thumbs-up from the tower, ready to let them back in once the work was done. Silence descended on them as they moved out, the only noise that of their armour and the occasional murmur between Derm and Tarran as the Sheriff directed them to where he'd seen Ura in his visions. It didn't take them long to arrive, arriving by the edge of the lake. Tarran signed to Rovod who moved forward, followed by his squad of crossbow-users: Doc. Steve, Rar, BranRhi, Reno Monty and Konith. They moved forward, spotting the huge alligator monster easily, laying on the bank of the lake as they stood on a ledge over it. It'd have to go around to get to them, which would give them time to either finish it off, or retreat and let the rest of the militia finish it.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"I don't believe it," Reno Monty murmured quietly, "I think it's sleeping." BranRhi gave him a silent nod, raising his crossbow.

"Did Derm mention it sleeping?" Doc. Steve asked.

"No, just that it was skulking round the lake here. We should be careful though, what if it's a trap? We know these things are clever," Rar replied.

Rovod quietened them, raising his crossbow. "This is our best chance, get ready. On my mark."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



BranRhi was the first to fire, sending two bolts into two of Ura's leg, the bolts digging in deep. The alligator shifted slightly in its sleep, a rumble rising from it, but otherwise remained still fast asleep.

"What's it doing?" Konith hissed, sending a bolt into its side to no reaction but a snore.

A rain of bolts fired into the beast, piercing its prone body completely. The alligator kept sleeping, its three eyes shut. The battle didn't last long, a final bolt from BranRhi piercing Ura in the head.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The flying (iron bolt) strikes The Forgotten Beast in the head, tearing the muscle, chipping the skull and bruising the brain! A tendon in the skull has been torn!

It gave a shudder, a low groan of pain, and stopped moving altogether. The squad moved up to it, weapons still held out.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Ura remained immobile, dead. Doc. Steve nudged the corpse with his foot. No reaction. He shrugged, turning to the others. "Heavy sleeper," he remarked.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **September 27, 2013, 11:07:27 pm**

From the journal of Nathaniel Stormwind:  
Tales from the Void  
Chapter 6 Twisted Fates

It has been a very interesting time sense my last entry in this tale. To start, a festival will be had very soon, the shadow demons have returned to the land above, a forgotten one came from below, and Kadzar has been possessed by an unknown entity. I have set a list of things to do.

- The list: 1: get sample of Ura's blood  
2: monitor Kadzar and question him if he succeeds in creating a new artifact  
3: get in contact with thieves' guild to find a way to get in the room with the "cursed gem"  
4: prepare for artifact investigation for during the festival  
5: When things have settled, summon and unsummon Ura's spirit (in my sanctum) with his blood and question him and find out why he came here

things that still need doing are:

- 1: help Weiss with wood collection  
2: finish sanctum  
3: continue investigation on Lerdli's skull and cage some cursed crundles  
4: do a checkup on Xenir's "condition"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **HailFire** on **October 11, 2013, 01:18:53 pm**

Excerpts from the journal of Mifava Nitharanemo, Druid:  
Spoiler: Twentieth of Slate, 679: (click to show/hide)  
Today's visit to Nomekast's principle temple\* has been most illuminating:

<A transcript of the passage from the Prophecy of the Ocean Princess follows>

It may seem strange, but these words bring me some relief: although the events depicted here are certainly disastrous, if for no other reason than their apparent imminence, I seem to have misinterpreted Ibruk's words concerning the 'collapse' itself. Regardless, this bears further discussion with the Prophet, as dwarven mythology is not exactly my forte (nor am I rightly sure what "Slade" is).

On the other hand, I now understand why that same temple is such a hub for spiritual activity within Nomekast: aside from the catacombs it must contain, the idols present upon the temple's altar were artifacts of masterful 'dwarven' craftsmanship; history is smattered with possessions of artisans- particularly dwarves- for the creation of great works by particularly creative or mischievous spirits\*. The spirits of these idols are unusually potent, though... and I sensed more below, though rudimentary wards occlude my perception of the western portion of the temple's basements.

A conference with Nomekast's dead and these artifact spirits would be most enlightening, but I must first gather some reagents. It might be difficult to find the time to carry out such a ritual without the disturbance of the Prophet or the temple's custodian, but I am sure an opportunity shall present itself.

As fortune would have it, I was also able to arrange a meeting with Mayor Fireforge today, which went quite smoothly; the plans for the renovated barracks have been approved, and the responsibility for its construction placed upon myself and Nomekast's militia commander, Tarran. I have every confidence that construction will be complete within the year.

*"The leaf is the perfect servant;" the hermit replied calmly, "for it works diligently every day of the year with no thought of ambition, gives all that it has with no thought of reward, and ere the autumn comes, it passes silently onto the next world with neither regret nor complaint, knowing that the tree will be none the worse for its passage. If ever you find a man that is a leaf, come tell me of him, for he is a saint without peer."*  
-Mokathi Nelowulema, 226

-Mifava

\* Mayor Fireforge, in a somewhat misguided show of cultural tolerance, mandated the construction of temples and shrines for Nomekast's non-dwarven peoples, which have gone largely ignored by their intended audiences.  
\*\* Or those of previous artisans who died before completing a great work... Ironically, these possessions often result in grisly deaths when the spirit cannot locate the necessary materials for its magnum opus and drives its host to insanity or suicide. Truly, a vicious cycle.  
Spoiler: First of Felsite, 679: (click to show/hide)  
Work continues apace; the area for the new barracks has been demarcated- formerly the habitat of the local thieves- and the miners have begun to clear it out. Mayor Fireforge has announced his intent to host a festival in the coming weeks to raise morale and soothe tensions, however, during which the project will no doubt be suspended. I intend to participate, if possible, as I always relish the exchange of wisdom\*, and it would certainly facilitate building bridges with Nomekast's various denominations, but investigation must take priority over socialization; Ibruk is a pillar of the community, and while watchful eyes are making merry, I intend to make use of the temple as previously described- with so many spirits in residence there, it will take some time to properly question them and hear their stories.

Furthermore, certain elements with whom I wish to speak are also likely to abstain from the festivities, while they as well can work undisturbed...

A man thinks it is so; a priest believes it is so; a scholar concludes it is so; a hermit knows it is so; a magician makes it so.  
-Mifava

\*And refreshments. A public forum is being rushed to completion ahead of the festival- until the barracks is completed and I must begin my work training the army in earnest, I intend to spend as much time as possible there.  
Spoiler: Date Unmarked: (click to show/hide)  
Much of these two pages are covered with tiny runic script and unmarked diagrams, the largest of which depicts a cutaway view of a tower.

A note in ordinary elven at the bottom of the second page reads: "'The unreadable word is useless', eh, Mifava? All will be revealed in due time, dear reader."  
Spoiler: Fifth of Hematite, 679: (click to show/hide)  
Today has been somewhat... intense. This morning, during a sermon at the dwarven temple, we had a double-possession of Derm, the sheriff, and Kadzar, the temple's custodian and the Prophet's right hand. At least one of the spirits involved came to deliver a warning- the arrival of a misshapen beast in the shape of a giant, three-eyed alligator from the depths of the Earth, known as Ura. Almost simultaneously, the Blight, whom have had minimal presence in Nomekast's valley since my arrival, returned en masse.

While Derm headed off with the militia to guide them to the creature once he recovered from his visions, Kadzar seems to still harbor an artisan spirit- while I relish the opportunity to speak with one myself, I now have higher priorities: Nomekast's bravest alighted upon the beast while it slept, and were able to dispatch it without risking confrontation. I *must* gain insight from this Ura while the body is fresh, before somebody carries it off or defiles it. These 'forgotten beasts' have been linked to the Blight, and, unlike the Blight, possess a spirit which I might question. While the barrier between worlds has weakened enough that I need not necessarily be so urgent, the body is a direct link to the spirit, and I would be able to speak with it at the most ease and length before it crosses to the other side... and before the dwarves butcher the carcass and scatter its pieces across the city- or worse, destroy it.

Once I have all that I might glean from Ura, the next orders of business are to speak with Derm and Fori\*, to share what I may have learned, and to discuss their visions relating to these beasts; if Kadzar is still possessed and in good health at that point, I would like to commune with his possessor, to see if I might learn more about the proliferation of artifact spirits here in Nomekast before I have the chance to interrogate them directly.

The world of mortal illusion is not a curtain to be brushed aside by force, but a prism that dilutes Heaven's light- only when one's vision is properly attuned may one see the Truth beneath.  
-Mifava

\*Who should have suffered the same visions, if my information is correct, despite not being in the area.

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Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
Sorry this took so long! It's been languishing at ~75% complete for about a week now, but I've been bombarded with distractions. 🙄

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Again\_Dejavu** on **October 21, 2013, 07:12:44 pm**

I just thought how a Gorlak could engrave without shaking his head back and forth.  
Perhaps the tusks shoot forward like little pistons.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Wade Wilson** on **January 30, 2014, 11:50:27 pm**

finally finished reading, this story is freakin' awesome :D  
i would like to request a goblin  
Name: Mephiles  
Job : swordsgoblin/butcher (I know we don't get much meat, but for when we do)

was a good soldier with a tactically sound mind, but after seeing his tower fall to the nothing early in the war he kinda snapped. is still a strong warrior, but his mind has deteriorated during his long flight from the Nothing. He often holds conversations with himself, say something, waiting for an answer, then talking again. Should he join the military, he will be loyal to his fellow soldiers. has no use for gods or religion.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **February 14, 2014, 01:19:07 am**

About my character just adding some past jrrocks human dual swordsman.

While everybody sees his cheerful exterior they don't realize it is just a mask. On the inside he is very dark everyday when he goes back to his quarters no one sees him there sitting on his bed smoking cigarettes a painfilled expression on his normally cheerful face. In combat some might realize its a mask they see him with a feral grin on his face smoking a cigarette. The way he fights letting out all his anger,sadness,frustration and most of all pain. His father a swordsman viciously abused him. His mother a surgeon did not care. When he fights he uses what they taught surgical strikes on important areas while staying agile. His mother a pacifist who learned the anatomy of all species and how to treat all of them allowing him to know where to strike. His mother all so have him his great patience. His father a human champion swordsman who nobody would believe would harm a child. At school is where he made his mask becoming popular but all the while holding his friends at arms length. One day a few goblins made it past the traps in to the school. Brutally murdering his mother and sisters but jrrocks pretended death then knocked out a goblin taking his sword. He attacked the goblins with a fury he never knew killing them all hacking at their bodies even after death. He thought his dad would be proud but all he did was tell him it should have been him and when started to cry his father took him home cut him up and told him one thing " warriors don't cry" the only phrase he ever took to heart. When he was 18 against his fathers orders he went to college and got a PhD in military history learning every species military history and getting straight a's. Soon after his father died when he "fell" on his sword. Using his sword skill he wandered the land soon becoming known as Thantos mortal god of death(change his name to that). Soon he went back to his hometown where he encountered the nothing killing all his friends. He stood there in shocking hearing children crieing soon silenced. With that fury he attacked wiping out all of the nothing so many dead even their blood could not rise. Soon after he begain his way to nomekast to where he is now( he is uually calm but when he unleashes his temper it is like hell it self is unleashed. He has messy blond hair and sea green eyes that if you look closely held a sharp steel but in combat all it holds is fury. Is also a chain smoker always smoking.no cigars! All he cares about is survival of fort you threaten this forts survival you feel his fury. Does not care about races as long as they help the fort. His favorite phrase even if he does not say it is " the greatest is trick the devil ever pulled was convincing the world he didn't exist. His war cry "yippe ca yay motherf-----". He also quotes a lot of famous sayings from military history)

Journal entry one Thantos

So this is the famed nomekast. More like a time bomb. I will do all I can to help this fort survive. I like strong hammers policies but I think somebody should train the wolf in the art of war and give him to me. Also Foris new views are interesting if implemented in old war would probably lead to civil war. The nothing's tactics are interesting comination of goblin ambush tactics,human wave tactics and eleven sky oriented tactics. More forgotten beast then usual though. seems likely survival arena good idea but circus not but workers Volunteered. Should hand off war trainable animals for protection. Also deem is smart should get him a secratery to help organize and go through more mundane paperwork. Let him choose though has to trust him/her. Add more traps outside to help negate wave tactics. Moat? Time to make sure they don't figure out there is a mask.

"War is just a continuation of politics by diffrent means"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **February 14, 2014, 01:24:56 am**

Clarification ( the greatest trick the devil ever pulled was convincing the world the he didn't exist)



Meant derm not deem

please please please

is Aequor dead? if so;

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[glow=rednnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!o,2,300][/glow]
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Sorry guys, been busy and just plain not feeling too good these past few months. ::)

Good to hear that your alive and well Aequor, even though you haven't been feeling well. Hope you feel better soon.

I'd love a dwarf.

Name: Litlbear  
Gender: Male  
Occupation: Soldier/Armorer  
Personality: Friendly, gets along well with others, wants to help out

yaay Armok would bless Aequor, but Aequor just replaced him!

This is about the most awesome community fort out there. Just finished reading through the whole thing. I would like a kobold when you have time for another update.

Name: Arcvasti(<-Creativity)  
Gender: Doesn't matter  
Occupation: Mechanic or engraver  
Personality/back-story:[Will be edited in later]

just joined so I can take part, truly awesome fort!

Name: PD  
Race: Elf  
Gender: Can't tell under the mud...  
Occupation: Hunter and Bowelf

Back-story: with the forest burnt and its inhabitants slain, His mind snapped, all the traditions that had kept them great would kill them, the tree spirits were mere sticks to use to keep himself alive, the nothings themselves would keep him fed! a few kills later and he found they were less than fulfilling... he needed more than that to stay alive, he needed allies...

CaptainLambcake - Sure thing, you'll be in with the next available migrants.

Arcvasti - Thanks, always flattered to hear so. :P You'll be in with the next available migrants!

!!pyrodwarf!! - Again, thanks! As with the others, you'll be in with the next available migrants.

5th Hematite 679 - Late evening

The body of Ura had been brought back into the fort and taken down to Ugo's lab for further study in future, the still-bewildered militia explaining the odd event that had led to their killing the forgotten beast with not even taking a single scratch. The news was fairly heartening for some, especially Reg, who had expected to be treating yet more dying people, forced to watch them suffer from the poisons with little to help them. It was a good sign, many said, that the gods had helped, that luck was on their side, for now at least, and that evening there was a raucous and drunken celebration by the dining-area that lasted well into the morning.

6th Hematite 679 - Pre-dawn

Mifava had been in luck, Ugo had not locked the door to the lab after the militia had dropped Ura's body off and so it had been easy getting through. Everyone was still above celebrating, and she had checked to make sure that neither Ugo nor the police or Iron Guard would return, leaving her ample time to do her work uninterrupted. The body of the enormous three-eyed alligator lay on the dissection table, pierced in multiple places by the weapons of the militia, but otherwise mostly whole, the goblin scientist had not yet started work on it. Mifava placed a hand on its body, still warm from its death. Moving back, she closed the doors, opening her satchel and preparing the reagents she'd need. Study had warned her that necromancy - or 'the Sixth Mystery' as it was sometimes known in the most common dwarven schools of magic which were grouped into 'Mysteries' based on what the target of said magics were - was punished with either exile or death, and while it was arguable whether what she was doing was necromancy as the law understood it or not, she couldn't take that chance.

It took her a few minutes to daub the large corpse with the salve and marks needed and she formed a circle around the table, making sure to allow no break in it. If it came to it, this would act as a last resort to prevent the spirit from escaping into the wider world. Such a thing was nearly unheard of, but taking a chance would be folly. Finally she lit a small candle, holding it up as she pressed a hand to Ura's head. The chanting came easily and with practised ease, and a soft breeze rose up around her and the body, the candle-flame flickering then turning green. Ura's three eyes flashed open, dark as night and the room went dim around the pair until it was just her and the beast in a endless void of nothing. The eyes stared at her and a low, guttural voice rose, seeming to come from everywhere and echoing in her head.

"What do you mean?"

Ura's eyes stared at her, reflections of the void around them. "WHAT I SAID."

"No, what do you mean by a collapsing world?"

"What truth?"

Mifava frowned, starting to get slightly irritated at Ura's evasive answers. "What truth do you mean though? Explain it completely."

"What do you mean?"

"What?"

She could suddenly feel a stress all around her as the beast's spirit pushed at her rites, trying to force its way through and out. The void twisted around them, flashing to the lab and back as Ura began to break free. "No, wait!" It was useless though, a sudden gust blew around them, blowing out her candle and she was suddenly back in the lab, panting hard. She took a few seconds to get her breath back, sighing as she cleared up her items, making sure to leave nothing that could be traced to her. Barely had she finished that she heard the door be pulled open and spun round. Nathaniel Stormwind stood in the doorway, clearly just as surprised to see her as she was to see him.

The man spoke first. "Wanted to get a closer look too?"

Mifava shrugged. "We...don't have forgotten beasts in the forests, I was curious to see one up close."

Nathaniel nodded at that, moving into the lab proper. "They're certainly very interesting creatures."

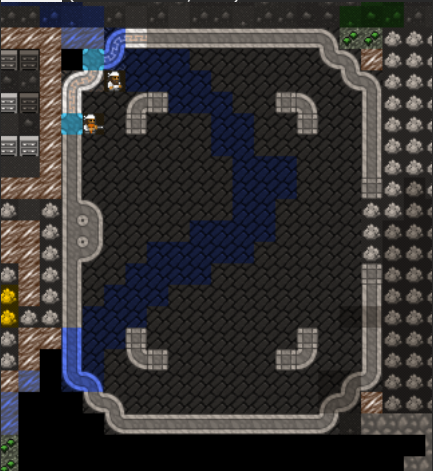
"That they are, if you'll excuse me." And with that she moved out, casting a last, wary look over her shoulder before moving back to blend in with the celebrations to avoid suspicion.

Once Mifava was gone, Nathaniel let out a soft sigh. He had expected no one to be down her, had checked to make sure anyone who could conceivably be here was up at the festivities, but the elf's presence had surprised him. He could only hope she wasn't suspicious of his motives. He put a hand on Ura's body, feeling it still warm, perfect to draw some blood from. He brought out a vial and a small knife, moving to one of the wounds on the monstrous alligator's body and tearing into it carefully. Blood dribbled from it, it was curious how it could continue to do so even a few hours after death, he had been lucky this time. It didn't take him long to get a good sample of Ura's blood, bottling up the vial before cleaning his knife and moving out, making sure to not be seen as he returned above.

#### Hematite 679

Work continued feverishly to prepare for Stronghammer's festival that would take place at Midsummer. The auditorium had been smoothed with the help of Jules, Felix and Grawp, and now under the direction of Jules the trio had begun to engrave scenes and images along the wall, following Jules' sketches.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Kadzar had finished his artifact, the spirit that had possessed him disappearing just as abruptly as it had appeared, having been satisfied by the creation of a fungiwood floodgate named Kithinlilar Ilon Nilim - Cactuspatterns the Moon of Tweeting.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Kithinlilar Ilon Nilim - Cactuspatterns the Moon of Tweeting - a fungiwood floodgate. This is a fungiwood floodgate. All craftsdwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encircled with bands of fungiwood and black-cap.

Elsewhere, Nathaniel and Weiss were still working on the sanctum hidden behind Nathaniel's quarters, with Weiss working on carving out his own quarters opposite Nathaniel's.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Under Mifava and Tarran's direction the old Thieves' Guild had been completely hollowed out, and now construction would soon begin on the new militia barracks.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Brosso the Magnificent meanwhile had been driving his workers hard, eager to get the tavern finished in time for the festival, and indeed, by the end of Hematite work had mostly been completed, with just a few more pieces of furniture needed, chairs and storage, though neither a name nor any decision on who would work there had been reached.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





As Hematite rolled over into Malachite there was a sense of optimism through much of the fortress, with many looking forward to the festival.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **March 07, 2014, 04:33:22 pm**

Great to be reading this story again. Keep up the good work!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **March 11, 2014, 08:17:04 pm**

3rd Malachite 679 - Pre-dawn

Nathaniel waited patiently by the pillar, arms crossed, hand tapping against his upper-arm, constantly glancing around. In his work on trying to learn more of the mysterious artefacts that the fort held, especially those kept from view, he'd questioned Kadzar once the dwarf had finished his own artefact, only to be replied with the same that the others had told him: they couldn't remember what had come over them. He'd furthermore made some inquiries about possibly getting into contact with the "Thieves' Guild", which in turn had seen a letter surreptitiously deposited within his chamber directing him here down on the Fiery Cistern in the hour prior to dawn. He felt on edge, expecting the Iron Guard to burst out the shadows any moment and see him blamed of collusion with the Guild, which was still being adamantly pursued by Bounce, the bookkeeper who had apparently taken a personal dislike to them. He sighed, shifting, and that's when the voice came.

"So, you're here? Good." The voice was deep, low, muffled. He couldn't make out where it was coming from, let alone who it belonged to. "So then, you wanted something didn't you? Something to do with a nice big shiny gem, yes?"

"I don't want you to steal it, I simply need to get into the room in the temple undercrofts, the locked one with the orichalc door."

"Which Ibruk is very adamant on refusing people in, something to do with curses."

"Possibly, there are odd wards-"

"No need to spout your metaphysics, we're not all scholars. Here's the thing though, Mr. Stormwind: as you may have realised, we're not a charity. We can get you in there, and even time to examine or do your little song and dance, whatever you want. But not for free."

"Of course not, what do you want?"

"What do you have?"

What did he have? Not much, no wealth in jewels or the like that he could offer. He had the feeling that his fields of knowledge would be considered useless, so he couldn't pay that way. A low murmur rose up, the sound of two, maybe three people talking. then the voice returned. "Actually, you know what, we can do this *pro-bono*, but we trust you'll remember how we helped you."

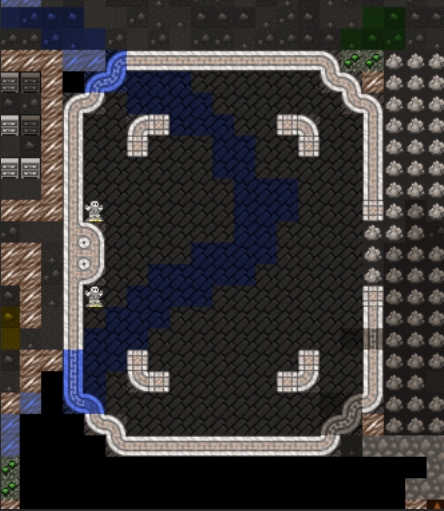
Nathaniel raised an eyebrow but only nodded. "Very well." He had no doubt that they were most probably thinking of taking whatever was kept inside the locked room, something he might well have to prevent depending on whether locking it away had been an over-zealous whim of Ibruk or an actual important use.

"Well then, look for us in the festival, the door will be opened then." Nathaniel nodded again and turned to leave again and return to his work.

Early Malachite 679

The community worked feverishly as the date of Stronghammer's announced festival approached. Jules, Felix and Grawp - who had revealed himself a rather masterful engraver, apparently able to move his tusks like small pistons and use them to carve in lieu of tools - had worked hard, engraving scenes across the auditorium, with a panel showing the founding of Nomekast across from the entrance, and the events of the past few years following on the walls around the room, to complete with a mural showing the races of Nomekast above the dissolving body of a Nothing. "That way we can remember, and those gone can live as long as we remember their stories," Jules had explained. Stronghammer had even gone to such length as to forge two statues himself, made of silver and flanking either side the mural of Nomekast's founding, one of Armok, the closest thing to a cross-racial god there was - appearing in many forms amongst the races - and another of Nekut Glowedguises, the goddess of the moon, who also held the sphere of Vigilant Peace, popular both among dwarves and many goblins who adopted her worship through the dwarves they took, and even some elves and humans.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Brosso meanwhile had been working hard, furnishing and finishing the tavern, eager to prove himself to the community, and the place indeed now stood ready, only needing people to work it. In the meanwhile, it was already seeing some use as people would take a drink from the stockpiles and go there to avoid the noisier dining area.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



8th Malachite 679 - Morning

Fori hummed softly to herself as she softly pushed the longland grass seeds into the furrowed peat, taking such care that to seem it might seem she was scared they'd break.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



She wiped an arm on her forehead, feeling slightly woozy for a few seconds. Ever since she'd been hit by Streti's poisonous gas over a half-year ago now she'd been getting these occasional fevers, wooziness and sluggishness, as had the other three hit by it: Xenos, Sandra, and Loral Treesinger. The fresh air overland certainly helped, and she was lucky to have Derm to rely on, always a source of comfort, even if she regretted no longer being able to personally take part in fighting against the Nothing. Nowadays she took charge of the defenses, the farms, and continued her work trying to teach the elven community here of the truth about the Spirits that she'd learnt, butting heads with the elven acolyte Imiwa in the process.

A soft whistling brought her out of her thoughts, turning round to see a man standing by, staring up past the walls to the forested valley-side behind. It took her a few seconds to recognise him as Aarde - or Aeras, he seemed to have two personalities - he caught her looking, flashing her a grin. "Damn shame isn't it?" he asked, the tone making it clear it was Aeras talking.

"What is?"

"Being stuck in here, with the damn forest and everythin' just outside."

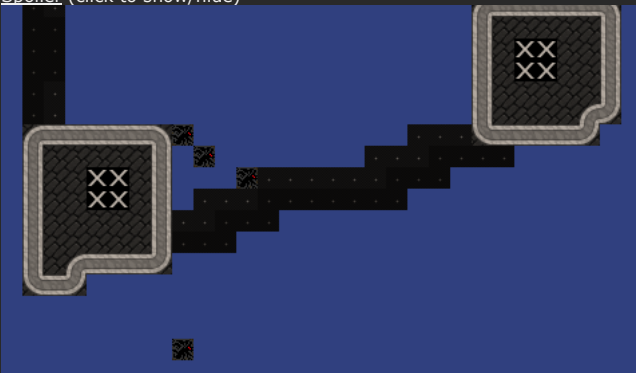
She shrugged. "I try not to let it bother me." That was truth enough, the call of the forest always left a few pangs of nostalgia and sadness, but she'd spent so long within the community that it no longer hurt so bad.

He nodded. "Still, would be damn nice to make this all a bit bigger, bein' underground ain't really my thin'."

"Once we get the defilers pushed back hopefully."

"Hopefully." The word sounded sour and unpromising, and who could pretend otherwise? A shadow suddenly crossed over the pair and they looked up in time to see something large and dark blot out the sun. There was just enough time for Aeras to push Fori over as that shadow swooped over where a moment ago she'd been. "Winged Nothin'!" he called out, leaping to his feet, pulling Fori back.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



They stumbled back as more of the creatures flew over the walls, tendrils swaying in the air as those red eyes fixed themselves on the two. One flew forward, clearly ready to swoop down. That was when the first bolt flew, piercing its side, wispy dark smoke running out like gaseous blood.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Reno Monty, Rovod and Rar had apparently been warned of the arrival of the winged Nothing, crossbows at the ready as they fired volleys into the beasts. Reno's voice rose high above the noise as the man gestured to Aeras and Fori. "Get inside!" he called over. More of the militia were arriving meanwhile, Branrhi and Doc. Steve bringing their own crossbows to the fore, filling the air with bright silver bolts as more and more of the winged nothing streamed over the walls. As they got loser it became impossible to fire, and soon they were reduced to using their crossbows as little more than clubs to defend against the attack as the Nothings' tentacles swiped through the air at them. A missed block saw Rovod be slammed in the face, nose cracking and breaking, while Rar just managed to avoid the same, the Nothing slamming into his ear with one tendril and his right hand with another, breaking both.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





They needed only to hold on a little while longer though, as the rest of the militia was soon charging across the drawbridge to their aid, bringing their blades and hammers to the fight.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



More winged Nothing were still arriving though, a steady and constant stream over the walls that seemed to be endless, blotting out the sun as they swooped down into the fight, silent as ever, red eyes bright.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Despite the militia's skill, the flying Nothing were resisting hard. Much more agile than their land-based counterparts, they managed to dodge much of the militia's weaponry, flitting up and away then swooping in to attack. The last of Meinhard's Jagers, Sidel, found herself swarmed and soon unconscious beneath the tide, still affected by the fever that she had received from the forgotten beast Streti, soon followed by BranRhi who also fell unconscious beneath the blows, while more and more winged Nothing arrived and the compound began to become overrun.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The battle raged as the militia soon began to push back, slaughtering Nothing after Nothing until the sky cleared, with only a few left over in the distance, but the compound clear.

"Get everyone back, and get inside!" Tarran called, panting hard as he knelt down to check BranRhi, the man had a fractured arm, and seemed to be finding it difficult to breathe, but he should survive. Sidel had had both her arms broken, with her future in the Jagers now uncertain, Neo had broken his hand, while both Rovod and Bax's noses had been fractured, and almost everyone had received bruises and cuts. The pulled into the safety of the fort, slamming the drawbridge behind them, panting hard. They'd survived the first wave, but outside more winged Nothing swarmed through the sky.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

A human caravan from Emmunmong has arrived



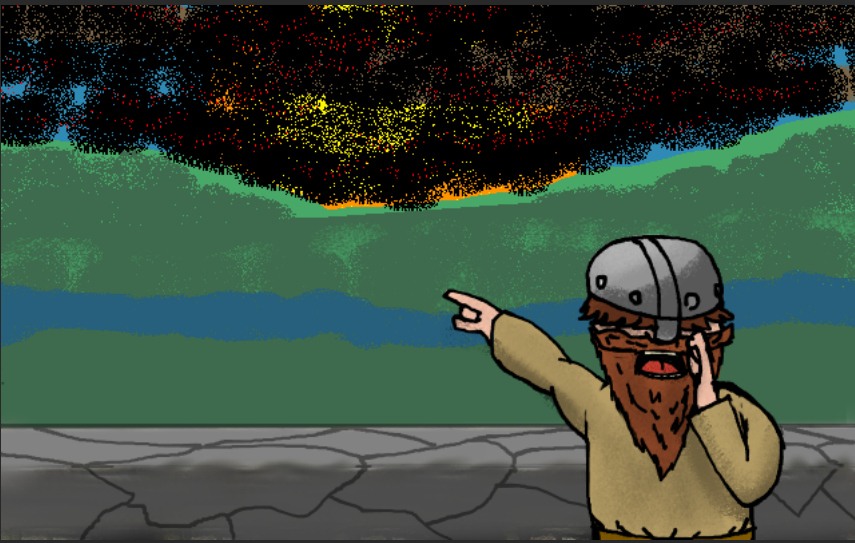
I would like a character which I'm surprised because I thought I posted one before awell might fault on that one :P.

Name= Danman  
Race=  
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)  
Two ideas= Half Dwarf half goblin or kobold, or a type of dwarf called deepearth dwarfs a, legend between dwarfs.  
Job= Hunter or Warrior against Fbs.

Backstory time. **I am the last of my kind. I am a deep dwarf a sub group of dwarfs who have abandoned the teachings of Armok instead we follow the teachings of Orgred the god of hunting. We live in the deep earth away from the prieng eyes of Armok. Orgred have taught us how to live of the creatures of the caverns and the Forgotten heasts themselves. our way of life centers around the the gift of Orgred the Creature of old. Each of my kind must eat the flesh of a Creature of old we killed before we learn the ways of war, but the Shadow beings some howed found our hidden villages. They slaughter my village and all the rest of my villages, But was able to escape into the unexploded parts of our land. To which I found the entrice to a Norther dwarf fort, not knowing if they cn be trusted I shall watch from afar before moving for help from them.**

Is this okay (spelling mistakes is because I'm using proxy at school but will fix it later. Just say anything if you want me to change anything

Jules is struck by inspiration:



The engraving is of a dwarf and numerous flying Nothing.  
The dwarf is shouting.  
The Nothing are blotting out the sun.  
The dwarf looks excited.

Stronghamer sat as he often did, at his desk in his office. Work forms, reports and forging requests all sat neatly on his desk in small piles waiting to be signed or read. He had been just looking at the plans for the festival again when he noticed a report from one of his Iron Guard. It seems that things occasionally would still go missing and that some people did not sign in to designated tasks. In frustration Stronghammer tore the report to pieces and chucked the confetti on to his desk. Needless to say this ruined the neat and orderly atmosphere of the room. Stronghammer leaned back in his chair, opened his desk drawer and pulled out one of his gems. He took a cloth as well and started to polish each stone in turn to calm himself down as polishing stones usually did. He saved his favorite stone till last. It was a large red ruby. And was one of the few things he had been able to save from his home. It's beauty was unmarred but for a jagged crack that ran down the right side. Once finished polishing he put the stones away and went back to work. He wanted the celebration to go off without a problem. He decided to call his captain of the Iron Guard and have a meeting on security. Maybe over dinner. He also decided to call for a meeting of the communities greatest engineers to better devise ways of fortifying the town and in the case of invasion, how might they fortify each section of the town independently of each other. With a brief sigh he wrote the needed requests and forms and had one of his Iron Guard deliver them. As he sat back down in his chair (confetti still everywhere) he thought to himself how he might combat the nothing and the Thieves guild better.

(Great read Aequor)

Nice job bro! This is an incredibly nice story to read, even for a newbie. I'm curious as to where it'll go! Allow me to try and add my little guy in here.  
**Name:** Sheo Veinson  
**Gender:** Male  
**Race:** Human  
**Profession:** Maceman; Preacher  
**Personality:** Human who comes from a small cult who despises the gods represented as dwarves, who believes the true and only god is the Armok. He will sabotage all temples of heretics and kill, corrupt or otherwise hinder preachers of the dwarven gods. However, this man will help the fort itself survive...except any dwarves. Dwarves are beings who brought upon this destruction in his opinion, by their praising of fake gods; it'll be over. Only through unison of the good races of Armok they can survive this, and by purging the land of heretics.  
**Any Extra Info:** He will help, but probably sabotage stuff here and there. Sheo will act as innocently as possible, though, and preach his faith silently. Maybe create a faction of heretics? Who knows. He's the kind of guy that'll probably lock a few dwarves out during a Nothing attack and then frame another dwarf. Very good liar, this one, and will probably arrive under the guise of a warrior to help, and help in said occupation as his schemes proceed.

Extra information about deep dwarfs  
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)  
that I just made up.

Deep dwarfs are taller then dwarfs but shorter then humans about 5 feet even. They have a paler skin with more bigger pupils for seeing in the dark. They have forgotten the old dwarfen way of making steel so they can only use iron. We also use only bows and bladed weaponry. Well speak in a more jungle way of dwarfish.

*It's been a while since I used this thing. Anyways there's a human caravan here today. Maybe I could buy a new sword, or maybe a bow; that'd be handy.*  
-X

Edit: Proper character sheet.

Name: Baffler  
Race: Dwarf  
Gender: Male  
Occupation: Jeweler

A traditionalist and devoted templegoer, Baffler supports Ibruk first, and Stronghammer and the Alliance for Dwarven Survival second. He is slightly uneasy about goblins, but otherwise doesn't really mind other races. He was a poor peasant who had apprenticed to a jeweler in the Grizzly Vessel shortly before fleeing his home ahead of the advancing Nothing, losing his wife and several friends along the way. Normally stoic, but terrified of the Nothing after hiding and hiding from them for so long.

-----  
Also, I tried copying the Nothing over to my save game, and they don't seem to spawn. I was able to create the grounded versions in the arena, but they could only push. Has anyone else got this working? I have zero experience with the RAWs.

danmanthedog - Sure thing, at this point I'm pretty much just accepting any species. :P You're on the list with the others!

Julien Brightside - Another great image, I'm really loving these! :D

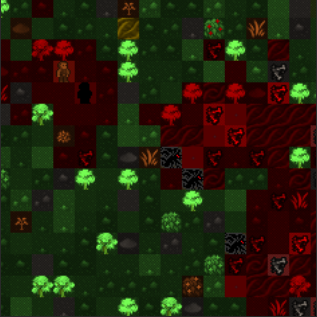
Sheo - Ooh, now that's gonna make some havoc, I like it! You're on the list with the others.

Baffler - Sure thing on the character, you're on the list! As for getting the Nothing to spawn, did you gen a new world? They can't be added wholesale into an already-existing world. I've also updated the raws since the ones in the first post were the old ones. The whole pushing thing is something I haven't quite been able to fix myself, though the current versions also grapple and are just generally stronger. Don't forget, individually they're meant to be fairly weak, they make up for it with huge swarms.

The militia barely had time to rest before needing to head out again in rescue of the group of humans spotted under attack from the flying Nothing. Leaving the wounded in the care of Reg, Grau and Kingfisher they headed back out into the sun. Despite charging up the valley-side to where the group under attack had been seen, they arrived too late, being greeted with the sight of several dead humans, with a dozen winged Nothing circling through the air like vultures.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





The moment the group stepped close the Nothing reacted, red eyes turning to stare, while one began to dive down like an eagle. Thanatos was the first to react, his sword flashing the air air and burying itself right through the centre of the beast as it swooped into him, tendrils ready to attack. Pulling his sword free with a grunt, Thanatos stabbed a few more times for good measure and the winged Nothing collapsed on the ground, already starting to dissipate into dark smoke. The goblin Kuro meanwhile was in a frenzy, sword dancing through the air, slicing into the three Nothing that flitted around him until the troll Thud grabbed one, slamming it into the earth where an axe strike from Justice finished it off. Doc. Steven meanwhile soon found himself surrounded by several nothing, lashed and cut open before both Xenir and Juggernaut intervened, hammer and axe slaughtering the winged Nothing as the dwarf fell unconscious.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The few winged Nothings left were soon dispatched, with a quick glance across the landscape revealing no others coming in. It was too late for the humans however, and it was with a heavy heart that the militia returned home before more Nothing could arrive. Aside from Doc. Steve there had been no casualties this time, and the dwarf was rushed down to a despondent Reg, who with a weary look discovered earlier wounds to the marksdwarf's legs that had festered and begun to rot, rushing him to surgery with the help of Grau to successfully remove the rotten tissue.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

right foot muscle  
Cut open  
Moderate bruising  
Minor rot  
Serious blistering  
left foot muscle  
Cut open  
Moderate bruising  
Minor rot  
Serious blistering

#### 9th Malachite 679 - Evening

Ugo Sosleng whistled softly to himself as he ran a hand over the newly-installed surgery table in the main laboratory. For a long while now he, Grau, Meinhard, Juggernaut and now Fori he had been setting up this secret installation down in the Lower Levels, safe from interference by the more - in his opinion - easily spooked and scientifically illiterate population up above, especially when it came to studying Forgotten Beasts. The main laboratory where any work deemed 'unsafe' for the public lab on the Fiery Cistern would take place had already been furnished with the necessary equipment, while the holding pens had been sealed off with large, sturdy doors of lead and iron to prevent any subject escaping, and cage traps, amongst other safety precautions, would soon be set up to ensure that the Nothing and infected subjects he 'killed' up above and brought down here would not escape.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

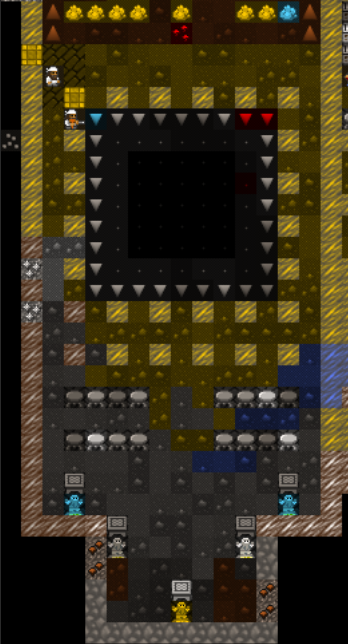


He shuffled through some of his notes that lay strewn across the table, jotting down a few thoughts as he read through. So far his experiments had yet to yield any definite explanation for the Nothing. They could infect people, but needed a link to the living for that, thus the infection might possible be prevented through amputation, they had no apparent blood or body, but dissipated into smoke when dead, though that could be bottled and stored if done quickly enough. He sighed, picking up his notes and moving to the cabinets, opening them to fold them in safely. His eye was caught a stack of yellowing papers scrawled all over in an uneven hand: the dwarven court scientist Dos Panzermench's notes, schematics and theories, inherited by Ugo from the original fort scientist Torvold who in turn had been given them by Meinhard. He'd read through some of them - and knew that Fori had engineered some of the defences from several of the contained schematics - but the amount and his constant business had kept him from reading all of the papers, it had at least been clear that Dos Panzermench had been equal parts genius and crazy, designing such things as the Jagerdraught that had created the odd human hybrids that Meinhard and his Jagers were. Besides it lay the notes from BranRhi's father, detailing theories on 'physical gods', godlike beings within the world, and besides *that*, the transcriptions of the rambling words many of the Forgotten Beasts had spouted when faced by the militia. He picked up the three sets of notes, letting out a small sigh. So much work, so few hours of the day to do it all in, but if he was getting nowhere with his current work, perhaps he needed to look at it all from a new perspective?

#### Early Malachite 679

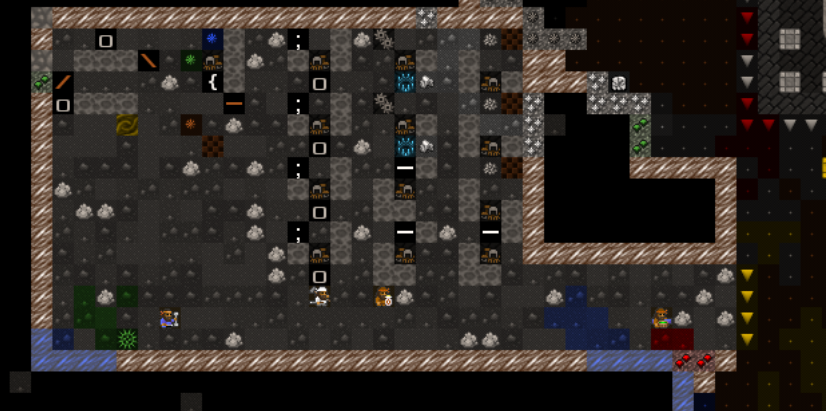
Preparations for the festival continued apace. Jules, Felix and Grawp had been set to smoothing the various other public buildings within Nomekast, starting work on the human temple, often joined by Thud, who seemed to have formed a friendship with Grawp, often watching and talking to the gorlak as Grawp worked.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Stronghammer had had the workshops moved from where they'd been down in the open space between the dining area and the temple up to a new zone carved out by Spartan and Delta where it would be easier to keep an eye on resources and workers, and freeing up that open space in the wider cavern for people to gather in.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Brosso's tavern had also gained quick popularity despite the lack of staff, with people simply serving themselves or their friends, and some even volunteering. Every night the place could be found fairly busy, ringing with the sound of drinking, laughing, talking, and drunken singing. It had yet to be given an official name, and so was often simple "the tavern", "the inn", or at times "*Brosso's place*".

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



With only a few days to go before the festival took place, the mood was optimistic in the fort.

13th Malachite 679 - Noon

Some refugees have arrived despite the danger.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **March 26, 2014, 02:37:30 pm**

Cool! An update! On my character! Even better! Yay!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **March 26, 2014, 02:39:45 pm**

My character got an update too yay... Also Thanatos would like to help guard the lab during expirements. Thanatos recognizes the need to learn where they come from and how to defeat them

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Julien Brightside** on **March 27, 2014, 08:30:53 am**

Ooh, nice update.

Glad you liked my drawing.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Cptn Kaladin Anrizlokum** on **March 27, 2014, 10:42:03 pm**

Kaladin. Kaladin Sakrithtarmid Rithul Oram.  
Female  
Mason and possibly fisherdwarf

Solitary, lives alone and builds. Peaceful, dislikes confrontation and fighting. Patient and a perfectionist.

She was a trader until her caravan was destroyed by goblins. She alone escaped, and was scarred by the experience. For years she lived alone in the wilderness, carving stone and fishing. When the rare adventurer did stumble upon her stone house, there were so many statues they thought it was the lair of a Medusa. Then one day, a caravan guard arrived at her door, covered in strange wounds and speaking of beasts called "Nothing". She left with him, and sailed on a stone boat downriver until they reached a mountainhome - Nomekast. She avoids people as much as possible because they are noisy, even building herself a table, chair and workshop in her bedroom so she doesn't have to go outside. She has an odd love of mushrooms, especially nether cap, and an extreme dislike of microcline and orthoclase.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **March 31, 2014, 05:04:54 pm**

Nathaniel Stomwind sat at his desk planning for the upcoming festivities; in front of him were several different escape plans for in case things went south with the thieves guild, the guard, or Ibruk's priests.  
He sighed as he looked at the papers on his desk picking up the plans for his sanctum, he sighed again rolling it up and putting it on the desk.  
"Onthorn, have you checked the plans I made?" Onthorn nodded, saying "Yes... Looks sound."  
"Ok, Kizerbane and Kane, the two of you will keep an eye on the festivities, and Elitan and Forgar will keep an eye on the entrance." Kizerbane groaned as Kane, Elitan, and Forgar nodded. "What of me?" Onthorn asked, "You are very familiar with the workings of thieves, so after the morning mass at the Human temple, before the festival, we will perform the ritual of possession so that you can get this task done with the best outcome." Onthorn frowned, "You want me to possess you for this operation?" "Yes, you are the best thief and spy master for this job." Nathaniel smiled, "It will only be for this job, ok?" "Very well..."

{ooc: For the festival operation Onthorn will be possessing Nathaniel's body  
1:Onthorn's personality is very professional, but subdued  
2:Onthorn only speaks in short sentences when talked to  
3:It will still seem as if Nathaniel is in control of the body (they have done this before on several occasions)}

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Sheo** on **March 31, 2014, 11:15:54 pm**

Very nice update! I'm liking the whole atmosphere this is heading to, specially digging out the Thieves Guild, since it gives a good notion as to how much time has passed since Nomekast was erected.

---

Also, quick change to my character app: Could you change his name, if you put it on a list, to Sheodir Redsage (With "Sheo" for short, told by him to others to call him that as to appear even more friendly)

That'd be very appreciated since it sounds better, but if you're too busy or can't for some reason, I'll understand.

And thanks for your comment! I sure want him to cause some havoc, since that's always lots and lots of fun!



Oshha, 99Hedgehog, Shadowhammer, Karkov, Wade Wilson, Captain Lambcake, Arcvasti, !!pyrodwarf!!, danmanthedog, Sheo, Baffler and Cptn Kaladin Anrizlokum, your character bios are all up on the first post!

13th Malachite 679 - Noon

"Not far now!" Tragarus' voice rang through the air as he spun round to address the group. For weeks now they had been crossing the lands in search of the fabled 'Nomekast', the 'fort that survives' that the traders had spoken of and word of mouth had amplified the story of. Originally several groups that had joined together, they were now only nine, having been picked off one by one by Nothing and flying Nothing.

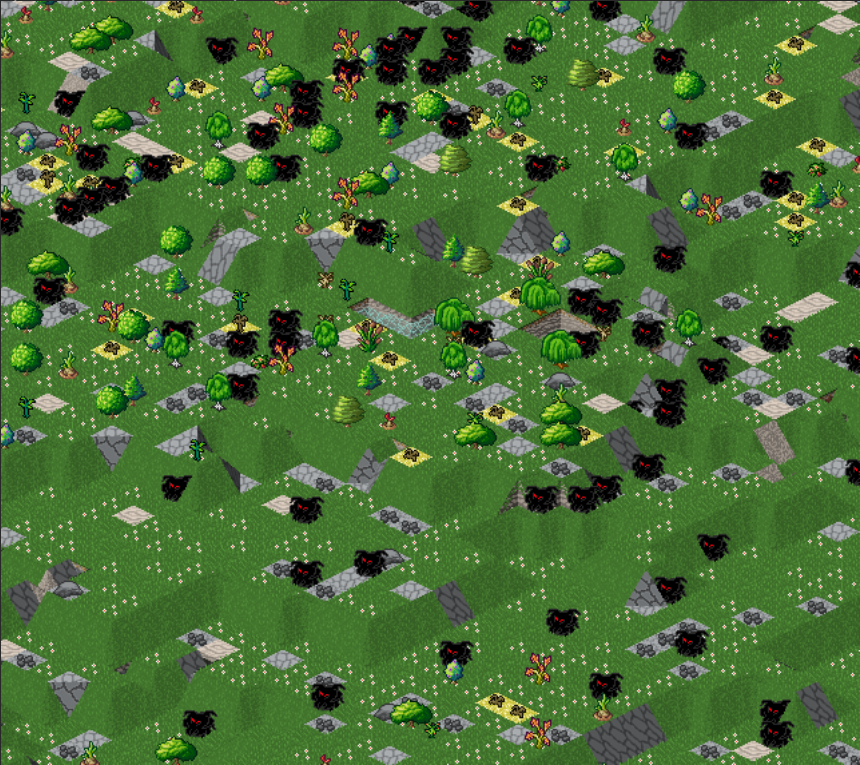
"Bout time too," came the voice of Mephiles, the goblin moving up to stand besides the man, peering into the distance at the rising walls of Nomekast. "We should be able to get there easily enough...yeah that's what I thought," the goblin continued, trailing off as he moved into a conversation with himself as he was apt to do, moving to the side.

"I'll be glad to be gone from that crazed gobbo's side," Baffler grunted, the dwarven jeweler hefting his small bag of belonging onto his shoulder as he glanced at the distant form of the fort they'd all sought.

"Aye, that's true enough," replied Kaladin before her breath hitched. "Wait...what's that?" she pointed to several dark shaped off on the valley slopes, moving down them.

It was the elf PD that replied, his keen elven eyes making out the shapes of the creatures that had hunted them all along the way. "Nothing!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Tragarus took a sharp intake of breath, waving an arm to the others behind. "Get moving! We need to get down there before the damned things do! Norkas and Arcvasti, you two bring up the rear, Litlbear and Karkov, get the bags!" There was a flurry of movement as the group moved, getting up from where they'd been resting and assembling their belongings.

"Armok help us, we may need to fight our way through," Sheodir Redsage remarked, hefting his mace onto his shoulder.

Mephiles snorted, resting his hand on the pommel of his sword. "All the better."

It was Neotemplar that had noticed them. The goblin had gone up to the surface in a bid to work on her beekeeping project and help her 'fellow bees'. Once she'd noticed the group she'd sounded the alarm and before long the militia was assembled within the compound, having decided that due to the Nothings' location in relation to the refugees, there was no choice but to sally out and buy the group enough time to get inside. There was little talk as Tarran and Derm explained the situation and before long they were moving out, towards the mass of Nothing that swarmed down the valley.

The Nothing didn't take long to react to the militia's arrival as the bolts began to fly from the crossbows, swarming towards them. The militia didn't take long either, Juggernaut hefting his battle axe and warhammer and leaping in with a cry to Armok, soon followed by Kuro and Katana, their blades slicing through the Nothing and the rest of the militia.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



More Nothing continued to move down the valley towards the group, cutting off the ranged squad from the rest of the militia and leaving Rovod, Doc. Steve, Rar, BranRhi and Reno to fend for themselves as best they could in melee.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Neo was the first to notice, possessed dwarf moving in to help the ranged militia but only managing to find himself likewise isolated and trying to fend off five Nothing at once. He dispatched two with his sword but was soon overwhelmed, one Nothings tendrils grabbing hold of his right hand and snapping it back with a sickening crunch before doing the same to his shoulder. Pain coursed through him and he fell to the round, vision going black, just in time to see Rovod slam his crossbow into the back of a Nothing. This attracted their attention to the marksdwarf and soon enough Rovod found himself under attack to, with only his crossbow to fend them off. Soon enough he was swarmed over, left hand and hip broken, falling down unconscious.

It was Thanatos, Meinhard, Rashem and Justice that came to save the pair, cutting through the Nothing to protect them even as more of the beasts moved in.

"Tarran, ve need to be movings, hokay?" Meinhard called up to the militia leader as he pierced a Nothing through with his spear.

"Not yet! The refugees are still getting in!" Tarran cried back, parrying a tendril as he stood guard over the fallen form of BranRhi, the mute man squirming the ground with a broken hand, having been swarmed by several Nothing.

"We've brought them enough time, that's all we needed to do!" Melagius broke in, stumbling back as a Nothing charged towards him.

"We're not gonna be able to hold much longer! There's more coming!" Xenir managed to get out before being swamped with three Nothing, ankle being crushed in the coils of a tendril as he went crashing down.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)





"We can't just pull back, we've got wounded!" came Doc. Steve's voice as he let off a bolt into the Nothing looming over the fallen Xenir.

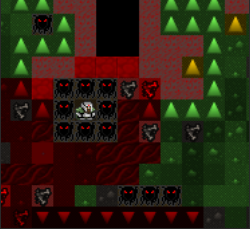
"Doesn't look like we have much choice..." Rashem's low voice followed as the second horde of Nothing broke against the militia's weapons.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



As the Nothing swarmed over the militia they were pushed back, with several of them ending up separated, including the already-wounded BranRhi, who now found himself fighting alone against a dozen of the creatures intent on killing him.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Tarran moved to help, but was attacked before he could, his ankle being crushed beneath him as Xenir's had been before, and BranRhi was forced to defend himself with only his crossbow as the Nothing swarmed against him, tendrils slashing at him and coiling to snap his bones before he fell down to the ground unconscious as eventually went still.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

**BranRhi** **Human crossbowman has bled to death**

Tarran meanwhile had been attacked as he lay on the ground, arm snapped and hip broken, only being rescued from death by a war-cry screaming Juggernaut followed by a roaring Thud who pummelled a Nothing into the dirt. He was swiftly pulled back by Reno Monty who pulled him to safety.

Finally, Justice's voice rose up above the din of battle. "There's a third group coming!"

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"The refugees are in, we need to pull back, get the wounded!" Melagius called out, shouting it several times to ensure everyone heard. The militia began to move back, taking the unconscious bodies of Tarran, Xenir, Neo, Kadzar and Rovod who had each received large gashes or broken bones and along with them the bodies of BranRhi and Sidel, the last of Meinhard's Jagers. As the third wave of Nothing flooded down the valley side, they retreated into the compound to safety.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Sheo** on **April 06, 2014, 07:09:30 pm**

#### Diary of Sheodir Redsage, Priest of Blood, 14th of Malachite, entry #782

*My group has arrived at Nomekast. Is it a place that worships many gods, but it is my duty to slowly lead them to the right path. While all this lowlier gods were created by Armok, they do a great mistake in building temples and status to them; the God of Blood barely gets any praise in this refuge, for a place called Godsaved. There is a statue of Armok in the temple, but it is done in the same way that they praise Id, with a simple statue and nothing more; this will not do.*

*The people are mostly friendly, though, so extreme action will not be taken until any fanatic followers of the Stonefather introduce themselves properly. I have, however, seen a few flashes of some, what worries me greatly.*

*In the meantime, I'll see if I can pass by the supplies and build a small shrine to Armok somewhere where it can't be seen. While I doubt these people would take any offense to a worshiper of the Blood Father, I doubt they'll be as accepting once I start to collect the blood of the dead, be it man, dwarf, elf, goblin, animal or monster, and create a proper Red Mirror for my shrine.*

*A small one should suffice for now, about (annotations of size, basically he wants to create, in game terms, a 1x1 hole filled with blood, in front of a statue or something similar) in size should suffice. This scares many newcomers to the faith, as it is of ignorance to them not to know the proper way to honor the Allfather.*

*I'll try to make friends with those less religious and lead them to the rightly path. I shall begin with the goblins, I think; they are mostly faithless, and the prospect of using blood for worship usually fares well with their natural desires towards violence. With a bit of practice, they should make good Crimson Brothers in not time.*

*I will also offer my skills to help the militia here. To anyone who asks, I am but a simple soldier, his army lost to this war with the foul creatures. That should give me enough trust to infiltrate their ranks.*

*Dear Allfather, I have shown mercy in this entry, but mark my words: The blood of those who submit themselves to worship of the lowlier kind shall be offered to you, and your thirst quenched, as I will be the one to end this curse brought upon by your holy wrath. Even if I have to let the Nothing overrun it like in Groundbridge, where there were none to be saved.*

**Blood for the Blood God!**

---

Just adding some plot to the plot pot. Wonderful update as always, glad to be in!



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **!!pyrodwarf!!** on **April 07, 2014, 04:31:55 pm**

inininin SSSAAAAAFE!!! HAHAHAHAhahahahaheheheheeee

these little people little thingsss DWARFS these dwarfs had safe place a mountain of worked stone to keep the Nothing out, keep the Nothing out and the Nothing tried to keep US out and THEM in, and we all bledandhurtanddissolve! well the people who helped us didndt dissolve but the nothing did!! vile tasteless unfilling ENTREE'S burn burn burn them all!!!

I wonder if they have any wine in this hole? I could really go for a good vintage of strawberry prozac about now... but maybe not on annn empty stomach sososo hungry!!!!

THE DEPTHS hunt I will hunt in the depths for these people needaweapon Ilostmyfathersbow needneedneed NEW WEAPON I will hunt and when the call comes I will be ready to fight, ready to KILL burn the shadows BURN THEM FROM THE SURFACE

I will not fail again!!! y'know... this wine ain't 'alf bad \*HIC\*

(PD was found later, still covered in mud, head down in a barrel of wine, recognizing a kindred spirit, the dwarfs let him be...)

!!did I just kill this thread? or are people just not that fond of mad ramblings?!!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **RogueArchivist** on **April 15, 2014, 12:37:20 pm**

Its not you. There have often been long periods of inactivity.

In other news, I continue to enjoy this story. Looking forward to more.  
(I'm trying to come up with a journal post, but what I refer to as my imagination isn't cooperating.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **April 15, 2014, 04:29:27 pm**

14th Malachite 679

BranRhi and Sidel's funerals took place the day after their death, the bodies being taken down into the crypts of the temple and deposited as per the common rites. The scarred man had had few friends outside the militia, apparently having been mute from an attack by the Nothing prior to his arrival to Nomekast. His skill in crossbowship however had been widely respected, and even those that hadn't known him knew another loss in the military - on top of the serious casualties that had almost sent a despondent Reg to tears - was a bad thing.

The new refugees had quickly been sorted into jobs, Nomekast brooked no layabouts, or rather, brooked no layabouts that drew attention. No one had yet seen Stas ever doing more than hauling the cursory stone. Tragarus Helmbolt had been drafted into the militia as a swordsman, as had Mephiles. Sheodir Redsage too had been drafted in as a maceman. Yet more refugees stumbled in during the morning, this time from the cavern, the first: Shadowhammer, a dwarf from the unknown eastern state who seemed clueless as to the whole situation on the surface and the swarms of Nothing, he was quickly brought in as a hammerdwarf, the militia needed all the people they could get. The second: Danman, one of the 'deep dwarves', a group of dwarves that had split from the others during the dawn of history, escaping into the lowest caverns and following the cult of Ogred over that of Armok. There was some small consternation about letting such a 'savage' into the community and in the end it had been Brosso of all people who had defended Danman, stating that if they already let in elves, goblins and trolls there was no reason they couldn't add in another 'savage race'. Both Danman and another newcomer, the rather agitated, maybe even disturbed, but almost dwarven in his drinking, elf PD had announced their separate intentions soon after to hunt in the depths as their contributions to the community.

Preparations continued meanwhile for Stronghammer's festival which was to take place tomorrow. BranRhi's death and the wounds of the militia had placed a damper on the event, but for some it was a reason to look forward to it, and a day of forgetting their troubles.

Evening

Brosso's tavern was alive with noise as night fell on Nomekast. The sound of laughter rang from the centre where a group of the militia had assembled, apparently set off by a joke from a recovering Rovod. To the side, several of the fort's small kobold community, including Bayar, Xenos, Konith and the newcomers Norkas and Arcvasti had gathered, no doubt to share news of their communities, while Kadzar was conversing with a fellow member of Ibruk's flock. Out in the open-air area the odd-pair Grawp and Thud were talking amicably in broken Dwarven. In a corner, the soft sound of a flute occasionally broke through the noise, playing folk songs such as *The Lass Who Loved a Tree* or the *Lord of Two Marshes* as William de Mont-Saevo worked on refining the instrument, a pipe on his lips, while by the bar, Brosso himself was spinning a tale of his glorious heyday as the premier circus director in the dwarven north.

In another corner, two figures sat, voices quiet and indistinguishable over the noise all around them. The smaller one bristled, face shrouded through his cloak, stroking his beard. "I am not a fan of these methods, Bax."

The goblin dismissively blew air through his teeth. "I told ya Stas. It'll be fine, safe. We don't have many other choices. That door must be several feet of solid metal, we can't get through without those keys."

"But he's a man of the gods-"

"Don't get devout on us now."

"I suppose you're right. I would feel better just pick-pocketing him."

"Atis has been trailing the dwarf for the past few days, those keys aren't attainable like that. Takes his duties as Temple custodian seriously he does, keys around his neck, never takes them off except briefly to use them."

"We'd be drawing a lot of attention-"

"Which would be blamed on that Nathaniel man, if they even realise someone broke in. There's shadier people than us, and Derm's lot trusts me, that can buy us some protection if we're suspected."

Stas went quiet, a small sigh escaping him. "Yes, you're right. Best to keep quiet now, people here might be deaf from all the noise, but walls have ears."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Kadzar finish his drink, getting up to move off with a goodbye to the dwarf he'd been speaking to. Stas nodded over to Bax as the priest left the tavern, followed soon after by the kobold Konith. He raised his voice. "Time for dinner, no?" Bax gave a nod and the pair got up, moving out after Kadzar.

They found Konith waiting by the bridge over to the Mayor's quarters and the dig-site of the cathedral. "He's inside, evening rounds," was all the kobold said, and with a nod the pair moved past, the kobold remaining behind to keep watch on this side of the bridge. Kadzar was indeed by the rock-strewn site of Ibruk's future cathedral, sat before where the entrance was to be carved, eyes closed as he prayed. He often came here in the evenings it seemed. The place was usually deserted, so perhaps he found the quiet relaxing for prayer, or else found the site of his prophet's future cathedral more auspicious and holy for prayer than the current temple itself. Either way, they had to be silent. The pair pulled on the simple pig-tail bags over their heads, staring through the small eye-holes. Comical perhaps, but it'd keep their identity safe if Kadzar were to look round.

Stas stood guard while Bax moved forward, taking one of the many many rocks that littered the dig-site in hand. The quiet murmur of Kadzar's prayers masked any sound of the rock beneath his feet as he approached and before long he was stood directly behind the dwarf. With the speed of a striking snake Bax slammed his stone into the back of Kadzar's head. A dull thud rung and Kadzar slumped forward, having not had the time to do anything more than let out a small groan of pain.

"Damn, hope I didn't hit too hard..." the goblin muttered to himself, leaning forward to the motionless dwarf and placing a hand on his neck, taking the bag from the dwarf to inspect the damage the rock had done. Nope, still good. The dwarf would probably have a bad gash and a headache at worst. But the goblin had to be quick now, it wouldn't be long before the priest stirred.

His fingers snagged around the chain of keys the dwarf wore around his neck at all times, taking them with a metallic jingle. He threaded the red orichalc key from the chain, pocketing it and pulling out a similar key. It wasn't orichalc as the real one - the fabrication of the metal being a rather closely-kept secret of the temple's - but had been coloured as such. Kadzar was unlikely to notice unless he felt the need to closely inspect the keys. Threading the false key on, he replaced the chain around the dwarf's neck and stepped back. He then took several stones, showering the dwarf in them, piling them around him and even dropping one onto Kadzar's back and leg with enough force to leave bruises. To anyone, including the dwarf, it would most probably seem that there had simply been a small unfortunate cave-in that had knocked the dwarf unconscious a few moments. The site would be shut for a while as they shored up the ceiling, and no one would be any the wiser as to the theft of the real key.

The goblin hurried back, pulling his mask off with a nod to Stas, who followed, soon joined by Konith, the trio keeping away from others so that no one could see where they'd just come from. The first job was done, now they needed only to wait for the festival tomorrow and then they'd be able to open up the orichalc room in the temple and get the artefacts Ibruk and his flock had decided to hide away.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 15, 2014, 04:49:34 pm**

To think that an fort filled with such strange creatures is alive when the darkshadows are everyplace. \*Suddenly Caught sight of the prettiest thing in the deep caverns\* Huh what is that lovely she creature, so tall and thin like my women but she more bastante like other creatures. Me have to talk to she \*Walks over to the ELF and asks here\* "Yow Wah gwaan, ARHH I mean hello I want to know your name okey so."

Fori or other named elf you want to be the elf I'm talking to and also my kind speaks a mixture of Jamaican and Spanish we also have bad grammer so i'm using major bad grammar on purpose.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **!!pyrodwarf!!** on **April 16, 2014, 12:50:37 pm**

!!@danmanthedog heheh sure but don't expect it to go the way you plan.!!

The strangeoddweird littlitttle per-DWARF that odd dwarf spouted babble and nonsense only I can talk nonsense DONTSTEALMYDRIVE!!!

\*SMACK\*

there now nonoNOONE will take my words my words no one elses!!!

... oh dear, hope that didn't hurt too much, oh my... what wasss I I thinkinginging OOOH SHINY

NEWBOW one of of the litt-DWARF bows, little arms cant pull bow string farfar enough so they make NEW arms to pull it, and hold it and \*TWING\* ARGHMOTHEREATINGSONOFAMARMOT!!! \*CRASH\* \*THWIP\* owowowowowowowEAR! GAAAHHHHHHHHH

(leaving a stunned dwarf, a shattered crossbow, and a spatter of blood from his string-stung ear. the madelf flees the scene)

!!sadly, this has happened to me before...!!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 16, 2014, 01:46:58 pm**

Quote from: **!!pyrodwarf!!** on **April 16, 2014, 12:50:37 pm**

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(leaving a stunned dwarf, a shattered crossbow, and a spatter of blood from his string-stung ear. the madelf flees the scene)

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I can't tell whats happening thats how crazy it is haa.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Cptn Kaladin Anrizlokum** on **April 16, 2014, 10:50:42 pm**

This is a granite slate found hanging on the door to the main hall. It reads:

This is a message for the people of Nomekast.  
Please, do not be insulted by me not going to festivals or feasting with you.  
I am a Rithul Oram, and so ghosts can speak through me, but only when I have strong emotions, like anger or sadness. Every Rithul Oram has some problem to go with their power, and mine is that loud sounds make me angry. And anger leads to possession. That is a thing I must avoid, and so I must avoid noise.  
Thank you for your time.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **!!pyrodwarf!!** on **April 17, 2014, 01:05:24 pm**

Quote from: danmanthedog on April 16, 2014, 01:46:58 pm  
I can't tell whats happening thats how crazy it is haa.

!! thank you, I am very proud of my drivell I am particularly proud of ARGHMOTHEREATINGSONOFAMARMOT!!!  
In essence, your Ddwarf did his come-on to my madelf, who thought he was stealing his own mad ramblings (due to your description of your dwarfs language and accent), PD assaulted him, briefly regained sanity for long enough to feel a bit bad about it, and then was distracted by your dwarfs crossbow (your profession is hunter, right?), he picked it up, pulled the trigger and was hit by the string, threw it down, breaking it and having the string whip round and hit his ear, leading to him fleeing in pain and even more confusion than normal...  
hope that clears it up for you.!!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **April 17, 2014, 01:48:25 pm**

"Huh tis place strange but why her hit me hard... also break my bow. Father bow now dead, some one fix it maybe be around. Me so trist... always so triste, lady must be triste to I go happy her open after bow fixed."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **enso8** on **April 19, 2014, 04:37:38 pm**

Long time lurker here, finally brought out of my cave by this epic fort. Can I have a dwarf?

Name: Bozorg "The Unlucky"  
Species: Dwarf  
Gender: Male  
Occupation: Mechanic/Siege Engineer, though somewhat skilled with the crossbow. (After all, what is a crossbow but a smaller ballista?)

Backstory:

Originally from the Despotate of the Momentous Manor, one of the first Dwarven settlements to be invaded by the Nothing.

Bozorg witnessed the fall of his home-fort, The Clasp of Tongs, firsthand. He was on the walls when the Nothing breached the front gate, and immediately deserted. Since then, he has had the dubious distinction of surviving the destruction of five forts, each one falling to the nothing shortly after his arrival. This lead to his nickname, "Bozorg the Unlucky". After the fifth fort fell, Bozorg wandered for a while, until he heard legends of the fort Nomekast. A fort that could survive any siege, that accepted anyone within its walls. He immediately began the trek there, hoping that this sixth fort would not fall...

Personality:

Bozorg was once an idealistic dwarf, content with his job of working with ballistas and drawbridges. That changed after the third or fourth fort. Hardened by years of running from Nothing, Bozorg has become rather fervorously attached to the idea of wiping out the Nothing, to the point where he is willing to work with Dwarvenkind's worst enemies to achieve this task.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **May 03, 2014, 03:01:17 pm**

Jeez, this is still alive?  
I spent the morning reading up on the posts that I have missed for the past year and a half or so... Or was it two?

Anyways, amazing story, I like the direction everything is going, both for Stas and his guild, and the fortress as a whole.

Can't wait to see more, will be following closer.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **May 03, 2014, 03:17:04 pm**

It's alive, but only in spurts.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **May 03, 2014, 03:45:14 pm**

Good enough for me.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **99Hedgehog** on **May 15, 2014, 02:09:02 am**

Norkas' Journal  
Entry 3  
  
Haven't written in a while. Arrived at Nomekast recently. Other kobolds here. Joined militia. People friendly. Life is good.  
  
Festival coming up.  
  
Need to make statue of Deeбус at shrine.  
  
(note: Norkas speaks non-kobold tongues rather simply as seen above. Also, in his spare time, get him to make bone crafts.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **!!pyrodwarf!!** on **September 02, 2014, 01:52:13 pm**

have to ask, is it doing colledgy things that delays this, because I really want to know what hapens next, so if its you taking overtime or something from wrk or money troublers I could chip in a few quid now and then to elp out, and on pain of long delays I'm guessing others will too...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **danmanthedog** on **September 03, 2014, 07:18:26 am**

Its fine bro/gal

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **September 18, 2014, 09:10:56 am**

Well howdy everyone. What to say? I've not been good for a long while, things getting back on track now, so hopefully Nomekast will see updates again for those of you sticking around. I'm rather determined to finish one day after all. :P  
  
enso8 - Added! Had a free dwarf, so no need to wait for migrants, ignore the "Romantically involved" said other dwarf died long ago. :P  
  
!!pyrodwarf!! - Certainly flattering, but no need! I write because I enjoy it and like to share, no need for that. :P

15th Malachite 679

The community was already a hive of activity by the time dawn arrived, preparing for the festival that would start at noon. Stronghammer's plan had been to try to draw the diverse community closer with an exposition of various cultures within the new auditorium, filled with music, song, dance and stalls showing off the many cultures of the races that inhabited Nomekast, drawing to an end in the evening with a celebration where the food and drink would run aplenty. The day had begun with a service at each temple: Ibruk leading the dwarven, Nathaniel the human, Imiwa the elven, while the goblins preferred to pray without priestly guidance, the kobolds themselves had seen the newcomer Norkas set up a new statue of Deeбус at the small shrine.

By the afternoon the community had warmed up to the sound of music drifting through the open cavern, and the auditorium was seeing a steady growth of people coming and going, growing ever more packed.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)





It was as everyone was busy in the celebrations that the Thieves' Guild moved, Atis keeping guard near the temple while Stas, Bax and Konith moved on in, through the garden and down into the crypt, standing before the red-gold door of orichalcum that had guarded the entrance to the locked temple room for 3 years now. Stas drew out the key they had taken from Kadzar, sliding it in and turning it with an acute clickering noise that seemed far too loud in the silence.

"Right," he murmured to his kobold and goblin colleagues as he put one hand onto the cold metal door, "no need to waste time. Get in, take the gem and anything else we might need, and out. We can't get caught by Nathaniel, last thing we need is for the fall guy to end up a witness against us." The pair nodded and with a small grunt Stas pushed against the door. He was stopped however as a small figure barrelled into him: Atis.

"Someone's coming!" Bax hissed, drawing back.

"Impossible, ho-" Stas began.

"No time, split up, hide in the crypts!" Konith suggested urgently, spinning round on his heel. The other three quickly followed suit rushing on through into the next rooms to hide amongst the stone sarcophagi that lined the walls just in time to see a figure moving down the stairs.

Possessing Nathaniel's body, Onthorn moved on through the temple, reaching the impressive orichalcum door that stood between him and the artefact Nathaniel and his various spirit helpers were looking to examine.

"You here?" he called out, voice curt and short, ringing in the silent rooms. He waited, no reply, either the Thieves' Guild had already come, or he was too early. He pressed a hand against the door, pushing with a heave and felt it move. Apparently they had opened the door. So much for arriving earlier, he could only hope they hadn't raided the room of the artefact. Pushing his body against the door he slid it open, stepping into the musty air.

Nimemnokzam, "The Lonely Battles", sat where it had been left almost three years ago, perched between those outstretched hands of the blank-faced red-gold orichalc statue of Armok the Allfather. Even from the threshold Onthorn could feel the thrum of some unknown power radiating from it, washing over his host Nathaniel's body as regular as a heartbeat, drawing him closer step by step. The slightest bit of light danced along the facets of the aquamarine gem, showing off the details that seemed carved so perfectly, not a chisel-mark out of place. He was only a foot away now, raising his free hand over the aquamarine, the steady pulsing of the power within strong enough to feel almost physical. It was almost hypnotising to some degree, the wash of strange power coming and going like some warm, soothing wave. He lowered his hand, taking the gem in his palm.

FOUND YOU

FOUND YOU

FOUND YOU

The same two words came again and again, a never-ending stream in time with the pulses of Nimemnokzam's power. He felt his very spirit-self seeming to be unravelled like cloth, probed at, split apart before with a howl he was pulled free from Nathaniel's body, losing his hold on it.

FOUND YOU  
FOUND YOU  
FOUND YOU

The words seemed to growing in rhythm, coming faster and faster, and Nathaniel found himself aware only of those two words and the sensation of being pulled from every part as though as the nexus of some powerful currents trying to pull him in every which way. He could see nothing, but in his mind the vision of an empty hall of gold seemed to come unbidden. The two words by now were coming so fast that they seemed to blend together, making nothing but a horrid screeching cacophony.

FOUNDTYOUFOUNDTYOUFOUNDTYOU

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"The world's on fire!"

The words split the air through the bustle of the auditorium as a breathless Justice broke into the chamber, pushing past crowds of people to get to Stronghammer, a wild look on his face uncharacteristic of the usually calm, if cynical, dwarf. "The world's on fire!" he managed to yell out to the Mayor, "And there's...something up there." The auditorium began to quieten as people listened, Stronghammer running a hand through his beard, trying his best to remain calm as he moved, following the former hammerer, several curious people in tow.

"Please Justice, calm yourself and explain," he said once they'd stepped free from the crowd.

Justice simply shook his head in response. "Come to the lighthouse," was all he said, waving a beckoning hand, the other clutched tight on his axe as if he expected to need it at any moment. Stronghammer sighed but followed, followed himself by Derm and several curious others.

It was a short trek to the lighthouse, opening up the bridge that had been closed due to fears of flying Nothing get through. As they stepped over the strange sound of crackling became clearer, as though something war burning. It soon became clear what it was as they stepped onto the open-air top, shrouded in smoke.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



All across the surface fires were burning, spreading out in circular patterns. Across the valley, on both sides of the river it seemed as though wildfire had spread.

"Dustik's mercy..." Derm breathed out, shielding his eyes from the bright glare of the flames that surrounded the lighthouse.

"This isn't a natural fire. They'll even go so far as to burn entire forests," Loral Treesinger growled out, his voice rage-filled.

"No, this can't have been the Darksquids, since when do they set fires?" Spartan said, drumming his fingers on the head of his pick as he leant on it.

"Wait! What's that?" Shadowhammer asked, pointing into the distance.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Through the smoke, several large figures could be spotted, about ten feet tall. Figures with three mismatched red eyes staring over at the group and several tendrils slicing through the air, too large to be any Nothing any had seen before.

"What in all the gods-"

"Gods indeed," came a voice behind them as Ibruk made his way up the stairs, looking out over the burning landscape with an impassive expression, leaning on his cane.

*"And I saw there burning as wild fires came onto the world  
Each burning in exquisite purity, anointing all in ash  
As though a million stars down from heaven had been hurled."*  
So spoke, the Prophet of the Blind Rock, 500 years before our time. The destruction of this corrupt world continues as it should. So long as we keep to the right path, we have nothing to fear, my fellow pilgrims."

"Certainly nothing to fear, give me a ballista and it should be easy enough to knock 'em down," Borzog 'the Unlucky' remarked, the Dwarf looking up over to the figures as though trying to gauge the distance.

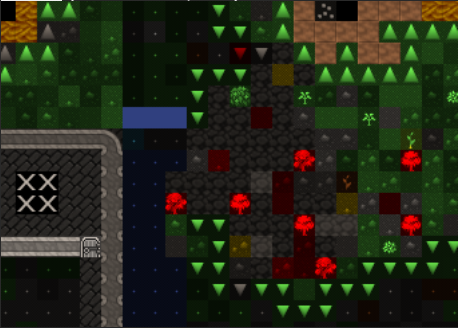
A shower of what seemed like ash began to fall down from above. Fori held out a hand, only for her eyes to widen in surprise as the ash simply melted off her hand. "Snow? It's snowing!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Impossible, it's never snowed here! There's not even any clouds!" Spartan said, staring up through the pillars of smoke that rose from the flames. A light dusting of snow was indeed falling down, seemingly from the smoke that was increasingly blanketing the sky. There was a strange sound like something cracking into two and another piece of grassland by the side of the compound suddenly burst into flames with no apparent cause.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"We are at a confluence of events, hold faith and-" Ibruk was suddenly cut off by a breathless Tragarus, the man panting hard as he caught his breath.

"Derm, Stronghammer! Gods save us, something's happening down below, people are going crazy! Ghosts are rising up all over the place!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Logem Mengtishis	Ghostly Weaponsmith	Undead
Atir Ustutholon	Ghostly Bone Carver	Undead
Tosid Rabadlikot	Ghostly Weaver	Undead
Sigun Vellikot	Ghostly Beekeeper	Undead
Avuz Bomrekvosut	Ghostly Shearer	Undead
Dolushmuthkat	Ghostly Pump Operator	Undead
Deduk Musodzulban	Ghostly Surgeon	Undead
Kadol Athamezum	Ghostly Speardwarf	Undead

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The first sign that something had gone terribly wrong had been the wave of ghosts that had suddenly burst from the cave walls and floors, flying about the place like some ethereal birds.

The second had been a lot more obvious when a suturer by the name of Ushrir, eyes glazed over, had let out a keen wail and grabbed a stone chair with both hands, slamming it down into Xenir's foot with all her force, fracturing his ankle. The once-dead man let out a yelp of pain and pushed her back, the pair topping onto the tables. It became clear that whatever had happened to Ushrir was not limited to her however, as soon enough several more dwarves, joined by some humans, goblins and even an elf and kobold seemed suddenly taken over by something, violently grappling with the assembled party as all hell broke loose.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Ast Tekkudsefol	Carpenter	Invader
Tulon Dakaszuntir	Animal Trainer	Invader
Mafol Odrozdodok	Trapper	Invader
Sigun Lolordeler	militia captain	Invader
Kogsak Uzkilrud	Weaponsmith	Invader
Olon Ber	Gem Setter	Invader
Avuz Athelesmul	Bone Carver	Invader
Asen Asteshlar	Herbalist	Invader
Solon Ingish	Planter	Invader
Olon Lularstukos	Siege Operator	Invader
Udil Erithqidthur	Administrator	Invader
Ushrir Bomrekavast	Suturer	Invader

Helf	Bone Carver	cancels Attend Party: Interrupted by Weaponsmith
Tun Dodokkezat	Elf Child	cancels Attend Party: Interrupted by Gem Setter
Atis	Dwarven Child	cancels Attend Party: Interrupted by Gem Setter
Delta	Miner	cancels Attend Party: Interrupted by Carpenter
Reg Archist	chief medical dwarf	cancels Attend Party: Interrupted by Weaponsmith
Borzog the Unlucky	Mechanic	cancels Attend Party: Interrupted by Gem Setter
Kingfisher	Doctor	cancels Attend Party: Interrupted by Planter
Iton Anedingish	Dwarven Child	cancels Attend Party: Interrupted by Weaponsmith

While most of the crowd ran for safety, several stayed behind to fight. With a cry to Armok, Juggernaut was the first to leap in as usual, waving axe and hammer and slamming straight into the bone carver Avuz as the dwarf tried to rush him. It didn't take much for Juggernaut to finish him, slamming that battle axe into his lower body before he even had a chance to react and spilling his blood and guts out across the dining area's floor.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Human charges at The Bone Carver!
The Bone Carver looks surprised by the ferocity of The Human's onslaught!
The Human hacks The Bone Carver in the lower body with his (iron battle axe)) tearing apart the muscle through the (giant cave spider silk cloak) and spilling his guts!
The (iron battle axe)) has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Human collides with The Bone Carver!
The Bone Carver is knocked over and tumbles backward!



Behind him, the herbalist Asen pounced to grapple him, only for a bolt to go shooting through her head as Reno Monty let off a shot from his crossbow. Behind him the rest of the militia was beginning to rally, grabbing their equipment and leaping in. With the armoured and equipped militia against the insane but unequipped others it was an easy fight to finish and soon the dining room was at peace again, red blood splattered across it, upturned furniture and abandoned food and drink left strewn about.

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Mifava had left the celebrations before the ghosts had even arrived, slipping away as soon as she'd felt it: a disturbance, more a hole really, like someone had plunged a knife through the spirit-stuff that lay around the world. The spirits were agitated, something was pushing through the ether with a force rivalling even the Mysteries, those arcane rites that allowed control over the facets of creation. She didn't hesitate, grabbing her spear on the way and making her way down to the epicentre of the disturbance: the temple depths. The catacombs were eerily quiet, all noise from above seemed to have ceased, as though she'd entered a pocket away from the world at large.

It wasn't difficult to see just what was wrong, before her the great red-gold orichalcum door that had been locked and closed shut since before she'd arrived lay open. She only knew that some artefact lay contained within, and rumours ran from just some innocent gem that had spooked Ibruk to a real danger to the community that had to be locked away for good. Within the room she could see that something blue shone from the back, outlining a silhouette standing before the imposing statue of Armok, a hand clutching something. It was coming from there. A low whispering began the moment she stepped into the small silver-lined chamber, soft susurrations that she couldn't quite make out, like something was hissing muffledly through her ear. They got louder with each step she took closer to the figure at the end of the room, yet remained incomprehensible. She muttered a soft prayer to the spirits, stepping yet closer through the darkness of the room.

She was close enough to recognise who was standing there now, his figure bathed in a soft blue light that shone from the impressive aquamarine that lay clutched under his hand: Nathaniel Stormwind. The man's eyes were wide, staring down at the gem beneath him, not moving an inch.

"Nathaniel?" she called. No response came from the man. She hesitated, then leant forward, pressing a hand to his shoulder.

FOUNDYOUFOUNDYOUFOUNDYOU

A sudden cacophony of voices echoed through her head and she felt...something probe at her very being, making her jerk back, pulling the man with her. They fell, and the gem fell from the outstretched hands of the statue of Armok and out from under Nathaniel's, falling down onto the silver floor with a clatter.

Nathaniel gave a groan, one hand shooting to press against his head as he sat up. "Mifava?" he mumbled out, apparently confused.

She wasted no time, standing. "I don't know what you were doing Nathaniel, but I suggest we move from here before we both get caught in here."

His eyes glanced over to the fallen gem, standing up, swaying slightly as though ill. "Nimemnokzam-"

"The gem? Leave it for now, do you really want the fort after you? Can we really trust taking it out of here?" He shook his head to her words as she moved towards the exit, turning round to give him a quick beckon. The two of them seemed to be investigating the same stuff if the way they kept running into these situations was any indication, and she had many questions for him, but for now they had to leave. Sounds of shouting echoed through the catacombs from above, something was happening up there,and if the pair of them were found alone here they would no doubt be suspected of breaking in. Stepping out, they made their way back up, leaving the chamber empty and Nimemnokzam alone the floor, blending into the baying crowd that had gathered around the events above.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 18, 2014, 03:15:39 pm**

OH SHIT

and also

IT RETURNS

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Sheo** on **September 18, 2014, 04:11:02 pm**

It's back! Finally I can write some IC stuff for Sheodir. I missed this.

Question: Is Sheodir among the possessed, and has he done any progress on that private shrine to Armok?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **September 18, 2014, 04:55:04 pm**

Quote from: Sheo on September 18, 2014, 04:11:02 pm  
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No named characters are among the possessed. For named characters I usually try to let the game itself decide if they die rather than anything plot-induced on my part. As for the shrine, nothing yet, but Sheodir's got a scene in the next update to start kicking off that sub-plot.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Sheo** on **September 18, 2014, 10:03:38 pm**

Quote from: Aequor on September 18, 2014, 04:55:04 pm  
Quote from: Sheo on September 18, 2014, 04:11:02 pm  
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Thanks for the quick response! Well, that's good to hear. Keep up the good work mate! Glad to see this is still going strong.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Julien Brightside** on **September 19, 2014, 04:26:13 am**

OOh, I wonder what happened.

Hmm, dark things are amiss in the fort of Nomekast.

Art of Armok punching darkness. Maybe unrelated. Wanted to share.  
**Spoiler** (click to show/hide)  
http://j4b.deviantart.com/#/art/Armok-471580255?hf=1

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **September 23, 2014, 01:32:37 am**

:o Wow... So that was a thing... Also ow.

Now what the heck am I going to post. :-\

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **October 17, 2014, 06:52:42 pm**

Zorrin\_Drake - Heh, yeah, I have left you in a bit of a quandary.

It should be said, **and this goes for everyone**, just gonna make a little PSA:

If something's happened to your character, don't be afraid to just PM or the like to just ask about more info on what happened. I won't spill plot secrets or such, everything I give is probably due to be shown in the next update, but can certainly give more info if you want to write something. As terrible as I am for failing to update on a regular basis, part of what I enjoy the **most** about writing Nomekast is the IC responses (well, OOC too, naturally). I'm perhaps a terrible person for it, but characters who make journals and such often get featured more often, simply because I know more on how to write them, what they're aiming to do, their thoughts to other characters/events, plans for them, and so on. It can also give plot ideas, don't be afraid to push boundaries a bit! In some ways, this is a bit of a collaborative thing, the more you put in, the more I can do with that. ;)

15th Malachite 679 - Evening

"The crowd is still outside, Stronghammer. They don't want to wait, they want you to act. Now," Bax grunted, slouching back in his seat as he ran a hand through his hair.

At the head of the table the mayor grimaced. "We have idea what in all the hells just occurred. What do they think is going to happen?"

"You can't temper a mob by doing nothing," Derm sighed, the sheriff looking completely ill at ease. The single lamp hung from the ceiling illuminated the mayor's as they all sat around the table, the "first citizens" of Nomekast, as it were: Stronghammer, Derm, Bax, Fori, Tarran, Rovod, Ibruk, Reg, and Bounce, all those who either held an office or had proven their trust enough to join in the make-shift informal 'council' Stronghammer had convened.

"Do we even know if there's any point?" Reg spat. The chief medical dwarf had been of a sour mood for a long time. The deaths that had passed through his hospital had hit him hard. "What did we have? Giant Nothings, explosions, snow, ghosts, people going insane. What will be next? You think we can hold if the militia are the ones to go crazy next time?"

Stronghammer said nothing, musing for a while as he stared down at the report Bounce had compiled before him, his hand fiddling with a small ruby between his fingers. Twelve dead, all with families and friends in the community. Stories of what they had seen above were spreading like wildfire, distorting such that people were made to believe 50-foot monsters were tearing at the walls of Nomekast now. A smart rap on the door stirred him from his thoughts as everyone turned their head.

Meinhard Adelrick strode in, the human Jager giving the mayor a nod. "De Noffing are gone now, no giants, not even li'I vuns, hyu can rests easy," he reported, a toothy grin on his face.

"That makes no sense. Why appear then simply leave?" Fori said. The elf was still not recovered from the poison she had been afflicted with, muscles still slow, but she seemed eager as ever to join in and help. A far cry - Stronghammer mused - from the likes of Iniwa who only stoked racial tensions.

"I-" Another knock on the door interrupted the mayor. This time it was Baffler moving in, a dwarf who had become rather prominent in Ibruk's congregation as well as the Alliance for Dwarven Survival, Stronghammer knew. The jeweler moved down to Ibruk, his face rather pale as he whispered something in his prophet's ear. Ibruk's mouth became a thin line and his hand became white as he seemed to clutch his cane rather strongly. "Something, Ibruk?"

The dwarven priest took a moment to answer before giving a slow nod. "Aye, Brother Stronghammer, I fear so. It appears someone broke into the temple vault, where that accursed jewel Nimemnokzam was safely bound away."

"Someone stole it? The Thieves' Guild?" Bounce piped up, a scowl on her face as she clutched her pads of papers.

"Ah no. It is still there, but knocked from its position of safety. Someone - or something - attempted to take it. I fear that this is exactly what caused everything."

ouching a shiny rock killed twelve people, rose a ton o ghosts, and set half the forest on fire?" Tarran said, a frown on the commander's face.

"That is not a mere 'shiny rock', pilgrim Tarran. That is an artefacts, but not one blessed of the gods, rather a cruel mockery from the demons. Such things have power, remember how the Lich Princess of Abanaved left behind a goblet she'd imbued that the heretic queen Atir used to raise the dead simply by touch. We much seal Nimemnokzam away once more, more securely if we are to prevent this from happening once more."

"The crowd know now I fear, Stronghammer. Even many of the elves want action taken about Nimemnokzam." Baffler added.

Stronghammer gave a small irritated rumble. The mentality of a mob was impossible to deal with. It didn't matter if just a day earlier they'd scoff at the idea that a damned gem could do anything, now they were all baying for it to be dealt with. What a way to end his festival day. "You say this thing is useless?"

"Not useless, dangerous-"

"Then we will do like Opeya's heart. Toss it into the magma, let it burn or be abandoned where no one can touch it again. And then we will try and see just what has happened. I fear your explanation is too simple, Ibruk."

That drew a sharp gasp from both Baffler and Ibruk. "You cannot be serious! You would throw that foul aberration into holy magma? What do you think that will achieve? If it should break, who knows what might be released? Or worse, if it sinks down to the depths of Hell, would you allow demons to take hold of such a thing?"

"My chief concern is the safety of this fort and the well-being of its people, Ibruk. Not metaphysical questions. I will not let something so dangerous - or at the very least, so divisive - remain where any might tamper with it again."

-----

The crowd had dispersed by nightfall, most going to eat, rest, or mourn after such a dark day. Many were in the tavern, drowning their fears and worries. It was here that Sheodir Redsage came to, the priest dressed rather inconspicuously. He was new enough to not be bothered, yet old enough to not stand out, just being a man vaguely known for joining the militia. He sidled up to the bar, taking a drink before scanning across the room, finding just who he wanted over at the side, just as he'd directed. He sat himself down besides him, setting his tankard down with a smile to the figure opposite.

"Well? What did you want that it needed a letter and a meeting?" Juggernaut grunted as he took a swig of dwarven ale.

Sheo took a few seconds to answer, taking a sip of his own drink. "You are a man of Armok, yes?"

"I am a warrior of Armok, so what of it? You from some pansy human cult here to lecture me on peace? Already had at least one elf do that."

"Not at all! Rather I'm here to say just one thing to you: blood is our prayer-"

"-our temple is war," Juggernaut finished automatically. Sheodir leant back, resting on his chair as he took another small tip, drumming the fingers of his free hand on the stone table. That was certainly a good sign. If Juggernaut was educated enough to know the Armokian prayers, then it would be easier to gain his confidence for what Sheo had planned. "You a man of Armok yourself? I know you've joined the military, already a good sign, too many cowards round here wanting to sit around and let others keep them safe."

"I...was vaguely involved in the temple before the Nothing." He left off that said temple was not the state temple of Armok, rather a more heretical cult. If he was to convince Juggernaut of the truth he had to keep his cards for the right occasions.

"Well that's good. I was beginning to fear I would be the only one who actually knew the right rites for the Blood God, heh," Juggernaut remarked, taking a long gulp of his ale. "The elves treat Him like some secret, kobolds don't even seem to have any gods beyond their little kobold statues, hell, the closest to understand the purpose of a god of *blood* are the goblins! Not even the dwarves treat him like anything more than someone to bring up in crises, nothing more."

"The dwarves know nothing of Armok." Sheo almost spat at that. The coldness in his voice must have been too obvious, for Juggernaut simply stared, before shrugging and taking another gulp. He'd have to be more careful. "Well, the point I'm here to make is that I need your help, and I think you need mine."

"I need only my axe and hammer."

"You just said yourself: no one knows well of Armok here. Are you to simply shrug and let that continue?"

"They'll learn-"

"Not if they are not taught. This isn't the Empire of the Humble Nations anymore - or wherever you're from - if we are not active we cannot rely on others to do it for us. This isn't the old world, we can't just do things like we used to and hope for the best. How many Nothing have you killed?"

"I don't count them."

"And yet they never end. And for what? So Armok can be denied his share of the blood? So the dwarves - and others - can heap all the praise on their gods and deny the Blood God himself the offerings that are his by right?"

"What exactly are you suggesting to do?"

"I...am not sure for now. But *something*. That's what it means to be a servant of Armok, to be active, not passive, you know that as well as I do. If you'll help me, I can help you, we can help the entire community by bringing Armok's word as it was meant to be, not some dwarven heres- *misunderstanding* of His word."

"The elves won't like it, the dwarves under that Ibruk neither."

"Do the Nothing like it when you show them the true wrath of Armok?"

Juggernaut snorted into his drink, a smirk on his face. "A good answer."

"If you'll help me, I am looking to start where it all begins: a shrine."

"Our temple is war."

It was Sheodir's turn to smirk now, leaning back again as he nodded. "You misunderstand. This is not some gaudy stone thing like the dwarves put up, to hide in and bow and recite little pithy prayers. No, Juggernaut, Armok is the Blood Father, the lord of war. This shrine will serve that war and train His soldiers." He finished his drink, stretching as he stood up, giving a little incline of his head. "I will leave you to think. Come see me if you agree."

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **October 19, 2014, 03:36:43 pm**

Stronghammer returned to his office once the others had left from the council. Another disaster barely contained. He gave a sigh as he dropped into his arm chair, the ruby already playing through his fingers again. The artifact would need to be immediately tossed into the magma even if he had to do it himself. He blinked as he that thought came to him. In fact he would summon his guards and do it himself, to ensure that no one stole it or bungled it. And he would have to ask the sheriff and maybe even Ibruk to begin doing searches of the the community to try and find anything that might be causing this evil. Ibruk for all his crazed priestly ways was at least of the right faith and strong of holy power... at least Stronghammer hoped he was strong of power. He put the ruby back into his pocket as he rose to his feet. Yes he would ask Ibruk and even their resident scientist and doctor (it would not hurt, maybe would give him something to do) to do a search of the place. But first he would be rid of this evil jewel and maybe order the reinforcement of the artifact vault. But first the gem. With that final thought he strode from his office determination stamped on his face, for he was to be rid of something evil and on a brigther side he would at least see how beautiful this evil gem might be.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **October 21, 2014, 02:08:53 am**

From the journal of Nathaniel Stormwind:  
Tales from the Void  
Chapter 8 Of Chaos and Order

Ibruk is a FOOL! That thing "Nimemnokzam" was not, is not, and can not be protected by such means! You need magic words AND divine enchantments to guard a cursed artifact! Need to calm down, but Kane Jerrod tells me of what occurred on the surface and what Ibruk said...

Onthorn is recovering from the "ordeal" and she is staying close to me, and Elitan Glimerlight tells me Stronghammer wants to destroy Nimemnokzam. The fool Ibruk may be mad, but that is INSANE! Kizerbane is making blueprints of his old temple complex to Armok with some modifications for five lesser temple shrines to the other gods (Dwarven, Elven, Kobold, Human, and Goblin) and is making other plans that he has not told me. Forgar Stormspear is in agreement that Ibruk is not going to help rid this world of the shadow demons, is not to be trusted with anything, and should be avoided whenever possible, although we should remain cordial with him when necessary. I will, however, try to sway his less devout followers to my side, if possible. We need paladins, mages, and necromancers to fight the dark horde and save this world from damnation. I also need to talk to Mifava about what the hell happened and get her support in my fight against evil... I also need to get a cursed crundle, Lerdy's skull from the caves, and speak with the spirit of Ura... *Argh!* So many things to do, and so little time!

Hero of the old Wood  
Writings of the elven hero Elitan Glimerlight  
Page 1

I am tired of the conflict that my people are involved in; mostly what Imiwa is doing.  
We must put all aside to fight the defilers, but she is still clinging to old belefs.  
I think I need to commune with her and bring peace to the caves we live in.  
She needs to know the truth and to stop fighting with her sister Fori.

"Honor the trees, and treat them with respect, for they are a gift from the gods.  
But do not mourn the spirits, for we are not harmed by the destruction of trees."

{Elitan Glimerlight personality: Calm, collected and polite, speaks in a refined manner, but has a strong sense for justice. (she will not mention Nathaniel in her conversation with Imiwa)}

Dark Tales of Blood  
Writings of the goblin Kizerbane High Priest of Armok  
Page 1

THINGS ARE INTERESTING THESE PAST MOONS AND I. DO. NOT. LIKE. WHAT. I. SEE. I SEE A PATHETIC LOT OF COWARDS, BACKSTABBERS, AND MORONIC LESSER-GOD-WORSHIPPING IDIOTS!!! BUT I SEE TWO "PEOPLE" THAT INTEREST ME, "SHEODIR REDSAGE" AND "JUGGERNAUT". I WILL APPROACH SHEODIR AND TEST HIM IN HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE GREAT AND HOLY ARMOK! IF HE IS WORTHY, I WILL ASK HIM TO HELP MY APPRENTICE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF MY NEW TEMPLE.

O GREAT ARMOK - BLOOD IS OUR PRAYER - OUR TEMPLE IS WAR!

{Kizerbane personality: Talks in a manner that is aggressive but almost desturbingly calm, dedicated to Armok and Armok alone, is prideful, and has a strong sense of poetic justice}

Spoiler: Nathaniel's to do list (from most to least important:) (click to show/hide)

- 1: Prepare an enchanted lead box to hold Nimemnokzam (Ibruk can not be trusted with its defence) and steal the stone, using his ghost companions and magic to erase the event from people's minds (or make it seem Stronghammer was successful in disposing of it, whichever is easier)
- 2: Store the cursed stone (in box) in hidden sanctum temporarily
- 3: Since Ibruk can not be trusted with anything, start gathering followers in secret to make an Order to fight the Nothing with blade and magic
- 4: Start digging to an unused area (but still protected by the fort) and dig/build a hidden temple-fort (with farms and workshops) that is in 6 levels with 6 gate/shrines guarding it: (connected to my first hidden sanctum)  
The gate/shrines in order are: (only the initiated can get past the gates and gates are warded against intruders)



- 1: to the Dwarven god Id
- 2: to the Elven Spirit of War
- 3: to the Human god of War
- 4: to the Kobold Ascended Assassins
- 5: to the Goblin god of War
- 6: the most impressive of the gate/shrines; a blood shrine of Armok
- top floor or lvl 1: Main defensive compound/maze
- (going down) lvl 2: farms and workshops
- lvl 3: barracks and training grounds
- lvl 4: Libraries, labs, and magic training (most wood in the labs and magic training area are made of Blood Thorns and Nether Caps)
- lvl 5: Lesser temples to the gods (Dwarven, Elven, Kobold, Human, and Goblin)
- lvl 6: Grand temple to Armok with prayer area, arena, and (under Armok's statue) Nimemnokzam's final resting place/observation chamber (need to ACTUALLY study the damned thing)(Armok's temple will have magma features)
- 5: Have apprentice continue his previous tasks and have him gather all (not in use) forgotten beast skulls
- 6: Set up a meeting with Mifava
- 7: Commune with the spirit of Ura
- 8: Collect cursed crundles for study and retrieve Lerdy's skull
- 9: Commune with the former necromancer of Nomekast

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **HailFire** on **October 21, 2014, 03:53:25 am**

Excerpts from the journal of Mifava Nitharanemo, Druid:

Spoiler: 7th Hematite, 679: (click to show/hide)  
Fortune gives with one hand what she steals with the other. The body of Ura had been transported to **Ugo's** laboratory, but I was able to reach it before it was tampered with during the celebration held over its defeat. Lacking any actual familiarity with the manner of creature known to the citizens of Nomekast as "Forgotten Beasts", I used one of the older, more traditional rituals for binding the dead- a safer option, but one generally less effective at establishing a rapport with the spirit in question.

This was just as well, for in death, Ura was both more potent and every bit as uncooperative as I'd expected; not only did it not feel in the slightest bit beholden to answer my questions but in the most roundabout manner possible, but it then attempted to break free of its bindings. I am... mostly certain that it did not succeed, on account of the fact that it did not immediately attempt to take revenge upon me; a gust of wind from further up the passage interrupted the ritual, sending it back to the Realm of Waiting before it could break free into the waking world. As the barrier between our worlds grows ever weaker, one must clearly exercise greater caution when evoking in the 6th\*.

This interruption did, however, alert me to someone approaching- the interloper arrived just as I finished removing the evidence of my presence from the body, and happened to be none other than the mysterious spirit-worker, Stormwind, a man who had just as little business being in the goblin's laboratory as I did, and one who I suspect was there for a similar purpose.

Consequently, I cannot rest easy knowing the the spirit of Ura will remain on the other side; as I go about my duties, I plan to erect simple wards in strategic locations to impede spirits: Nomekast's resident spirits are largely sedentary, and although I know these wards will not in any way halt the spirit of Ura, should it break free, the destruction of the physical wards will allow me to track its movement around the fortress. This has the added side-benefit of inconveniencing the spirits bound to that Stormwind fellow; whatever his motives may be, I have no cause to trust him and less time to deal with him, so I would prefer to delay his machinations until I have this investigation sorted out.

What ultimate Truth does Ura speak of? Who, after all, forgot the Forgotten Beasts? I cannot rest at ease until I have more answers.

-Mifava

\*As much as I dislike the modern terminology, that which deals with life and death, be it healing the living or evoking the dead, invokes the Sixth Mystery\*\*. Necromancy is necromancy, whether or not I like to admit it.

\*\*That scholars try to partition that which they explicitly admit to be mysterious into tidy little boxes never ceases to amuse me.

Spoiler: 7th Malachite, 679: (click to show/hide)  
The site of the future barracks has been fully excavated, though construction will soon be suspended in favor of other tasks related to the preparation of Mayor Stronghammer's festival. In what little time I can spare between my other duties, however, I've been delving into the rumors and histories of our beloved Nomekast. Of particular note; some time before my arrival, a necromancer was ousted from the city for the attempted murder of the sheriff, but escaped to the deepest caverns before she could be killed, and presumably still subsists there in pursuit of her Mysteries. A valuable source of knowledge, perhaps, if she could be approached amicably.

Of more immediate interest to myself, however, is the name "Blacksteel": Local tales tell of a giant of a man, borne of an old barbarian tribe, who fought alongside Nomekast's finest not more than a year or two ago, before finally succumbing to the poison of one of the forgotten beasts that plagued the city in the past while he was attempting some manner of ritual. ~~While it may be difficult to reach his spirit at this point in time\*~~, he wielded a sword- an heirloom of his tribe- said to possess magical powers. Yet, somehow, it has lain forgotten in Nomekast's armories since his death.

As it has no heir apparent, I intend to gain custody of the sword after the conclusion of the festival, that I might glean its secrets.

It has been some time since I've held a sword, I suppose, preferring the spear for much of my hermitude, but I should be brushing up on my techniques with all of the Five Armaments\*\* ere I must pass them on to our soldiers, anyway.

*Do it for her:*  
*-Engraved on a sword in a battlefield in the Excavated Confederation*

-Mifava

\*Why would it be? The barrier separating the worlds of the living and dead grow weaker with each passing day, and the sword would serve as an excellent focus for communing with any member of his tribe.

\*\*The Bow, Spear, Sword, Body, and Mind. The use of each of these is more complex- yet, simpler- than the layman would expect. I intend to write at length on the subject at another time.

Spoiler: 14th Malachite, 679: (click to show/hide)  
The world turns. The spirits of the wood cry out in pain as the Blight return in force, taking two more of our number before receding like a black tide. Such is life in Nomekast... and yet, hope springs eternal. Hard work and harder drink sustains the people here, working fervently towards the festival, that tomorrow might be a better day.

And is this not what Mankind has always striven for, to live in harmony under the light of Heaven? Our mortal world is a seed, incubated by the Heavenly Kings and tended to by the peoples of Man, that it might one day birth the Kingdom of Light. It is coveted greatly by the Black King... but he would seek to possess it, not to destroy it.

We have, perhaps, been neglectful in our stewardship of the Earth, but if the Blight is punishment for our transgressions, who shall remain to care for it? According to Ibuk, the faithful- but faithful to whom or what? How are we to earn our deliverance? At the end of all things, will the gods ride down on golden chariots and simply brush away the Blight with a wave of their hands so that the meek might inherit the Earth?

Every spirit has an agenda: Consciously or unconsciously, with good intention or ill, every spirit uses those less powerful than itself for its own ends\*. Those not bound to corporeal form, in particular, tend to be ephemeral and detached from the concerns of the mortal world as they claw their way up the spiritual hierarchy. Every spirit, from the greatest god to the lowliest leaf, should indeed be respected, but this does not, necessarily, mean they should be either trusted nor relied upon. Mankind must prove himself worthy of his inheritance, take his fate into his own hands, and draw the light of Heaven down to Earth.

Those of us who can fight fight continually for this dream. Those of us who cannot hide in their homes and pray that it will be delivered for us.

I will- *must*- teach them to fight.

For now, Nomekast rests, awaiting the festivities tomorrow, but I cannot. This tension-- something claws at the fringes of my awareness that I cannot describe.

*"The priests of the humans and dwarves, I find, are mightily confused; they are Men wearing the cloth of Gods and convincing others of their own weakness, when in fact they should be Gods wearing the cloth of Men, self-assured of their own strength."*  
*-Mokathi Nelowulema, 214*

-Mifava

\*Remember that Mankind are themselves spirits: Does not the king rely on the hunter and farmer for sustenance? Will I not be training our soldiers that they may better protect me, even if they protect us all? Even charity has selfish ends.

Spoiler: 15th (16th?) Malachite, 679: (click to show/hide)  
How can any one man be so foolish?

Nomekast is in the throes of disaster. A clear timeline has yet to be established, but it appears to have begun sometime mid-afternoon; flames bursting forth from the Earth and giants of Blight lumbering towards the fortress amidst a freak snowfall. Meanwhile, a horde of ghosts terrorizes the citizenry- many of whom, gripped by possession or insanity, turn on their brothers.

In typical Dwarven fashion, Nomekast's militia immediately responds by slaughtering them to the man, so we may never know the exact cause of this bout of madness.

I could not witness these events firsthand, however; as I secrete away from the festivities some time earlier for my work in the temple, the opening of some manner of rift within quickens my pace. The spirits are in total disarray, fleeing past me as I approach the temple undercroft and the sealed chamber within. Its wards have been broken, and who should I find within, attempting to pilfer the accursed jewel- the epicenter of the rift- it was built to contain?

That old friend of mine, Stormwind, of course. Such is the human condition, I suppose; unchecked ambition, arrogance, and impatience, blustering recklessly into that which they barely understand with no thought of the consequences.

It was with some trepidation that I rescued him from the stone that tore at his mind, bedecked as the chamber was with effigies of the Destroyer, but as the stone is increasingly blamed for the events that transpired, he surely would have been killed- by the stone or by the mob- had he remained, and I cannot allow that to happen-- not, at least, until I wring every drop of information out of him that I can. It appears that one of the spirits that shadows the man had taken possession of him, granting him a layer of protection from the stone's influence, but this ultimately did neither of them any good, as it simply rent the spirit to pieces. I would assume offhandedly that it will recover, but I hadn't the time to examine it as we escaped.

According to our very own Ibuk, of course, this whole fiasco is all happening right on schedule. Are there any other pertinent verses in your prophecies that you would like to share with the rest of us, old man? Perhaps *before* the loss of innocent life?

Nimemnokzam- the cursed stone- is too dangerous to be allowed to continue to exist, whether it is a spirit itself or a gateway to some other realm. If incedental exposure indeed caused all this, one can only imagine the fallout that might occur if it were used deliberately as a weapon, if indeed one were able to control it. Many are calling for it to be thrown into a well of magma and lost forever, and I cannot help but agree with them.

If it is the Earth's, let her reclaim it. If not, she will bury it away.

If it is the Destroyer's, let him reclaim it. If not, it will be cleansed in flames.

If it is the Black King's, let him reclaim it. If not, he will bind it under his Will, just as he has so many other demons.

For the time being, I must devote my full attention to handling this crisis; if the rift remains open, it must be sealed. The dead must be tended to (barring any more surprise resurrections), the *undead* must be brought to peace, and the whole of Nomekast must be warded and sanctified. From there, completion of the new city barracks is tantamount; soft hearts and soft minds are those vulnerable to possession and ill influence, and every citizen must be able to defend themselves should another such incident occur.

*The doctrine of 'Total War'- as codified by the ancient elves, and adopted or discarded to varying degrees by the other races and their descendants- is the recognition of an existential threat; not only that one must kill or be killed, but that one must utterly destroy one's enemy- by any means necessary- or be utterly destroyed in return. Humanity often refers to it as "War to the knife", but this does not quite capture the essence of Total War- knives break. It is this doctrine, then, that explains why war with the elves and goblins was so invariably protracted and brutal, and why dwarven fortresses are so frequently found flooded by water, magma, cats, or demons.*  
*-Strohe Ebbaktis, 482*





ore aquamarine that seemed fused to the gem itself to create a jewel about the size of his fist that reflected an almost soothing pale blue light around the silver walls and floor.

"Brother Stronghammer, please, one pilgrim to another..." Ibruk's voice was a soft whisper in his right ear as the dwarf kept his attention fixed on that jewel that lay almost innocently on the ground. So this was what was causing all the trouble? Hard to believe. But many of the community did, and so he had to deal with it. It never cracks but it caves-in. It really was a most beautiful gem though, not a single chisel mark lay on it, every facet was perfectly proportional, and the bands of aquamarine gave it an almost heart-like appearance. He felt beset by doubt all of a sudden. Could he really toss such a perfect jewel into the magma? This was an artefact after all, dwarven history had always given such importance to them, heroes wielded them, kings and queens were enthroned with them, gods bestowed them. And what if this was - as some warned - just mob mentality? The angry, mourning crowd fixating on the one rumour, and Nimemnokzam had had nothing to do with the events at all. Rather, was it not possible the Thieves' Guild had simply used his festival as an excuse to try and steal it, only to be stopped when all hell broke loose? Could he really allow a crowd's whim destroy such beauty - potentially *gods-given* beauty, based simply on fear and lashing out? And what if Ibruk was right? And throwing it into the magma simply worsened everything. Magma men lay down there, who knew what else, searching for the aquamarine. He had to be cautious, that was what it meant to lead, that was why the brash like Imiwa or Brosso were not in his place.

"Very well," Stronghammer heard himself say at last, his mouth feeling rather dry. "What would you suggest, Ibruk?"

He heard a sigh of relief from behind and a small tap as Ibruk moved besides him. "Seal this place. I was too optimistic in using a door. Seal this chamber away for eternity, a wall, a pillar of orichalc, none will get in. And that," he flicked his cane almost angrily at the gem on the floor, "will not get out." Orichalcum, Stronghammer mused, that famed red-gold metal whose forging had been kept a secret by the Temple for centuries. Almost as good as steel, and more resistant, that would certainly keep anyone out, a block of it sealed and fused to the silver walls would force any would-be thieves to spend days trying to break through. It would certainly be an effective solution, at least until more was certain.

"Very well then, but do it now, before the funerals. We need this entire affair put to rest before the day is out, people coming here for the burials must see that room sealed."

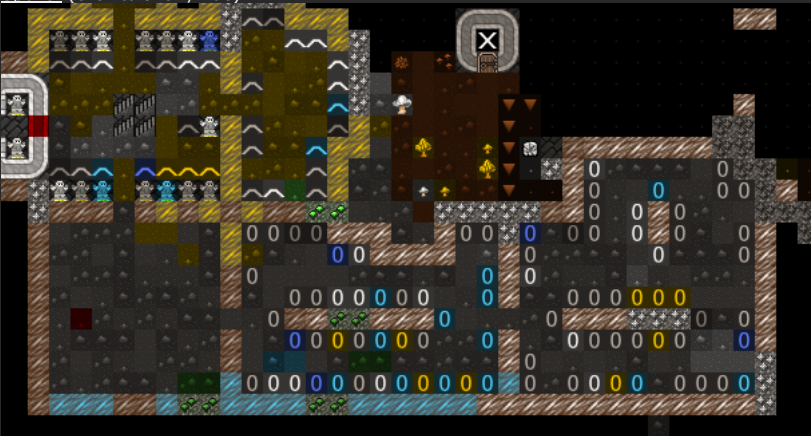
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Malachite 679

As the day ended and the next few weeks passed, Nomekast was a tense mixture of . People spoke in murmurs, the carefree start to the festival had ended in tragedy, and as night fell the community came together to pay their respects to the dead, even as questions as to just what had happened to them continued to rage. Memorial slabs were set up for the ghosts to be put to rest, and rock sarcophagi were shifted to the increasingly-crowded cemetery.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



The community was at a shock, reeling from the events that had occurred. Rumours of horrific demons leading the Nothing on the surface spread like wildfire, and anger at the deaths led to a sudden increase in tension, with many dwarves rallying around either Ibruk and his preaching, or Brosso the Magnificent and his promises of a return to the glory days, and elves doing the same around Imiwa. While some were despondent from the events, many were left with a greater drive than ever before. Mifava and Tarran, aided by the miners Spartan, Delta, Shin and others, worked hard on finishing excavating the future sight of the militia's training compound.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Meinhard Adelrick had disappeared, with the only clues to his whereabouts being that some at the forges had seen him head out into the Fiery Cistern, equipped in his armour and weapons and a full backpack. Where he'd been going no one knew.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Felix, as well as the gorlak Grawp, and Jules, were continuing their work on smoothing the fort, now working on the hospital and lower fort. Jules had been drawing up new plans for engravings with the help of some new equipment he'd managed to secure in what was quickly becoming a little workshop by the dining-area, and was working on carving out a small room for himself.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



The atmosphere remained tense and wary however. Accusations were muttered, meaningful scowls shared, and the community felt more insular than ever, with nothing the relieve them in sight.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **October 29, 2014, 05:53:06 pm**

Mienhard stalked the deep and cold caves. Traveling alone through dangerous territory was nothing new to him, the denizens of the deep were his pray.

He picked up eggs from a crundel nest, and filled his water skin from an underground lake. Part of the daily ruetein, along with roasting small cave spiders and picking fungal moss.

A few days into his journey, He passed by a group of cave ogres and hard the oddest thing. One was talking. Listening from behind a near by rock, Meinhard heard they had fled here from caves that had been invaded, both by dark spawn and surface dwellers trying to escape them. Even the things living under NomeKast were looking to hide. That was not as important as the fact that cave ogres shouldn't be this smart.

The Jager searched the area until he found what he was looking for. The ogres' drinking hole, and the glowing blue spring he knew would be there. He gathered the blue goo in a gourd, then noted the location of the ogres.

Time to head back, the first part of his plane complete.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **October 31, 2014, 10:09:23 am**

Stronghammer gave a sigh as he closed the door behind him, once again in his office. He had caved to Ibruk's request when he had been ready to destroy the gem. As soon as he laid eyes upon that most beautiful of artifacts he had been filled with doubts. Was it simply his cautious nature or had that gem influenced his mind some how? He shuddered at the thought and sat once more in his carved chair covered in soft fabrics.

His father would be proud of him he knew, for he had continued to lead a new settlement forwards threw great dangers. Though now with things getting more tense and the community starting to divide once more, he knew it was going to be harder.

The first thing he knew that must happen was the calming and reuniting of the people before there occurred a great split. So on that front he must meet with Brosso, Ibruk and Imiwa. They must be made to see reason and make their follows follow ah path back to calm unity.

Stronghammer thought to himself. Maybe he would give some speeches to the people to help reassure them. One calm voice being heard by all could maybe lower tensions. Though he also had to prepare for a civil break down and maybe infighting. On that end he had to make sure the all the military forces where answerable to the government or at the very least would not get involved. There was only one thing worse than a riot, and that was a trained, organized and equipped riot.

With another great sigh he rose from the desk and headed to the door. The work of a mayor was never done. Couldn't the people see it had been his cautious leadership that had saved them? Couldn't they see that he was the only one who was fit to rule them? Stronghammer paused at the door as that thought came across his mind. Where had that come from he thought? He never cared to rule he was an elected leader one of many. Could the gem still be influencing his thoughts?? He gave his head a shake and a small laugh as he pulled open the door. He really had to be careful not to buy into the stories going around. As he walked away from his office, he dropped his hand into his pocket and rubbed the small gem inside. It gave him some small comfort. But somewhere in the back of his mind it occurred to him of how flawed it now seemed compared to another.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 03, 2014, 11:27:03 am**

2nd Galena 679 - Unsure, morning?

They lay before Meinhard, ten of them, bodies black as night, like a hole within which were suspended a pair of red eyes, with claws and horns, yellow, floating on that wispy darkness. They barely reached his waist, but seemed rather more dangerous than their small stature might suggest. It'd been on his return that they'd appeared, packs of them, travelling in the darkness of the cavern, silhouetted against the rock walls. Whatever they were, they were intelligent, organised. He'd avoided most of them, but now he found himself cornered.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Their intentions became rather clear as they launched themselves at him, long claws slicing through the air. He had enough time to raise his buckler, one of them smashing against it with a loud crash that pushed the Jager back several paces. He wasted no time though, spear striking through the air and tearing through the chest of one of them, darkness seeped from the wound as he flicked his spear and sent the body off from the end. Another soon found itself on the end of that spear while he used his buckler to slam into another's head with enough force to snap a horn off and then using his sword to slam into the head, sending the beast reeling and collapsed on the ground.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Human stabs The Desecrated Crundle in the left hand with his ({"«-iron spear-»\*}) and the severed part sails off in an arc! The Human stabs The Desecrated Crundle in the upper body with his ({"«-iron spear-»\*}) tearing the muscle! An artery has been opened by the attack! The ({"«-iron spear-»\*}) has lodged firmly in the wound! The Human twists the embedded ({"«-iron spear-»\*}) around in The Desecrated Crundle's upper body! The Human strikes The Desecrated Crundle in the right lower leg with his ({"«bronze buckler-»\*}) shattering the bone! The Human strikes The Desecrated Crundle in the right horn with his ({"«bronze buckler-»\*}) and the severed part sails off in an arc! The Desecrated Crundle has become enraged! The Human slaps The Desecrated Crundle in the head with the flat of his {-copper short sword-} bruising the muscle jamming the skull through the brain and tearing apart the brain! The Desecrated Crundle has been knocked unconscious!

Though ferocious and insistent, they were not much of a threat to the mutant human, and Meinhard soon found himself panting softly for breath amidst ten rather mangled bodies. He knelt down besides one, noting an odd necklace it was wearing, a simple thing, a bone - a snapped finger bone it seemed - laced around. The other's wore similar, finger bones, knuckles, even a pierced shard of what might have been part of a skull. They were rather organised, aggressive, and capable of at least rudimentary craftsmanship. He'd have to warn Stronghammer, Tarran, and Derm, more beasts were moving into the caverns, potentially dangerous creatures. The last thing they needed was a war down below as well as on the surface. A flurry of *click-clicks* of claws on stone alerted him to more of the creatures approaching. While there was no doubt Meinhard could take them, he couldn't take the chance of being swarmed by dozens of them, after all, the Nothing too were weak individually, these were rather the same. He tore a necklace from one of the dead creatures, tucking it away, something to show, then moved back on his way, he needed to continue.

15th Galena 679 - Afternoon

Most had just been finishing lunch when the sound of something falling rent the air. A rock chair went flying, crashing into the tables, sending the food across the dining and the people diving for cover. Arsethotheles was there, hands shaking, head twitching left and right as though the blind dwarf was searching for something. A loud yelp escaped from him, and he fell, body shuddering, propped up on only one arm, scrabbling back.

Fori was first to dare approach and reach him, the elf cautiously stepping forward, reaching out with a hand. "A-Arsethotheles? Are you alright?" The dwarf was not the most stable - insane, most called him - but this was new.

The philosopher's head tilted up at her, gems shining from the empty eye sockets he'd slotted them into. "He knows," he began, his voice shaky, as though his throat was hoarse, "she know he know she knows," his tone sped up, "it was all a lie we were lied to a lie a lie a world of lies a creation of lies they lied," rasping chuckles escaped him as he kept his head completely still while his arms and legs jittered and flailed against the rock floor, "heknowsandnowtheycome."

"Arsetho-"

She was interrupted by another loud, rasping cackle. "Itsoveroveroveroveroveroveroveroveroverover-" He stood up abruptly, body shaking as though he'd fall any moment and suddenly ran, cackling wildly, tearing at his clothing as he simply repeated himself.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Arsethotheles Philosopher has gone stark raving mad!

Galena 679

Arsethotheles' madness made little impact on the already stressed fort. The philosopher was known to be borderline insane from the start, only slightly better than the elf PD who was near impossible to speak to. Life in the fortress continued on.

Work on Stronghammer's promised library continue apace. Anything donated was copied down, duplicated to be stored, with writings ranging from many dwarven books to some elven, human and even a few sparse goblin works. One reading room had already been furnished, a space for those to read quietly and peacefully away from the hubbub of the community. Plans were also being set down under Shin's direction to develop the area east of it into a garden and public park, a move appreciated by several, especially parts of the elven community.

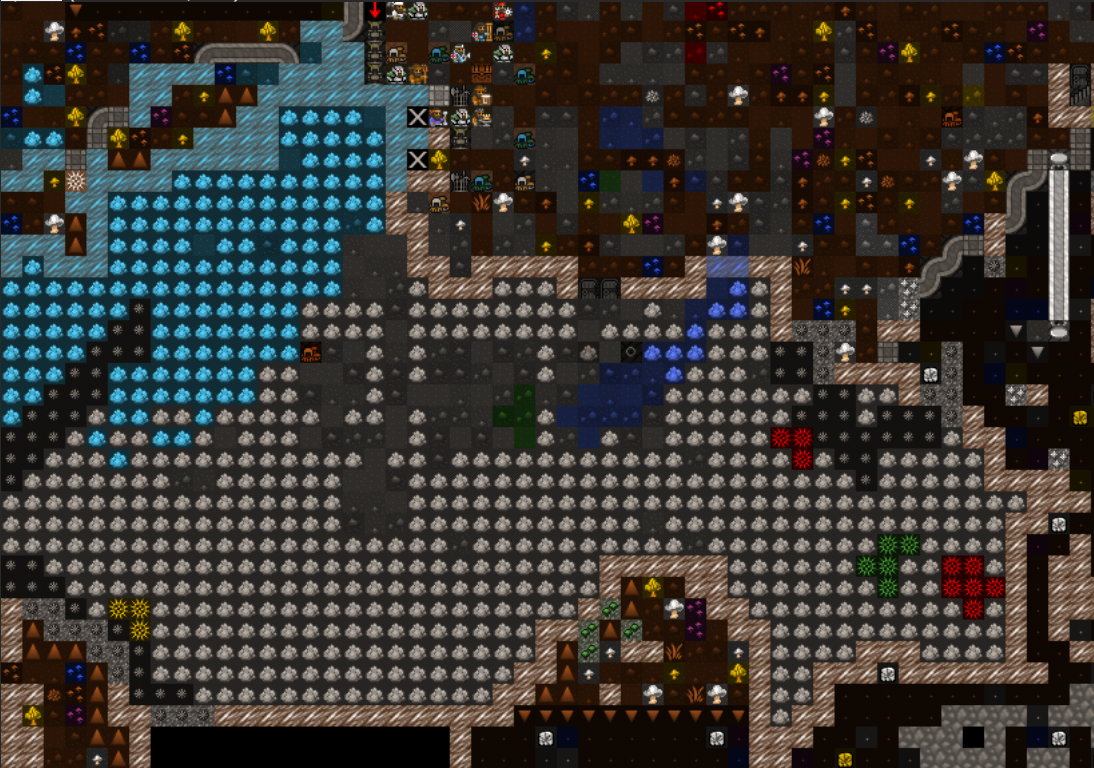
Spoiler (click to show/hide)





The future military barracks had been excavated, and the area was already set up with a pair of iron doors as Mifava and Tarran now began directing the site according to Mifava's original plans. Once finished, Nomekast's militia would develop into a more professional army than ever before.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Under his insistent preaching, Ibruk's flock had doubled down, working hard on finally excavating the cathedral.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Brosso the Magnificent and his team had also been hard at work, clearing the rest of the rubble from his excavated projects and the headquarters of the Alliance for Dwarven Survival in anticipation of the next meeting and of a tentative meeting Stronghammer had been trying to set up between him, Brosso, Imiwa, and Ibruk, all major leaders of various factions within the community. The Iron Guard's barracks were also finally beginning to be furnished and the squad took to training there.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



All in all, while the community remained tense, a quiet return to normality seemed to have set in, at least on the surface.

Limestone 679

The Mason Stakud Sokancilob from Enoleral has arrived  
A caravan from Enoleral has arrived

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **November 03, 2014, 11:09:09 pm**

Meihard ran fast and stayed low as he moved like a shadow in the dark caves. Time was not on his side, the need to raise the defenses of Nomekast as quickly as possible spurred him on.

As soon as he arrived, the Jager made his way to the lab and dropped off all the supplies and specimens he had collected. Then he made haste to StoneHammer's office.

"Dar ar' tings in da deep! Ve need hore cage trapz!"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Sheo** on **November 04, 2014, 08:40:54 am**

Quote from: TALLPANZER on November 03, 2014, 11:09:09 pm

Meihard ran fast and stayed low as he moved like a shadow in the dark caves. Time was not on his side, the need to raise the defenses of Nomekast as quickly as possible spurred him on.

As soon as he arrived, the Jager made his way to the lab and dropped off all the supplies and specimens he had collected. Then he made haste to StoneHammer's office.

"Dar ar' tings in da deep! Ve need hore cage trapz!"



Sheodir had been frequenting the office lately to deal with his soon-to-happen exploration to the deep, as to build his secret stronghold. Under the pretense of escorting miners he had been convincing the right ears, yet the found himself yapping at StoneHammer's when the Jager arrived.

Listening to it quietly, the man rose only to stride off, to see this depths for himself. He had an interest for these things, and when/if he found out that they were developing an intelligence, his view on who is truly Armok's favored might swap...for better or worse.

(Or he may die horribly trying to civilize and organize Nothing. That'd be hilarious, too.)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Julien Brightside** on **November 07, 2014, 05:29:58 am**

Diary of Jules:  
I feel more accomplished as of late. the smoothing of the fort is good practice for eventual engravings.

I now have my own room, I feel very happy. Hmm...I should engrave my own room. That would be a good idea I feel.

---

Jules have begun sketching his ideas on his stone table.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **!!pyrodwarf!!** on **November 07, 2014, 08:28:06 pm**

"Itsoveritsoveritsoveritsover..." \*SLAP\*  
**SHUT UP!!! ITSNOTOVERTILLTHEFATLADYSINGS!!!! AND STRONGHAMMER 'AINT SINGING YET!!!!**

...armok save us if he *does* sing, of course, butbutbut ttHaT is as as **LIKELY** as MIENHARD sharing his GODDAMN TROLL!!!

"...overitsoveritsoveritsover" \*THWACK\* STOPSAYINGTHAT!!! Aanyone canCAN see ITS **NOT OVER!!!** ...well, erm... sorry, maybe noy ANY anyone, but mooost cacan SEE OOOOOOOOSHINYEYEBALLLS CAN I LICK THEM?!?!?!?!

"...eritsoveritsoveritsoverits..." SHADDAP!!! \*SLURP\* "GYIIIAAAARRRGHH" pleh pleh pleh EEEEEWWWW WHYDIDIDOTHAT?? GLAAAARRR GLIB GLIBGLIBGLIB

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 09, 2014, 06:07:15 am**

8th Limestone 679 - Morning

The militia was assembled, drawn up by the fort as they prepared to move out to keep the caravan safe from the horde of Nothing that was bearing down on it.



The trap corridor was opened, and the militia moved out into the cold autumnal morning.

"Right!" Tarran's voice rang out into the crisp air, the militia commander casting his eye over the hills. The traders had obviously spotted them, and were waving frantically as they made their way down the slopes. "We are protecting the caravan and nothing else. We engage the Nothing if they get close, we *do not* chase them. Ranged will engage once they're close enough, but no charging on the part of others. We're here to keep the caravan safe, I don't want anyone getting close if it can be helped. That means no *heroics*, understood?" He gave Juggernaut in particular a fierce glare but the man said nothing in reply, his face dismissive.

"They're moving closer, Atir Purplemines keep us safe," Rovod murmured before raising his voice. "Arrows of Leading, aim!" The ranged squad brought their crossbows to bear, aimed up towards the mass of darkness swarming down the sides of the valley. "Fire!" The *twang* of crossbows filled the air as bolts went flying forward, shooting into Nothing. They continued to advance however, and the caravan seemed slowed by its terrified livestock. The Nothing were almost on them now.

"Id blast it, we have no choice, move out!" Tarran called. The sound of scraping metal covered that of the crossbows as the militia charged, making their way up the steep slopes to save the merchants before the Nothing got to them, crashing like an armoured wave into the mass of beasts.



Derm was the first to reach them, the sheriff lunging forward and sending his sword into a tentacle, crashing into the Nothing.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Swordmaster slashes The Nothing in the left lower tentacle with his (bronze short sword) tearing the muscle!  
Many nerves have been severed!  
The Swordmaster stabs The Nothing in the left upper claw with his (bronze short sword) tearing it!  
The Swordmaster slashes The Nothing in the left lower tentacle with his (bronze short sword) tearing the muscle!  
A sensory nerve has been severed!  
The Swordmaster stabs The Nothing in the left upper claw with his (bronze short sword) and the severed part sails off in an arc!  
The Swordmaster punches The Nothing in the body with his right hand bruising the muscle and bruising the guts!  
The Swordmaster stabs The Nothing in the left upper tentacle with his (bronze short sword) tearing the muscle!  
The (bronze short sword) has lodged firmly in the wound!

He found himself surrounded however, and a swipe from another Nothing flanking him sent him flying, left hand fractured, hurtling into another Nothing and soon overwhelmed, tentacles snaking into his armour, breaking both arms in several places.



Kadzar was the one to come to his help, sending his spear into a Nothing looming over the fallen dwarf.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Zealot charges at The Nothing!  
The Nothing looks surprised by the ferocity of The Zealot's onslaught!  
The Zealot stabs The Nothing in the right lower tentacle with his (steel spear) tearing apart the muscle!  
The Zealot collides with The Nothing!  
They tangle together and tumble forward!

He too was swarmed, sent flying, right knee fractured. As he tried to get up another Nothing loomed over him. He reached towards Sheodir for help, who was stood nearby, but the man only sent him an odd look and moved away to engage another of the creatures, perhaps assuming the priest was fine. As the Nothing came to attack, it was cut down by Tragarus Helmbolt, slicing through a tentacle before finishing it off, the pair circled around Derm's unconscious body.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



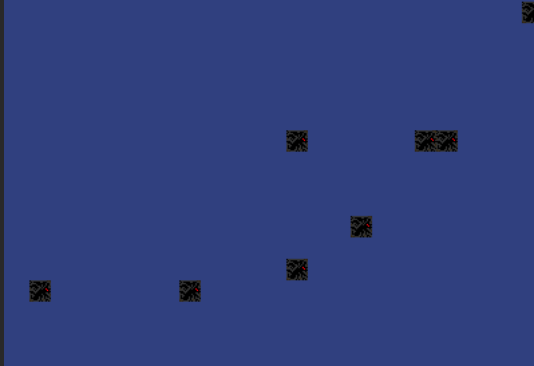
The Human swordsman slashes the Nothing in the right lower tentacle with his (copper short sword) tearing apart the skin! The (copper short sword) has lodged firmly in the wound! The Human swordsman twists the embedded (copper short sword) around in The Nothing's right lower tentacle!

The human swordsman gave Kadzar a wry look as he helped him up. "Ought to be more careful, father," he grunted out, voice gruff, giving the dwarf a nod as Kadzar took up his spear again.

"The only care is that of the gods," the dwarf murmured, reciting a small litany. Tragarus gave a nod, murmuring some words of his own, matching Kadzar's zealousness. And with that they moved back to the fight.

It didn't take much longer for the militia to finish with the Nothing, dealing with the swarm of fifty-odd beasts rather handidly as the merchants found their way into the trap corridor and into the safety of Nomekast itself. Any relief they might have had was ruined by the sight of a growing swarm flitting through the air, approaching from the east. Injuries were quickly patched and Derm - regaining consciousness - helped up, hobbling back into the safety of the fort.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The mason-turned-caravan master Stakud Sokancilob took a puff of his pipe, sending a small ring up into the air as he nodded. "Mhm, nasty business that. Hope your folks will recover. World's going to rot I tell you, worse 'n worse, there's talk of giants sweeping in from the north."

Opposite him, Stronghammer and Bounce were sat, the bookkeeper on a small provisional stool in the mayor's office. "Giants?" Stronghammer asked, brow furrowing.

"Aye, the north is lost they say," the merchant continued, taking a long drag on his pipe, "anywhere further north than here or the Empire of the Humble Nations - and that's in pieces itself! Just some places like here, hiding out. They say the gobbos allied with giants and monsters sweeping down from the ice, as well as with these dark blighters. Last caravan I met fleeing from there said they'd all gone mad worshipping some fool god Domen or Doren or the like, ain't right I tell you. Probably them damn Despotate dwarves, they were always more gobbo than dorf, allowing slaves and necromancers around. Wouldn't surprise me if they made the gods abandon us, Id and Armok make it false. Now I hear tell the damn blighters have turned into giants and are coming to get the rest of us down here." He tugged at his neatly combed sideburns, shrugging. "Mind you last Slate I was assured silver made these blighters melt and Armok was dead, so I wouldn't believe everything you head."

Stronghammer's mouth thinned, the dwarf running a hand through his beard. "Giants though...Allfather help us." He quietened for a few moments before continuing, "Well now, trade yes? We have a few requests for next year if you can oblige us."

"Oh aye, trade continues as ever, get your pretty bookkeeper there to draw up an agreement, I'll be glad to keep an eye out for whatever you need...for a handsome price you understand? Hard life on the roads today."

Bounce gave him a thin-lipped smile, nodding as she picked up her palette and prepared to write. "Now then, of your manifests we'd like..."

By the end, Bounce had negotiated payment for 8 dogs - 4 females, 4 males - with the hope of training them into wardogs and breeding more. Furthermore, several barrels of drinks, crates of assorted meats, plants, and prepared meals, as well as seeds had been bought. Several dozen piles of logs (*"ethically sourced"* Stakud had insisted after concerns over the elven reaction were raised), several bars of assorted metals - platinum, bronze, steel, gold and more - all kinda of glass, some varied pieces of engraved iron armour, bolts, and a huge serrated steel blade for traps were also bought for community use. A further trade agreement had been negotiated between the pair that the caravan would try to prioritise Nomekast for shipments of metals - especially steel, iron, and bronze - further dogs, weapons, bolts, and armour.

Once done, the community as a whole swarmed to trade and discuss with the merchants. Caravans were always popular once they made it, bringing news of a whole swathe of the world as they did. Brosso took the opportunity to use his silver to purchase 2 mules, a horse, and a cow for his circus, while the rest of the community were happy to trade trinkets and smaller items.

#### Limestone 679

As Limestone passed, the merchants moved out, returning onto the road and leaving the safety of Nomekast.

Jules had taken a small section of the lower fort for himself, building himself some quarters, even going so far as to engrave them with all sorts of scenes and images. Weiss Ironscroll himself had finished furnishing his own quarters by the human temple, and others were beginning to consider following theirs and Tarran's lead in making a home for themselves out the communal quarters.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



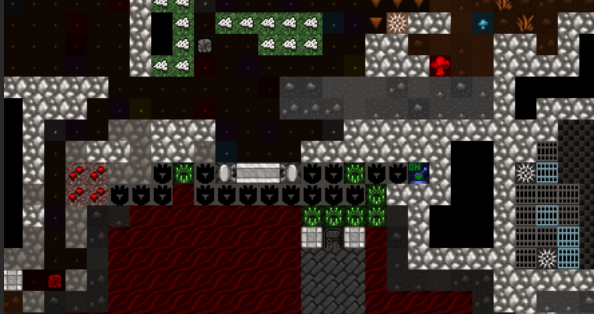
Jules, Felix, and Grawp had already been continuing their work in smoothing Nomekast, with work almost completed on the goblin temple.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Meinhard had returned from his expedition, bringing warning of strange creatures in the depths, and at his insistence the defenses on the Fiery Cistern had been strengthened, with more cage traps set up to prevent anything getting into the fort proper and attacking the forges.

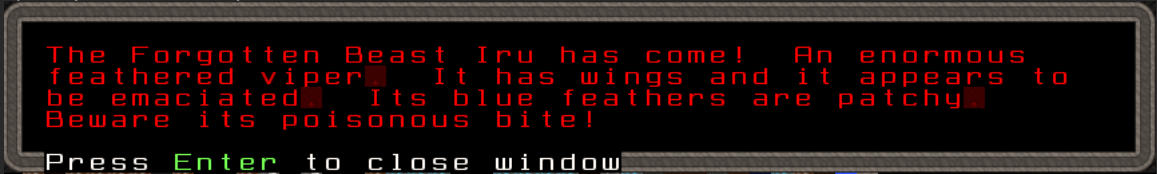
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Another mining expedition was being set up to prospect and excavate a pair of sphalerite and tetrahedrite veins. Sheodir Redsage had already volunteered as a guard on it, and it was due to set out late in the month.

The quiet month of peace was shattered however as the deep dwarf Danman returned from hunting, bringing dire news of a feathered serpent stalking the caves and the militia geared for combat once more.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Hey, next time some refugees survive, I wanna try.

Name: Pyre  
Species:  
Spoiler: strange species request (click to show/hide)  
This might be a weird request but I'd like to play as a transformouse because I've been trying to mod them into my game.



Here's what they look like:  
Gender: Female  
Profession: Cheese maker, if possible.  
Personality: She is often nervous, finds the humor in most situations, is somewhat scatterbrained, and has such a developed sense of optimism that she always assumes the best outcome will eventually occur, no matter what. She finds cheese extremely valuable and will do anything to get it.  
Any Extra Info: Custom title: <<Fast Mouse>>

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 11, 2014, 04:16:06 am**

Afraid I'm gonna have to draw the line at adding in completely unique, custom species, or species from other games, Pyrefly.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Pyrefly** on **November 11, 2014, 07:39:14 am**

Quote from: Aequor on November 11, 2014, 04:16:06 am  
Afraid I'm gonna have to draw the line at adding in completely unique, custom species, or species from other games, Pyrefly.  
Ok, I tried :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **November 12, 2014, 08:42:07 am**

~~der~~elf me 8)  
elves kick but when there not using wood, just look at cacame awemedinade :o  
  
ember-  
an elf who has never bought into the tree sprits idea. having heard tales of a fort that accepts all races he goes forth to see it for himself. he is quite friendly but also prefers to be left alone to his on thoughts. he values logic and rational thinking and is very tolerant of other cultures and appearances.  
  
weapons-a silver scourge but uses a steel carving knife on the nothing. a whip is useless against them (at least in the version I have. I tested it)  
also carry's a shield. as for armor just give me whatever will balance out my competent lasher and sword elf skill. copper? bone?  
make sure I don't use my whip on the nothing. save my whip for forgotten beast and crazy guys.  
  
he wears an odd bone amulet ???  
(oh and when he gets there give him a chest to put his stuff, store that dagger in it and give him a real sword.)  
  
edit-  
the amulet is made from the bones of his dead dragon companion who's soul rest within. when sleeping he slips into a dreamscape with said dragon. (dragon is female and named flash, is also young. standing only as high as his waist.) he is not going to tell anyone about it yet. I hope he makes it to the fort....

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **November 15, 2014, 07:25:38 pm**

sriry for the double post but if you guys don't mind im going to journal now.  
  
ember-  
  
as I walked across a small field I heard ever so slight noises. I had become familiar with this. I drew my dagger, knowing my whip was useless against these fiends. it had been a day since my last encounter. I would grant these monstrosities no quarter. swiftly I turned around and delivered a single diagonal slash across its form, and then sliced at its neck, severing it from its inky black body. as another charged at me I side stepped and slashed off one of its tentacles, spun around as it passed me and delivered a kick to its back, sending it sprawling. swift as wildfire I danced through the advancing crowd slashing and stabbing as the monsters swarmed me. any other fight would see me standing over dead bodies in a few seconds. my silver whip would disabled most foes in one hit, if it did not out right kill them. but these beast, these embodiments of the void had no brain to harm and no pain to feel. thay were beginning to over whelm me, there were more than last time.  
  
I will not fall so easy. my fire shall not be extinguished!  
  
it was hard to evade there strikes. every dodge would send me into the grasp of another. I had to win this. I had to fight on. i attempt to disengage from the swarm and charged one. knocking it down i kept going, running and slashing. as i broke through an arrow whizzed past my face and struck at the beast.  
  
refuges! they must be on there way to nomekast! with any luck they would survive the trip. but first we would have to survive this. an archer human, and a few sword dwarfs ran to my aid. others stayed with the group armed and ready to assist if need be and protect the others.  
  
together we defeated the monsters in a flurry of blades (and arrows) shadowy black limbs flew, moments before vanishing into wispy smoke. until finally the beast were gone.  
  
the archer was the first to speak her voice was rather pleasant i suppose, but i wouldn't know as i preferred to stay to myself.  
  
rather brave of you to be out by yourself, or maybe foolish is a better word.  
  
i had a companion but these beast overwhelmed us. she dared not go all out with myself so close.  
  
i see.....and were are you headed.  
  
to komekast. I believe it means godsaved  
  
you are correct, that is were we are headed also.  
  
then i guess you have someone else to travel with i said with smirk.  
  
so it would seem.  
  
we traveled a bit further until settling down for the night. as i stood ,or rather, sat watch i relaxed a bit and spoke.  
  
we will get there soon flash don't you worry. i could just make out the faint low rumbling growl in my mind. when it was time for me to sleep i would run across the dream world and play with my lost dragon. her body may be gone but her soul would follow me. perhaps we would play fetch first or maybe "lets cook some dinner" she always loved to get her prey with fire rather claws.  
  
OOC-  
  
ok guys what you think? when we get there if there are no archers and swordsmen and dwarfs we can assume they fell behind or died. (or we could throw in one of them as a side char, whatever works)  
:D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **!!pyrodwarf!!** on **November 18, 2014, 03:40:53 pm**

Quote from: endlessblaze on November 12, 2014, 08:42:07 am  
...he values logic and rational thinking...  
!! wow, erm.... guess we wont be getting on then...

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **November 19, 2014, 04:19:26 pm**

my character is very logical yes.....but he is also my representative in this world, so therefore he is similar to me.  
  
ergo he will have insane outburst of dramaticness, most likely along the lines of.  
  
KILL IT WITH FIRE! 8) (or magma)  
  
I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE (for something like losing a board game or cardgame or whatever) >:(  
  
you might notice some dramticness if you look in his first "journal".  
  
so you might get along just a bit if you like insane dramatic outburst.  
  
i do look forward to how he turns out with aquors writing, im not after an exact clone of me, i want to see how the information i gave so far works with aquor.  
(speaking of our absent writer of legend, HURRY UPZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!! WE WANT MOARRRRRR!!!!!! YOUR TAKEING SO LONG IM FORGETING WHO IS WHO!!!! :o) :D

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 22, 2014, 07:19:54 pm**

endlessblaze - Sure thing! In with the next surviving migrants. ;)  
  
Pyrefly - you're more than welcome to join, but yeah, gonna have to say no to completely unique or species from other works. :P

23rd Limestone 679 - Afternoon

"I don't understand. There was no vision this time, nothing," Derm mused, chewing his lower lip as he hefted his pack onto his back, frowning deep.  
  
"Well, we don't always get visions," Fori replied, watching him with a rather worried expression. Derm would be heading out with the militia, while she - having never recovered from the poison she'd been inflicted with that had dulled her reactions far too much - would be trapped here waiting for news.



Derm shook his head. "I don't like it, with everything that's happening I just hope they're not learning to be sneaky." He sighed, taking Fori's hand and giving it a light squeeze as he gave her a smile.

"Spirits keep you, Derm, come back safe," she murmured, and watched him leave.

Outside, the militia was already assembled, Tarran prowling the front ranks with a rather unhappy look on his face. He gave Derm a small nod. "Just a season of peace, that's all I want. This place will be the death of me," he muttered.

"Gods keep us, but we'll last longer than elsewhere," Rovod interjected, fingers clutching his crossbow tight. Tarran only shrugged as they drew up the militia's ranks, ready to set off.

Danman moved up to them, the deep dwarf hoisting his bow across his back as he glanced down at the dwarves. "Not far from here, I'll show you, yes?"

Rovod muttered a prayer. Deepearth dwarves had long been seen in Dwarven folklore as hybrids, tall, pale dwarves that had mixed with kobolds or goblins, not truly dwarven. He nodded though. "We're ready, lead on."

They moved out, trudging into the mud of the caverns with the ringing *clang clang clang* of their armour and weapons, the Copper Suns first led by Tarran, Kadzar next, then Rovod and the ranged squad, with Meinhard bringing up the rear, spear slung over one shoulder. As they made their way past one of the many lakes that dotted all the levels of the caverns, a splash alerted the Jager to something. He immediately brought up his spear, buckler at the ready and moved in to see while the others continued on. Ripples dotted the surface of the water, but he could see nothing in the murky depths. A fish no doubt, maybe even something as big as a cave crocodile, but nothing to worry about. The man turned, ready to jog back and catch up with the rest when something heavy slammed into his back, sending him sprawling forward, he was kept close however, by something coiling around his wrist.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The Forgotten Beast collides with The Human!  
The Human is knocked over and tumbles backward!  
The Forgotten Beast grabs The Human by the left hand with its left wing!  
The Forgotten Beast locks The Human's left wrist with The Forgotten Beast's left wing!

Before him, Iru hissed, the feathered snake giving him a good view of those sharp poisoned fangs that awaited. He brought spear up immediately, slamming the shaft into the wing and pulling himself free. Once free, he wasted no time, sending his spear darting forward right into the wing that had grabbed him, stabbing it deep.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Human stabs The Forgotten Beast in the left wing with his (\*«-iron spear-»\*) fracturing the bone!  
A tendon has been torn!

Iru spoke then, voice seeming to come from all around, all while it continued to hiss, the voice reverberating around the rough rock walls.

### NO, THE MOUSE CANNOT HURT ME, I WAS PROMISED EASY PREY

It lunged forward, jaws side open and clamped right onto Meinhard's right arm, at the shoulder. Before the Jager could even react, the feathered snake had pulled to the side in one rough motion and the arm tore right off with an explosion of pain through the man.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Forgotten Beast bites The Human in the right upper arm, bruising the muscle through the giant cave spider silk cloak!  
The Forgotten Beast latches on firmly!  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Human around by the right upper arm and the severed part sails off in an arc!  
The right upper arm is ripped away and remains in The Forgotten Beast's grip!  
The Forgotten Beast grabs The Human by the fifth toe, right foot with its right wing!

Meinhard let loose a loud cry of pain mixed with rage. "Hy-hyu tink zat is enuff? Hy go-gots h'another one..." he grunted out, giving the beast a thin smile. He was about to lunge and stab when Iru propelled itself forward again with a roar, slamming into the Jager and sending the pair plunging into the freezing water of the lake. They thrashed about in the water, red seeping out from Meinhard's gaping wound. The Jager wasted no time though, as the serpent writhed about, he readied his spear, sending it plunging through the water several times, not even aiming in the darkness of the murky lake as it stabbed right through Iru's head, body, tail and wings.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Human stabs The Forgotten Beast in the head with his (\*«-iron spear-»\*) tearing the muscle and fracturing the skull!  
A tendon in the skull has been torn!  
The Human stabs The Forgotten Beast in the left wing with his (\*«-iron spear-»\*) tearing the fat!  
The Forgotten Beast takes The Human down by the (iron chain leggings) with The Forgotten Beast's left wing!  
The Human kicks The Forgotten Beast in the left wing with his left foot, bruising the muscle!  
The Forgotten Beast takes The Human down by the (iron chain leggings) with The Forgotten Beast's left wing!  
The Forgotten Beast takes The Human down by the (iron chain leggings) with The Forgotten Beast's left wing!  
The Human stabs The Forgotten Beast in the body with his (\*«-iron spear-»\*) tearing the muscle and tearing the right lung!  
The Forgotten Beast is having trouble breathing!  
The Forgotten Beast takes The Human down by the (iron chain leggings) with The Forgotten Beast's left wing!  
The Human stabs The Forgotten Beast in the tail with his (\*«-iron spear-»\*) chipping the bone!



All the while the mutated man was making his way to the shore, getting up with a gasp for breath as he crawled onto it. Iru's voice rung again as a shadow loomed over him.

### ENOUGH

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Forgotten Beast attacks The Human but no pain away!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Human in the upper body, bruising the fat through the giant cave spider silk cloak!  
The Forgotten Beast latches on firmly!  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Human around by the upper body, tearing apart the upper body's muscle!  
An artery in the upper body has been opened by the attack!  
The Forgotten Beast shakes The Human around by the upper body, tearing apart the upper body's muscle!  
An artery in the upper body has been opened by the attack!

The jaws closed around his torso, tearing through as Iru shook Meinhard about through the air like a doll, throwing him to the side. With the blood he'd already lost, he was finding it hard to focus, even to feel pain.

Eyes half-closed, he gave Iru another thin grin, weaker this time. "Hy already killed beast like hyu..." he murmured, spear still firmly in his hand, propped up on the ground. Iru only hissed, lunging forward at the same time as Meinhard used the last of his strength to hold the spear up with his one arm.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Human strikes The Forgotten Beast in the left wing from the side with the pommel of his -copper short sword, bruising the muscle!  
The Human stabs The Forgotten Beast in the body from the side with his (\*«-iron spear-»\*) tearing the muscle and tearing the guts!  
The (\*«-iron spear-»\*) has lodged firmly in the wound!  
The Forgotten Beast strikes at The Human but the shot is blocked!  
The Human twists the embedded (\*«-iron spear-»\*) around in The Forgotten Beast's body!  
The Forgotten Beast bites The Human in the upper body, bruising the skin and bruising the heart through the giant cave spider silk cloak!  
The Forgotten Beast latches on firmly!  
Meinhard Adelrick's Human has bled to death.

The spear tore right through the forgotten beast's body and wing right as Iru clamped his jaws around Meinhard's torso once more and bit hard, finally ending the Jager with a cry of pain.

The forgotten beast had no time to rest however as a roar of pure fury rung and Thud came charging down, slamming right into the emaciated snake and pounding his tail with all his might. Xenir was only moments behind him, lunging and stabbing his sword in the beast's already-wounded torso.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The Troll bashes The Forgotten Beast in the tail from behind with his (bronze mace) fracturing the bone!  
The Undead swordsman stabs The Forgotten Beast in the body with his -copper short sword, tearing the muscle!

The militia came charging in, having backtracked to find Meinhard, and soon surrounding Iru.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



They piled on the attack, stabs, pounding, Bax even biting the beast right in the eye after losing his sword, until finally a bolt from Reno Monty found its mark, right in the skull, and Iru fell down dead at last, falling down in a coiled heap at the foot of Meinhard's still smirking body.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Human preacher bashes The Forgotten Beast in the left wing with his (silver mace) bruising the muscle!  
The Forgotten Beast has become enraged!  
The Swordsdwarf kicks The Forgotten Beast in the left wing with his right foot bruising the muscle!  
The Goblin bites The Forgotten Beast in the right eye tearing it!  
The Goblin latches on firmly!  
The Swordsdwarf slaps The Forgotten Beast in the tail with the flat of his copper short sword bruising the fat!  
The Forgotten Beast breaks the grip of The Goblin's upper front tooth on The Forgotten Beast's right eye.  
The Swordsdwarf stabs The Forgotten Beast in the body with his copper short sword tearing the muscle and tearing the guts!  
The flying (copper bolt) strikes The Forgotten Beast in the head tearing the muscle chipping the skull and bruising the brain!  
A tendon in the skull has been torn!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **November 22, 2014, 09:37:40 pm**

yayz an update!  
YAYZ BLOODDDDD!  
armok will be pleased hhhehehhehehehHAHAHAHAHAHA (chough) (hakkk) (wheeze) ahem.....anyways

I would write another journal entry detailing ember's travel but I would hate to define him to much and not give you room to move :-\ mmmm....decisions decisions. what do you guys think?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **SlyStalker** on **November 23, 2014, 12:19:41 am**

Please dorf me!

Name: Tribune  
Species: Dwarf  
Gender: Male  
Profession: Soldier (militia captain if possible?)  
Personality: Tribune is a grim and cynical dwarf and would be ice-cold if not for the blazing inferno within him that is his faith in the One True God, Armok. He believes that it is every dwarf's duty to see heresy and corruption eliminated from the world, and this, of course, includes the Nothings. His fervour and zeal has unsettled his comrades before, and he firmly believes in the validity of summary execution in any given combat situation, as cowards die in shame.  
Other: This guy is a commissar from 40k.

EDIT: How do I add the Nothing into a new world?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **November 29, 2014, 12:20:22 am**

Holy Moly, Reg is still alive 70 pages in? I guess it pays to have a cushy chief medical dwarf job just got back into the recent update and remembered this; glad to see it's still going! I have a lot to catch up on.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Pyrefly** on **November 29, 2014, 12:27:55 am**

I'll try again with a kobold latter. I'll just need to wait til morning or I'll type something stupid.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 29, 2014, 09:40:10 am**

SlyStalker - Dwarven commissar? Now that sounds good :P In with the next migrant wave!

ISGC - Good to see you again! Reg is indeed doing pretty well, being chief medical dwarf is pretty safe. :P

Pyrefly - Certainly, I'll add you in with the next wave when you do! ;)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Pyrefly** on **November 29, 2014, 04:09:01 pm**

Name: Pyre  
Species: Kobold  
Gender: Female  
Profession: ~~Thief~~ She'd most likely end up switching professions a lot but she can start as any profession.  
Personality: She is utterly fearless when confronted with danger, to the point of lacking common sense; finds the humor in most situations; is somewhat scatterbrained; and has such a developed sense of optimism that she always assumes the best outcome will eventually occur, no matter what. She is also extremely tempted by shiny things.  
Any Extra Info: Yes, I'm going to play as a kobold who absolutely *knows* something good will come, even if it won't.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **November 30, 2014, 05:44:12 pm**

\*Single tear\*

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Justice** on **December 02, 2014, 01:51:36 pm**

A very drunk Justice, to no one in particular, after winning a kimberlite mug from a trader from the last caravan in a dice game "Yesh, I was the one that shaw 'ose noshing fires. Dint shee where they went. Wash busy reporting that they were there. I really like thish mug, I think I'll drink shome more with it. I dun want ta ever shee that again... I wonder if thersh shome ting I can do to more shecurely sheal off that cursed gem... or maybe add shome traps or alarms to the area when no one ish looking."

OOC: Nomekast is still going? And my dwarf is still alive with nothing worse than a cut thumb? Unbelievable!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Pyrefly** on **December 04, 2014, 05:23:27 pm**

I think I should bump this?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **SlyStalker** on **December 04, 2014, 06:34:24 pm**

No, the updates just take a while.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Pyrefly** on **December 04, 2014, 06:44:14 pm**

Ok... Should I go ahead and make a journal entry?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 04, 2014, 07:35:56 pm**

I did...I have considered writeing another actualy for fleshing ember out more but I don't want to leave our awesome fort master without any room to move, but at least one would be ok. I know some others did journals of there journey.



Page from Pyre's journal

I'm currently following a group of larger humanoids, mostly dwarves. I know most despise my kind and I can't exactly speak to them, I know that they'll be friendly. The world is ending, and wars will stop to stop it. Once we band together and fight off the evils, we'll be in a time of peace.

I watch them fight some of the evils. They won. I want to join their group, but something in me holds me back. I should be invited first, or it's rude.

Wonder where they're going. Must be a great place. Maybe a waterfall running down a mountain, and a wonderful town free of the evils. Maybe a deep fortress full of riches and legends. I'll follow and see.

Spoiler: OOC notes (click to show/hide)  
She's gonna be making her own fantasies about the future.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
 Post by: **Aequor** on **December 04, 2014, 08:59:47 pm**

Pyrefly - And added for the next wave. ;)

TALLPANZER - I don't even know what happened, I think Meinhard sorta trailed behind everyone else then saw the forgotten beast in the water and went for it instead of staying with the rest. Made for a heroic battle, but I'm sad to lose him. :-\

Justice - Yep, Nomekast is still going, got a plot to get through, so stops for nothing, just pauses for months at a time. :P

endlessblaze - Just go ahead and write if you like, don't worry. ;)

Limestone and Sandstone 679

Meinhard's funeral took place the next day, his body and arms brought back by the militia and laid to rest in the cemetery. With him the last of the Jagers had died, a whole squad that had achieved fame within the community for their rough training, eager fighting, and the mutation they undertook, all gone.

The mood in the fort was subsumed in quiet for the rest of Limestone and into Sandstone, broken only by another tragedy when the body of Arsethotheles was found besides the forges in the Fiery Cistern, having apparently died from dehydration, refusing to drink.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
**Arsethotheles - Philosopher has died from thirst**

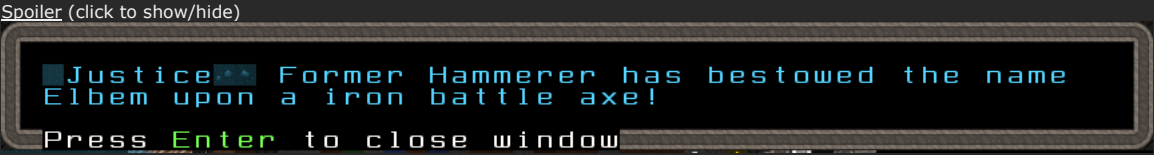
Work continued on the many projects within Nomekast. The library had been completely furnished, and several shelves had already been filled with books, scrolls, and manuscripts people had salvaged and saved with them when they'd come to Nomekast. Some were precious indeed, rare volumes and codices, philosophical, religious and scientific tracts, a treasure-trove for those inclined.



The barracks had seen large progress, with Mifava's original plan adapted to fit the confines of the underground. A training yard and archery range had already been prepared, and the rest of the barracks were under construction. A farm split across three vertical layers was being prepared, the soil being readied with water. Once finished the militia would be completely self-sufficient within the barracks themselves. Double-walls of thick rock would keep the inner barracks past the training yard safe, soon to be closed by large iron doors. Once finished, the place would be more of a fortress than mere barracks.



During the work, several masons had found themselves distracted by a friendly spar between Justice and Tragarus Helmbolt, the pair almost dancing around the yard as Justice's axe and Tragarus' sword flashed in the light. When this had led to part of the wall collapsing and work having to be redone, a small joke arose about how their weapons were hypnotic. That evening, a drunk Justice had decided to name his axe *Elbem*, "Swayedtrance". Elbem itself had prestige enough to have the name stick, having been the axe to fell Thudel the Hollows of Bone, a beast that had attacked four years ago. The axe had a long history, having originally been the axe of the dwarf Rion Truthax, one of Nomekast's original founders, its first militia commander, and its first loss, over 3 years ago now in 676, though his name still brought respect from the older members of the militia and from the community, as one of the founders of Nomekast.



3rd Opal 679 - Noon

The sounds of picks against rock rung in the air from behind him as Sheodir Redsage quietly made his way away from the excavation site. He had been escorting prospecting and mining excavations for a month now, posing as nothing more than a maceman looking to help, an act which had already helped him make friends amongst the militia and miners, friends he could use. Right now they were excavating a tetrahedrite vein, the ore destined for silver and copper - and eventually bronze - bars.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



He'd been hoping to find the beasts that Meinhard had mentioned upon the late Jager's return from the depths. Odd creatures, like crundles but organised, intelligent, clearly led by something. The world was a mess, the favour of Armok was shifting, changing, his curse lay upon the dwarves and their false gods. It could have been that these new creatures were part of the plan the God of Blood had set in motion.

So far though, he'd seen nothing.

There was definitely something off in the depths, some malign influence, an odd feel in the air, similar to that which had accompanied the mages of the human empires. He had no doubt there was *something* there, but it seemed to be hiding, attempting to be kept unseen. It could have been that Meinhard had gotten lucky in seeing those creatures, or that they'd hoped to be able to take a single lone human, mutant though he was. That didn't bode well, if whatever force was out there was building up its strength. *Or maybe it does, if this is Armok's plan*, he thought. But if they *were* building up their strength, who knew how long this had been going on? He sighed, the sound barely audible over the grunts of the miners and the cracks of pick against rock. Whatever those creatures had been, they were gone for now, and only time would tell whether they'd return or not.

20th Opal 679 - Afternoon

"Speak fast, Stronghammer. I am needed for rites which are far more important than this ridiculous meeting," Imiwa sniffed, shifting on the cold metal of the marble chair. Opposite her Stronghammer restrained a sigh. He, Ibruk, Imiwa, and Brosso 'the Magnificent' were all seated in Stronghammer's office, the dwarven mayor having brought them all together.

With another restrained sigh, he began. "It is no secret that Nomekast has been...growing more tense, so to speak. All of you have some sway in the community and-"

"And you would have us speak with everyone and croon to them that'll it'll be ok, ad they should do as you say?" Imiwa spat, "even as you tolerate a heretic such as Fori who preaches obscenity? And even as you continue to cut trees-"

"Tree-cutting overland is banned-"

"Spirits are Spirits, overland or underground!"

And with that and a furious sentence in elven, Imiwa was the first to leave. Stronghammer did sigh then, as did Ibruk to his left.

"I am sorry, Pilgrim Stronghammer. It is difficult for some to see the truth. I can assure you that such tensions will be overcome, the Prophet of the Broken Rock himself divined so, six centuries ago."

"Ibruk, please, you are a well-respected amongst much of the dwarves here, we need peace and calm, we need people to unify if we're to survive-"

"You'll get nowhere, I've told you, every meeting of the Alliance I've told you," Brosso interrupted, the dwarf harrumphing.

Stronghammer pursed his lips, running one hand through his beard. "Brosso, please, you too. We need everyone's help. Nomekast stands on an axeblood right now, people are angry, one wrong move and we could have deaths."

"My poor man-"

Ibruk interrupted whatever Brosso was to say then, giving Stronghammer a little nod and a small, sad smile. "I will leave you two to discuss, but rest assured Pilgrim Stronghammer, my congregation are reminded every week that survival will come only by unified devotion to the gods that set this in motion, regardless of race."

And with that, he was the second to leave.

For a moment, Stronghammer thought Brosso was about to leave, but he simply harrumphed again, one hand tracing the hem of his tophat and the other holding his customary cigar he'd left unlit in a small show of respect and goodwill towards Ibruk and Imiwa. He lit it now though. "As I said, you'll get nowhere, you're going about this wrong, and if you won't listen to my advice, Nomekast will continue down this road." He raised a hand as Stronghammer opened his mouth. "That's not a threat, my poor dwarf! That's a prediction, and not a happy one."

"Then where did it all go wrong, Brosso? Please, help me at least. We were allies once, friends."

Brosso said nothing for a while, leaning back in his seat, his large form pushing against it as he lit his cigar before taking a long puff on his cigar, seeming more...calm, composed, melancholic than Stronghammer could remember ever seeing him. Somehow that was more worrying that Imiwa storming out or Ibruk trusting in the prophecy of a single dwarf dead 600 years ago. "Stronghammer... What do you see? When you look at Nomekast?"

The mayor frowned, drumming his fingers on the table. "What do I see? A community that has survived everything thrown at it. A tinderbox ready to light right now, yes, but also a miracle that has brought together so many races in one cause-"

"It's a tinderbox alright. That part is right. And not a miracle." Brosso interrupted. He sighed, taking a kerchief of pig tail cloth from his pocket, dabbing lightly at his forehead. The circus-director turned politician didn't sound his usual bombastic self, rather, his voice was quiet, almost resigned but with a steel edge beneath it. "Gods, almost 700 years of bloodshed, Stronghammer! Families, lovers, friends, children, my brother..." His face hardened. "Where were your pretty speeches when the goblins kidnapped thousands of our children to raise as slaves and assassins and send back to kill us in mockery? Where was your talk of tolerance when the elves sacked our cities and ate our dead because we needed wood to fuel our industries to protect us from the goblins just to keep our children and families safe? Where were the humans when the elves and goblins drove us from our homes, tortured us, razed our cities and slaughtered our people?"

He leant back, staring up at the ceiling for a few moments and blowing out a cloud of smoke before gazing back to Stronghammer his eyes holding none of their usual charismatic brightness. "You cannot wipe everything we have suffered with a few pretty speeches, Stronghammer. And do you think *they* forget? Armok save me, I had such respect for you Stronghammer, but I can't support you. This is naive, reckless." He waved a hand out, face rather dejected. "Just look! What has all this achieved? We're turning our back on our history, our ancestors, our traditions, and for what? Everyone is still as unhappy as before and it's a moment away before the riff-raff riot. You cannot meet in the middle over these issues. You cannot please everyone."

"But with the Nothing-"

Brosso interrupted him with a short, sharp laugh. "With the Nothing what? We'll unite in the face of a common foe? My poor man. Is that happening now? Did that happen with the goblins? When they swarmed the Golden Bud and piled their dead women and children into a pyramid? When they invaded the Humble Nations and threatened to take the capital? When they razed countless fortresses? Did the humans and elves come to us and ask for peace to save us from them?" He spat. "No. They came with soldiers, burnt our cities and slaughtered our families. That is why this will never work."

Stronghammer was leaning over the table now, his face grim. "Brosso, you cannot allow bitterness and revenge lead you. What do you hope to achieve this way? All you will do is unite a few dwarves to you while spiting the other races. Nomekast is balancing on an axeblood, bringing up the past will help *no one*, least of all us. Yes, tragedies, horrors occurred, but do you think they forget when we retaliated and sacked *their* own cities, killed *their* people? I am not suggesting we abandon our ways, Brosso, I am suggesting we make some sacrifices for peace, as *everyone* has. How do you expect peace if you constantly live in the past-"

"I am not living in the past! I am making a stand. For *us*, for peace and *true* unity. The rabble that bay outside this door, you think they care for your pretty speeches? This is a dwarven fortress, no matter what you or any others say. This place was founded by dwarves, built up by dwarves, we built Nomekast, even Ibruk's talk of unification is done under the aegis of following *our* gods, *our* prophets. And I see no reason why our traditions should be trampled upon because others have come. You give them a nook they take a cavern. What will we do next? You've already banned cutting trees aboveground and Imiwa - yes I know the two of us have an understanding, but not on this - Imiwa will refuse to talk to you unless you ban cutting those underground too, soon even logs bought from caravans will be off-limits. What next? Will you let the elves start eating the dead? No. Enough. Have you never lost anyone to the goblins or the elves?"

"Of course, everyone ha-" Stronghammer bit his tongue, stopping himself as Brosso just gave a grim nod.

"Everyone has," he finished for the mayor, getting up and striding off to the door, replacing his top-hat onto his head with a small sigh and leaving the other dwarf alone to fume.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Justice** on **December 04, 2014, 09:33:34 pm**

Journal of Justice  
3rd Opal 679  
Elbem... Swayedtrance...

The name reminds me of the martial trances masters sometimes go into; a deadly dance of swinging, dodging, parrying...  
It may have started as a joke, but I don't think our enemies will be laughing. I've always liked dancing.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **ISGC** on **December 05, 2014, 08:47:44 am**

Oh my gosh, so tense!  
Very well written!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 05, 2014, 09:06:10 am**

I will write a new journal entry During lunch, I have chemistry now, I'm worried my multitasking will casue me to have to switch to something and lose this if I write something long.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 05, 2014, 11:59:30 am**

Got it. Spent my whole lunch and more on it but I got it 8) hope my writeing is satisfactory.

More on the journey of ember!

Ember-

I sat off to the side, a bit distant from the campfire, but still able to see its light and those around it, the calm night enveloping me. One of the stray dogs that has taken to following us was quite docile, it had become like a pet to everyone, it was he who sat next to me,laying against my side. In my hands was my dagger and a bone from a recent wolf attack.

(Flashback)

As I sat against a tree last night I was drifting off, a drift halted as a scream pieced the air. I ran quickly ready to face the monsters of shadow, I was actually pleasantly surprised to see it was only a wolf. A girl of five had wandered away from camp to gather fire wood, her encounters with the nothing had made her scared and she had hoped that keeping the fire going would keep them away. I had to admire that, the little girl facing her fears to keep herself and others safe, after all the fire would not protect her if she were out to gather it. I tried to calm it, but it was to aggressive and I was not as good at it as some other elves were. Plan B. In one fluid motion I drew my scourge and lashed it in the head, it's skull shattered and forced into its brain, It died nigh instantly. It was at this moment that the sentries arrived, late to the party thanks to my eleven speed.

T-t-thank you...She gave me a tight hug and sniffled, I knelt down to look her in the eyes.

Thay were a bright deep blue, visible even in this night, but that may have just been my own eyes I'm not sure how different elves and humans are in regards of vision.

Be easy child, are you hurt?

(Snif) n-no...(snif)

Good lets get you back to camp. I lifted her up and placed her on my shoulders,she was actually a bit lighter than I expected I hoped she was eating well.

I called out behind me. BRING BACK THAT DINNER!

I heard them pick up the corpse and begin hefting it back to camp, as I walked i talked to the child some more.she said her name was taira feystep and that her parents were both archers she was about to fall alsleep but kept herself awake since I would soon take her off so she could get back to her spot on the bed roll she shared with her parents, we were already back and camp. Her parents who had been looking for her in camp just In case the scream was from someone else saw us and rushed over.

Sweetie are you alright!?



What happened!?

From her mother and father respectively.

She's fine, stumbled on an angry wolf is all,better than those shadows I guess, my whip would have been nigh useless on them.

Thank you..ummm....

Ember. My name is ember, and your welcome, it was no trouble at all.

I handed her over and went to sit down, and rest.

Later the wolf was a pile of meat and a stack of bones, turns out we had ran out of salt to preserve it, so those still hungry after diner were the ones to eat it. I wasn't hungry and while I hated to waste good food i felt to relaxed to force it down. I found a bone carver working one something, makeing a gandulent for himself. My curiosity and desire to craft arose and I asked him about the details of bone carving and any techniques I might need.

After I got my answer I got to work.

(End flashback)

I looked at the ring held between my fingers.

Almost done.....

Very careful not to cut myself and damage the ring I carved into it in eleven.  
Like fire I will move and strike, a protective flame against all blight

It was very small writing and painstaking to carve the engraving but I had managed it. I put it on and looked around, most everyone had gone to sleep during my musings save the sentries, I decided to follow suit and closed my eyes.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Pyrefly** on **December 06, 2014, 11:55:08 am**

Page from Pyre's journal

I have decided to go say 'hi' to the group. I know we'll become friends quickly! I just need to not scare them. I don't see any of the evil nothings at the moment so I'll catch up now.

*At this point, she stopped writing and ran to catch up with the migrant group she was following.*  
Spoiler: OOC notes (click to show/hide)  
I'm sorry for the short reply '¬'

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 07, 2014, 02:01:31 pm**

aquor how large are the migrant waves on average for our fort?

and fly how big do you see your group as?

I am asking because I see mine as 10-15 refugees including myself and if the numbers fit right we can say our groups meet up on the way to explain why 2 or more refugees from different groups arrive in the same wave.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Pyrefly** on **December 07, 2014, 07:41:12 pm**

Quote from: endlessblaze on December 07, 2014, 02:01:31 pm  
and fly how big do you see your group as?

I am asking because I see mine as 10-15 refugees including myself and if the numbers fit right we can say our groups meet up on the way to explain why 2 or more refugees from different groups arrive in the same wave.

Sorry for late reply '¬'

I actually see her following your group if you want it to be like that. That means there's a kobold running out to say hi to your group.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 07, 2014, 07:51:41 pm**

ok do you want one or both of us to write our characters meeting each other or leave that to aqueor?

i guess you could write your char meeting with some of the NPCs then i write meeting the same NPCs and hearing out you) or maybe we work together on a post in a PM and then post when its done?

whatever. it doesn't matter either way to me as long my character stays well....acting like himself.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Pyrefly** on **December 07, 2014, 07:55:57 pm**

Quote from: endlessblaze on December 07, 2014, 07:51:41 pm  
ok do you want one or both of us to write our charactrs meeting each other or leave that to aqueor?

i guess you could write your char meeting with some of the NPCs then i write meeting the same NPCs and hearing out you) or maybe we work together on a post in a PM and then post when its done?

whatever. it doesn't matter either way to me as long my character stays well....acting like himself.

I am absolutely terrified to try to write other's characters so we'll work on it in PMs.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 07, 2014, 07:59:26 pm**

same here. TO THE PM SYSTEM!

edit- dang it. went offline sometime after a sent my message without responding. i sure hope we don't arrive before we get a entry of us meeting up posted, if she doesn't message back soon i might make an entry that does not include her, to pass the time. after all we are a group of refugees trying to reach a fortress that will hopefully keep us safe from the civilization crushing monsters that are all around us. there must be something of some interest i can do. ranging from being slightly helpful or talking to being a total badass, i could kill something, talk about the weather, say "it was inevitable" brag about my past violent acts. ect.

edit again-OH aqueor one more thing. as pryefly mentioned the large humanoids we mostly dwarfs but the girl i talked to and her parents were human, mostly for the sake of having them be archers with bows rather than archers with crossbows....

(come to think of it what's the difference between archer skill and (cross)bow skill?)

so if its not to much trouble (ie. within the limits of whatever program you were using with the fort and wont mess with the others in the dwarf/human/elf/kobold/goblin/other/ing list) could you see to it they are there as depicted in my entry's for continuity's sake, if not i guess we can go with one of the options i mentioned in my first one (ie. some refugees delayed, killed, stopped somewhere else ,ect)

also that brings me to something i have been meaning to ask. how do you manage the multiracial thing, is it that runesmith thing you mentioned, are they all dwarfs in game but other races in story, did you find away around the "other races are pets bug" and give dwarves entities reaction for smaller and larger armor, or what exactly because i cant remember if it was already said. details man i want details

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Arcvasti** on **December 07, 2014, 11:20:25 pm**

I believe Aequor stated that all the different races were just dwarves given the "Profession" of their race. For example, an "Swordelf" would be a dwarf with his profession name changed to "Swordelf". Its really very simple.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 08, 2014, 07:24:08 am**

Ahhhhh. Well I hope he can make sure I'm fast like an elf or at least close. Eh regardless this is going to be epic when I get there, I can't wait to read of embers exploits, who knows what I will do!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **December 08, 2014, 07:44:14 am**

endlessblaze - Arcvasti's right, I simply use custom professions to put down whatever race they are or if they have a specific non-game profession (preacher, scientist, etc). In-game they're all still dwarves and short of doing the kind of stuff Masterwork does and that is waaaay above my modding skill, I don't see another way to do it.

As for the size of migrant waves, that can vary, usually a dozen people, but this time a caravan actually got out so might be more, then again, the deaths might make it less. And of course, depends on how many survive through the Nothing to even get to the fort in the first place once they spawn on map. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 08, 2014, 08:29:42 am**

Ok. I am going to try and influence ember to protect the children.

(Focuses)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Wofi** on **December 09, 2014, 01:24:45 pm**

OOC note: Great story as always! I should be writing these journals more...

So we (I) kind of quit the journal thing and Brother doesn't want anything to do with it (says having a journal makes him feel dumb) so it's just me writing. I don't feel writing a novel quite yet so I'll talk about recent events.

That philosopher and that blue guy died recently.. I stayed away from the philosopher and the blue guy was a military man, so I never really got to know either of them, but it's always sad to hear of someone's

death..

I heard that they made a library recently, so I might check that out..

Aarde

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Pyrefly** on **December 11, 2014, 04:25:00 pm**

We finished talking about the post of how Pyre and Ember meet, I'm just waiting for it to be posted :3

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 11, 2014, 06:27:03 pm**

Heheh yha, sorry for the wait. I will get right on that :-[

HERE WE GO! (I would fix spelling but this computer is going dead so I need to post now!)

ok now I can fix it....and why is spellcheck not working? ah forget it.

As the sun broke through the night a gave way to dawn the refuge camp begain to stir, of course some one had to notice the obvious, there was a KOBOLD of all things siting there next to the remains of the fire. The sentry that discovered her begain to draw his blade but was interrupted by the kobold,not by dagger but a statement in the dwarves native tongue

"HI~! Er, Hello I mhean! I forgot I'm supposed to proper first time." "I got bored vaiting to be invited over, I came. So how are you?"

"ummm fine..." to shocked by this development to make any sort of desision or attack, this was his only responce. after a moment of his brain trying to comprehend this insanity he snaped out of it a rasonilized that if the kobold was here to steal or cause harm it would not have waited by the fire for someone to wake up.

"So, where ve going? There's a lot of dvarf, maybe a fort! Maybe it has streets paved gold, and a vaterall, and shiny, shiny treasures~!" She paused for a second. "Not stealing treasures, vorld too broken for it to be a good idea." She said afterwards.

"ummmm...yes were going to a fort, im not to sure about treasures considering the state of the world right now but there might be some if thay have managed to hold off those creatures long enough to take care of luxires"

by now most others in the camp had gathered around and were wispering amongst themsleves. it was soon that ember spoke up. well by all means if she doesnt steal let her come with us, if she can fight thats a bit less danger from the nothings and when we get to the fort maybe she could help with some work. i myself have been wondering if thay would let me mine out a room and keep the material. might even use some of the matirial to make my own pick. i wonder if thay have books, the last fort i went to had a few.

"So that means I can come, right?" Pyre asked happily. "vhait, I forgot," She suddenly realized she hasn't given her name, "I'm Pyre."

im ember, and yes you can come...

and so there typical day of travle started. a bit of time eating and relaxing in camp before packing up and heading off!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Foton** on **December 14, 2014, 11:51:36 am**

Dwarf me, please as Foton, Dwarven Revolutionary. Profession: any of miner/mason/engraver/smith/furnace operator.  
He was member of Workers' Union in the Despotate of the Momentous Manor. On the 25th Sandstone of 673 Workers' Union started the uprising, which led to the full-scale civil war. Despite victories over loyalists, rebels were unable to stop Nothings, and Revolutionary Army was crushed in the Battle of the Bloodriver by the Nothings and infected goblins on the 10th Granite of 679. Very few escaped.

Foton didn't like organised religion, hates nobles and likes to quote leaders of Workers' Union, like Loral Kadoluvash says "Industry is the first step on the way to the perfect society". He also wants to forge union of dwarves, humans and elves to battle goblins, nobles and Nothings.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 15, 2014, 10:52:57 am**

No one commented on mine and preflys writeing....

:'(

/sad

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Pyrefly** on **December 15, 2014, 04:23:34 pm**

Quote from: endlessblaze on December 15, 2014, 10:52:57 am  
No one commented on mine and preflys writeing....

:'(

/sad

It's ok, I think it was good :3

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **December 17, 2014, 11:30:52 pm**

Mienhard would have asked for a Glass coffin.

may I have another Dwarf?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 18, 2014, 03:55:36 pm**

hay guys lets pass the time with a little game

if you were in a dwarf fortress and you made an artifact, what would it be and what would it be called?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Arcvasti** on **December 19, 2014, 12:01:56 am**

Quote from: endlessblaze on December 18, 2014, 03:55:36 pm  
hay guys lets pass the time with a little game

if you were in a dwarf fortress and you made an artifact, what would it be and what would it be called?

No. Please don't derail this thread, especially not so blatantly. This is a thread about a community fortress. Discussion about the fortress is fine. Journals and RPing is fine. This is not fine. You're still kind of new here, but please remember this in future.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Pencil\_Art** on **December 19, 2014, 06:25:55 pm**

Quote from: endlessblaze on December 18, 2014, 03:55:36 pm  
hay guys lets pass the time with a little game

if you were in a dwarf fortress and you made an artifact, what would it be and what would it be called?

Just make your own thread about it in DF Dwarf Mode discussion.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 20, 2014, 03:07:16 am**

Ok...yawnnnnn....but not right now....

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **HailFire** on **December 20, 2014, 02:43:41 pm**

Spoiler: \_OOC/Off-Topic (click to show/hide)  
If I may take a moment to be *extremely* blunt, it's people shitting up the thread like *certain person(s) who shall remain unnamed* have been for the past couple pages that kills my motivation to write, and has been for the past couple weeks. Please at least have the decency to spoiler OOC/Off-topic thread clutter like I have here. ☹

Tangentially related: When writing a non-journal IC post, please put what people say in quotation marks; not doing so means people have to mentally format your post for you when they read it, which makes it headache-inducing to read!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **December 21, 2014, 09:55:26 am**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)  
Agreed with above. Lets not try to get peoples hopes up for new content when you post of topic things. So when you do post please just put some content stuff before or after your off topic things.

As the Brosso left and closed the door, Stronghammer sat back and sighed. *Why could the community not work together, already one of our strange if not brave defenders had fallen. With more and more people coming into the fortress from different cultures and races, the racist beliefs of some where starting to be pushed further. He had to do somethin.....* Stronghammer paused as that thought crossed his mind. *Why did he have to placate to the non conformists and aggressors.* He sat forward in his chair and pulled out paper, quill and ink. *Indeed if they would not abide the beliefs and tendancies of the fortress then their beliefs would not be protected.* With satisfaction and vigour he bent forwards and began to quickly pen down a new proclamation to the people. **Hence forth any who distrupts the peace will be treated as criminals of the state. Any who cannot abide Dwarfish law in this Dwarfish state will have to be treated as criminals. All will be taken to a Dwarfish court and receive Dwarfish law.** With a smile Stronghammer stamped the bottom of the page with the majors office stamp. He briskly walked to the door and summoned one of the Iron Guard standing without. "You take this and post it in the dinning hall. And let its contents spread and be known. WE WILL HAVE PEACE AND UNITY!" The Iron Guard bowed and stomped off. Stronghammer closed the door and went to his desk to write a letter to



the dwarven alliance and to his own supporters letting them know his decisions and requesting their support. *Yes things where going to be different.*

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)  
As always great reading Aqueor. Also feel free to change the above and do what you will with it as always. For readers Italics are thoughts.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Julien Brightside** on **December 24, 2014, 04:54:44 am**

A hero should not be forgotten, his deeds and sacrifice shall be remembered.

These words echo throughout his head as Julien begins engraving.

It features the fight between Meinhard Adelrick and the winged serpent Iru.  
Meinhard is wounded, but stands defiant.  
Iru is charging.



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **December 24, 2014, 10:23:25 am**

Wow, that's one fine engraving. :)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 24, 2014, 02:58:08 pm**

Indeed :o

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **!!pyrodwarf!!** on **December 26, 2014, 07:46:57 pm**

!!been a while since I last read, had to go through a few pages... madelf time! !!

thethe shiny eyeball guy stopped anand he would'nt *drinkoreatorsleep* anand III TRIED to keepkeep him ALIVE butbut HEWASMEAN!! andand he talked **nonsense** and II tAlkEd **nonsense T000** but HEWOULD'NTUNDERSTAND!!!

aaaaaand the earth sings thatthat PINKblueWHATEVER guy Is dEaD now toooo \*sniff\* I \*sob\* NEVER GOT TO SHARE HIS TROLL, \*sniff\* I I see the the walls WITH *GRAND*designs, theythey tRy totototo Mourn him with *pictures!!!* thatS nonot wHaT meinhard would wannnt \*sniff\* heHE would want *fightingandscreaming*and THE FIRE TO WASH AWAY THE DIRT!!!

II see, old recipe *ODDsTuff* From the DEPTHS, meinhard shered his troll before, I think I shall share it again a far more fitting memorial

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **December 29, 2014, 07:57:00 pm**

Foton - A dwarven communist? Now there's a great idea, with all these religious and political zealots, Nomekast is gonna end up having more trouble from its inhabitants than from the Nothing. :P Added onto the list!

TALLPANZER - Of course!

Stronghammer - Thank you, and great read from you too!

Julien Brightside - Oh wow, that is *nice*, got a real sense of dynamism in it too, really how I pictured it! Great work!

Short update this time, to wrap up the (game and real) year. Made me realise it took over 2 years for this single ingame year, so thank you all for sticking with me, you guys and your characters all really make Nomekast, and some of the most interesting things and most enjoyable stuff to write comes from you. Hope you all had a great Christmas, and have a great new years!

*Opal and Obsidian 679*

The rest of Opal and much of Obsidian passed by quietly, work continuing on the many endless projects that Nomekast was always host to.

The next section of Ibruk's grand cathedral was being carved out by him and volunteers from him congregation, a hive of rooms that would be dedicated to various gods, saints, and heroes, all in hopes of sustaining the divine protection that Ibruk insisted Nomekast only survived thanks to. The eventual plan was to continue to dig both above and below, with storerooms, vaults, and eventually a barracks for the hoped-for recreation of the Warrior-Priests, of which Kadzar was the only surviving member.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Work on walling off a large section of forested caverns to the east of Nomekast on the Home Levels had begun. The proposed plan was to set the area aside as a public park, though other suggestions had been made to use the large area to develop Nomekast further.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Stronghammer's new edict had been reported out by the Iron Guard and the Bookkeeper Bounce. To some it was little surprise: many had already assumed that Nomekast operated by Dwarven Law, to others it was a welcome confirmation, to others still it was an injury. Imiwa and her congregation of elven traditionalists had already denounced the decision, stating that "no true elf could so degrade themselves as to follow the law of Spirit-murderers". Threats from them and other more zealous goblins and others, both of ignoring the law or else withdrawing support from Stronghammer when the elections came in a month, had been made.

13th Obsidian 679 - Evening

The glow of the furnace illuminated the walls of Nathaniel's cave as the molten lead hissed in its pan. Weiss gave a grunt, holding the pan by the long ladle as he tilted it down to run that molten metal down to the mould the pair of them had prepared. They had set up a make-shift forge within the shrine and caves behind Nathaniel's quarters to prepare the lead box that Nathaniel hoped to enchant and use to safely store the cursed gem Nimemnokzam since Ibruk had proved himself useless in protecting the community from it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The molten lead hissed out, running along the channel and into the mould, fitting the shape of the box. Weiss gave another deep grunt, and with Nathaniel's help, pushed the pan along to the next mould, this time filling that of the lid. That done, he pulled back, resting the pan in the burning coals.

"That should do it," he said, voice a bit husky from the oppressive heat that filled the small chamber. "Give it a while to cool, break down the mould, it'll be done."

Nathaniel nodding, leaning back against the wall and trying his best to breathe. "Once we have Nimemnokzam safe in there, we will need to get working fast on carving out the new areas."

Weiss raised an eyebrow at the man, one hand idly running through his hair. "And then?"

"We get Lerd's skull, find out what's happening in the depths. A powerful necromancer died down there several years ago, apparently summoning the Nothing and a Forgotten Beast, and now we find creatures deformed by some odd sorcery. Worrying to say the least." Nathaniel wiped at his forehead, sweat soaking him from the heat. "Most of all: we need more people to help us, more people we can trust."

21st Obsidian 679 - Afternoon

Ugo Sosleng slowly made his way down towards his lab, brooding as he did. Meinhard's death had been a blow, not just for the knowledge the mutant man had known about the insane but brilliant Dos Panzermench who had created the Jagerdraught, but also for the invaluable help he'd been in helping the goblin scientist set up his secret lab, far down on the Lower Levels, where he'd begun experimenting on dangerous subjects he feared Stronghammer would forbid him from had the dwarf known. So wrapped up in his thoughts was he, that he didn't notice the elf that barrelled straight into him, holding a cloth package.

"Outout, OUT, my way, mine, not yours, OUT OUT MY WAY, youcan'thaveit!" Ugo sniffed in disgust, a low growl rising up as he locked eyes with the insane elven hunter PD, a gibbering wreck if there had ever been one, worse yet than Arsethotheles had ever been since at least the dwarf had been a fine smith. The elf hurried past him, rushing up towards the Home Level, leaving Ugo to pick himself up with a snort of irritation and make his way to his lab.

He found it a mess. Papers were strewn around where they had been stacked on the tables, several priceless glass vials holding some very valuable samples knocked over, mostly unbroken, but one had spilled, releasing the trapped Nothing blood that had no doubt simply evaporated away immediately into smoke, as that odd substance did. His eyes scanned everything, nothing seemed missing, the cabinets with his notes had been left untouched, the door to the Nothing and infected goblin pens was still locked, not a single subject missing. What had happened here? His eyes alighted on an empty spot on a shelf, and he felt his mouth draw into a thin line, recognising the empty space where one the vial containing the Jagerdraught he'd reconstructed had been, now gone and possibly in the hands of absolutely anybody. It took a lot of force not to send several more vials flying in anger.

28th Obsidian 679 - New Year's Eve

It had been a tumultuous year, but as 679 drew to a close, the community came together one last time that year to celebrate. The sound of William de Mont-Saevo's instruments drifted through the caverns, mixing with drunken shouts, singing, and laughter, the drink and food flowing freely as they all forgot - if only for a moment - the trials of the past year and the friends and comrades lost, as well as all the coming year would bring, since, for now at least, Nomekast endured to a new decade and its 7th year.

The layout of Nomekast as of 1st Granite 680. (<http://mkv25.net/dfma/map-12359-godsaved>)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **December 30, 2014, 05:26:31 pm**

Also, forgot to mention: mayoral elections coming up, as usual anyone who wants to stand please say so, as well as any specific votes!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 30, 2014, 06:01:00 pm**

Your writing is as impressive as ever. Have you considered writing novels?  
  
(Granted I'm not that hard to please so you can take my opinions with a grain of salt)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **December 30, 2014, 06:25:57 pm**

Thank ya kindly, though I'm certainly not nearly good enough to ever get published.  
  
Mostly I just love to write, bad as it can be, and most especially: world-build, of which Nomekast gives me a great opportunity to do, even if I rarely put much too much in to avoid confusing everyone. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **December 30, 2014, 08:10:10 pm**

Ahhhh yes, confusion the bane of.....a lot of things actually :-\

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TALLPANZER** on **December 30, 2014, 10:16:07 pm**

My new Dwarf shall be named Ursit "ThePerfectlySane" Sparksinbrain. He will dress in formal wear [Top hat, top coat with tails, white gloves, pigtail-dressshirt, all that jazz]. He will be an alchemist and ask very politely for a place in the caverns to ply his trade.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **January 01, 2015, 01:45:00 pm**

Great read. I would of course like to run for elections, and hehehe vote for myself (no rigging of votes here I swear).



Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stas** on **January 09, 2015, 02:25:18 pm**

I always love dropping in once in a while to see what my favourite fortress is up to.  
Keep up the good work.  
Curious to find out what happened to the thieves after their failed heist.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **BlackBoxBeing** on **January 09, 2015, 03:05:00 pm**

Reserved for future human-ing.

Also,

firstpostiwinyoucanallgohomenoway

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Asan W** on **January 09, 2015, 09:15:41 pm**

Hello, I would like to request a Humaning.  
Name:Asan the Minor Godling of Protection  
Gender:Male  
Profession: Swordsman  
Bio: a God that, facing destruction, possessed the body of his high priest (who's spirit had been killed by the Nothings). He made his way to the fortress Nomekast, one of the last standing forts.  
Personality: He is a helpful Godling seeking to help protect all that he can. Allso he has had no contact with any Gods worshipped by the various races, or Armok.

(Please note that Godings are minor deities that only have a handfull of worshipers at the best of times)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **March 02, 2015, 02:38:42 pm**

Just a little update that I'm still around, working hard on finishing university, update should hopefully be around the end of the month, when vast majority of my work'll be done. :P

TALLPANZER - Added to the list!

Stronghammer - Thank ya, thought Stronghammer would run for a third term. :P

Stas - Thanks, they'll have a role in the next update, dealing with their next plans.

BlackBoxBeing - Sure, just add whatever details you want when you've got an idea and I'll add you to the list.

Asan W - Gonna have to say no to any divine characters I'm afraid, even minor ones in a mortal body.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Julien Brightside** on **March 08, 2015, 04:54:12 am**

Asan could always be a delusional human with a god complex.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **!!pyrodwarf!!** on **March 23, 2015, 06:18:25 pm**

Igotit IGO7IT I GOT IIIT!! ththe green SMARTYTHONG thoight Itit was hhidden butbut  
I sniffed around anand *FOUNDIT!!!*, He also dropped a plump helmet under his desk ,like, three months ago...  
\*SNIIIF\* mmm, *smells*STINKS like Troll HEART. \*SNIIIF\* hints of bloodthorn sap ananand *NETHERCAP* spores... \*SNUFFLE SNII-ATCHOOO\* ...elf snot. BUTNOTIMPORTANTMUSTFINDMORE!! The Jagerdraught is not enough for more than a few, if *moremore* come, more will be **BREWEDSTEWED**... whats the recommended dosage of eldrich hellbrew for an average dwarf agagain!!BURNITALL!

Quote from: Julien Brightside on March 08, 2015, 04:54:12 am  
Asan could always be a delusional human with a god complex.

!!not more delusion! there's enough around as is! !!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Ovg** on **April 05, 2015, 02:56:38 am**

BROSSO FOR MAYOR

~~314~~CROW URIST MCURIST LAWS FOR LAW AND JUSTICE

Also great, great great great work Aequor. The drama you have here is just about ready to be filmed, like hobbit, only better and with doom hanging over our heads :)

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **April 05, 2015, 07:46:07 am**

This thread will always have a special place in my heart, as it was the one that made me make this account.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Foton** on **September 29, 2015, 03:35:27 pm**

Will the story of Nomekast be continued?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **September 29, 2015, 04:33:47 pm**

Quote from: TALLPANZER on December 30, 2014, 10:16:07 pm  
My new Dwarf shall be named Ursit "ThePerfectlySane" Sparksinbrain. He will dress in formal wear [Top hat, top coat with tails, white gloves, pigtail-dressshirt, all that jazz]. He will be an alchemist and ask very politely for a place in the caverns to ply his trade.

you now if this fort ever falls we can start a new one and mod some of those cloths in.

and next version we can even actually have multi-race forts so yay!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **September 30, 2015, 04:19:37 pm**

Yeah, I'd be all for continuing this fort in the next version. I might even run it, although I'm not the greatest of writers.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Aequor** on **November 03, 2015, 12:05:27 am**

And suddenly, almost a year later, I'm back!

Where to begin? Been halfway across the world and back, got a degree and working on a second, a lotta of family and personal things, and lotta work digging up old rocks.

I would certainly love to continue Nomekast if there's still interest in this, if anyone's even still around. :P

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **NullForceOmega** on **November 03, 2015, 12:13:05 am**

By all means, if you have the drive to play and write, I'd love to keep following the saga.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Arcvasti** on **November 03, 2015, 12:14:36 am**

I'm definitely still interested in this and am glad its back. I THINK most everyone is still here, although school and such means that some people are busier.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **November 03, 2015, 08:10:01 am**

im still here!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **TheFlame52** on **November 03, 2015, 09:31:34 am**

Sweet Jesus, man! You're back! Nomekast will always hold a special place in my heart, as it was what caused me to make my account here. I'd love it if you would continue it!

Plus, DF2015 is coming out sometime in the next month, and it adds multi-race fortresses! Nomekast II can have multiple races for real!

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Zorrin\_Drake** on **November 03, 2015, 12:19:41 pm**

Still here, and welcome back! :)

Quote from: TheFlame52 on November 03, 2015, 09:31:34 am

Plus, DF2015 is coming out sometime in the next month, and it adds multi-race fortresses! Nomekast II can have multiple races for real!

That was literally my first thought when that feature was first announced. Careful though, DF2015 has been coming out "In the next month" for a while now. Might be longer then you expect.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing  
Post by: SamSpeeds on November 04, 2015, 12:56:44 pm

I would read anything new.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing  
Post by: Xenir on November 04, 2015, 10:04:09 pm

Still here, still RPing as a human swordsman who woke up after dying because fuckyouhatswhy glad you're back.

Title: Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing  
Post by: Aequor on November 10, 2015, 12:25:03 pm

I'm glad to see people are still here and interested! So here we go, back to the story.

Pyrefly, endlessblaze, and SlyStalker, your character bios are up on the first post!

Granite 680

As the year passed into 680 and the month into Granite, elections for mayorship were once more announced. So far both Stronghammer and Brosso had named their candidatures, as every year since their split. The pair - and any who would put themselves forward - would have a month to make their case to the community, to explain their plans, their views, to gain votes, and perhaps more importantly: try to motivate groups such as the kobolds and goblins to even vote in the first place, elections being completely alien to their societies.

2nd Granite 680 - Afternoon

"Elections are coming up," Bax grunted, leaning back in his seat, kicking his feet up onto the table. The Thieves' Guild had lain low after their failed attempt at taking Nimemnokzam and pinning the blame on Nathaniel. They'd escaped notice in all the chaos that had ensued, and Nathaniel had apparently known better than to openly reveal his role and association with the Guild.

Opposite him, Stas gave a small huff at having the goblin's grubby shoes so near to his painstakingly drawn map of Nomekast. "So they are."

Konith yawned, the kobold leaning up, having to push himself up to almost kneel on his chair in order to be level with the others. "So time we did something, we know Stronghammer can be brought, or at least influenced."

"You forget that Mr. Fireforge is the very dwarf so determined to bring us in," Stas replied, his voice its usually cordial softness.

Bax gave a short, barking laugh. "And what? Brosso 'Scourge of the non-dwarves' will be better? Bounce is more our concern, the woman hates us for ruining her stock counts."

"We do not particularly need to get involved in politics. We have much better things to be dealing with, whatever curse on that gem ruined our last plan, but we cannot be placid, Nomekast is only growing richer, we need to be sure to take our share."

Bax grinned toothily, nodding. "Lotta silver coming in from the mining recently." His eyes flicked over to a corner of the room where a few stacks of gleaming gold lay. "At this rate we're gonna be the secret nobles of this place with the riches we'll have."

Konith bit his lip, one finger tracing along his crossbow. Didn't they see? If the Thieves' Guild could achieve some political influence, if they could ally with or play factions against each other they'd be untouchable, he was surprised that a goblin like Bax could fail to see the importance of intrigue if you were to maintain safety in thievery. He cleared his throat. "At least let's send a little letter to Stronghammer and Brosso, either has the most chance to win right now. Stronghammer's popular, but with all that's happened recently I really think Brosso has a chance to win. A lot of people are angry, and Brosso's been at the forefront of stoking that and projects like the tavern. And we could win a lot if we can get them to at least turn an eye away from us."

Bax grinned to that too, to Konith's relief. "Just tell both we can win them support if they just tone down the search against us. They win? We tell them it was thanks to us, they don't even need to believe it as long as the seed of doubt's there."

Stas' mouth was a thin line, and he ran a hand through his beard pensively. Politics was not a dwarven thing, it only ended in hammerings, floodings, dead nobles, and unfilled production orders. "Fine. Have Atis deliver them subtly. *Subtly*, if this stunt backfires, gentlemen, we will be having the very opposite of breathing room."

3rd Granite 680 - Evening

Aarde hummed to himself as he strode into the library, glancing over the haphazard mess that was the newly-furnished room, bookshelves lined up with a mess of scrolls, books, and papers. He'd heard there were some rather rare finds that refugees had salvaged and rescued with themselves, depositing here. With little else to occupy his time, he might as well spend it trying to learn more of this strange underground world he as a human was so alien to, and those monstrous varied beasts that roamed it. While his brother might be a sailor, he was more an amateur geologist, and this world of shimmering rocks and gems fascinated him.

He moved into an aisle of bookshelves, glancing over the works. At random, he chose a book, trying to pry it free from the haphazard mess, and instead making several other books fall to the floor in a clatter. The sound of several more heavy objects falling to the ground rung from one of the reading rooms, and in the small space between shelves he just saw in the dim light an indistinct cloaked figure move hurry off out of the library as though he'd startled them off by making the books fall. With a shrug, he replaced the book he'd taken, moving to the reading-room the figure had just left. A candle was dying on the table, with several scrolls and rather worn books besides it, and more on the ground. He looked over the titles: '*A Bestiary of the Deeps*', '*A decade amongst the Dwarves*', '*Thoughts, Forgotten Beasts*', mostly works dealing with creatures of the caverns or Forgotten Beasts, it appeared. He took the last one, curious from the title. It was a worn, tatty scroll, penned in an unsteady hand - it seemed to be an actual broken part of a larger work, or more likely some journal, and certainly not a reproduction. He rolled it open:

*"-roaming the great network of caverns that is said to run through the entirety of Omon Rabin's underground. Each is unique, each bears a name, yet no one knows why. While usually content to simply prey upon the wildlife of the caverns, once a settlement is formed in their region, they make for it immediately and attack. I have asked the clergy here in Otholsoltar for the reason for their naming as "Forgotten Beasts" since your average dwarf in the tunnels has little knowledge of these rare beasts. Supposedly they are lost soldiers of the King of Hell, that demonic lord that challenged Armok and lost. When the gods sealed he and his armies away some sly demons escaped to the caverns and became the forgotten beasts.*

*Yet I am reminded of the tracts of the many mystery cults of Sahthet, the terrifying god of darkness of the Spattered Realms whose adherents pass through on their way to the human south, preaching that this world shall be cleansed when "the armies of the Deep Dark erupt from the underground". Or else the work of Catten Snarledchamber, a sorceress sacrificed to a titan for heresy after publishing her work 'The Created God', supposedly written from discussions with Forgotten Beasts. I was lucky to read one of the very few surviving copies of The Created God, and in it she states that the beasts themselves speak not of a war against Armok but a conspiracy."*

The scroll was torn there, rather meticulously, neatly, Aarde noted, as though somehow had excised an entire section of it out rather than simply an accident or natural wear-and-tear. Whatever Catten Snarledchamber had written, some previous owner of this journal had deemed necessary to remove. He got up, stretching his back a bit with a groan and moved back to the library, wondering if the works of this dwarven sorceress would be here. *Probably not*, he mused. The library shelves themselves, while rather neatly arranged, were a mess if one wanted to find anything, since several different people had arranged them themselves. On some shelves the works were arranged by theme, on others by title, on others still by authors, or by state of origin. Eventually someone would have to put some order into the mess. *Not me, and not today*. As he'd imagined, the work did not seemed to be there, if the state had indeed destroyed most copies, it was unsurprising that it would have needed the gods themselves to allow that specific book to have been taken with someone to Nomekast and survived the trip. He shrugged, eyeing a book on dwarven geology instead and taking that; mysteries about supposedly heretical dwarven theology could wait for another day.

5th Granite 680

"Seems work is moving fast," Tarran remarked, running a hand through his beard as he looked over the courtyard of the new military compound. The sound of crossbows firing and the twang of bows followed by the sharp thud of the bolts and arrows hitting their targets came from the range on the other side.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)





Besides him, Mifava nodded, one hand clutching a pile of papers with the various plans for the military base, eyes flicking between it and the sight of Rovod drilling Reno Monty and Rar as the trio trained. The pair moved, on, leaving the range behind as they moved on to inspect the farms. The drip of water rung out as they moved down the staircase to the second level, the walls still wet from where heavy work had gone into preparing the soil. "It's all moving very fast indeed," she finally agreed, "If we begin planting now, we may have crops ready for Autumn."

Tarran nodded, fingers drumming on the hilt of his sword while another gave his beard a pensive stroke. "Hm, this place should be ready by then, store-rooms prepared. By the time we're ready to harvest, this place will already be a fortress."

Mifava gave a smile, looking over her plans again with a rather proud look. "That's the plan," she replied with a little trilling laugh, "a proper barracks. It's long time for Nomekast to organise the militia into a proper soldiery. And this place, at last resort, should be able to withstand a siege if..." she trailed off, but the implication was clear. A last place to hold out if Nomekast was overrun.

Tarran gave a grim nod. He'd been one of the original six to follow Ibruk's expedition and had already seen several of his fellow soldiers killed in the fight: Rion Truthax, Muenster, Johann, Volrath and more. At this point, anything that diminished more losses was automatically the best idea. "Let's hope that's enough."

12th Granite 680 - Afternoon

"We approach," Tribune's voice was grim, official, commanding. The dwarf was a refugee from a dwarven army with an unbreakable faith in Armok, and it showed. Besides him, Pyre the kobold looked across the valley to the rising towers of Nomekast, a wide smile growing on her face at the sight.

"I knew we could make it," she murmured, her dwarven still a bit broken, but the meaning clear.

Tribune nodded, a thin, grim smile on his face. "Trust to Armok, crush the heresy, and you shall have won the battle in this life and the next." She had no idea if he was quoting something, simply giving a shrug. All cultures revered Armok, but kobolds usually had no use for the ostentatious, zealous piety other races seemed so fond of, it was enough to believe without making such a show of it. Things always turned up anyway, the world couldn't support endless darkness, eventually the good would return, she knew it.

Coming up besides them, the elf Ember cleared his throat to get their attention. "Is that it? Spirits save us, so close..." he murmured.

Pyre nodded. "We'll all be safe soon, just keep going, we can all make it, I know it."

A cry came out from behind them, warning of a bleak opaque cloud approaching them from the end of the valley. "Flying Nothing," Tribune remarked, as casually as one would the weather. With a grunt, he spun round on his heel, pointing his weapon out towards the compound of Nomekast that lay ahead of them like a beacon of safety. "Forward! Get to the walls! Keep together, if you scatter I'll make sure you taste my steel if the Nothing don't get you first!"

A journey travelling with him had led them to believe he would do just that. It was only fear of losing such an experienced soldier, and fear of what he'd do to them, that had kept the group from throwing him out. The group stumbled forward, urgency giving them strength where exhaustion might have stopped them. They couldn't fail so close to safety, so close to this increasingly legendary fortress.

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The cry of an approaching group of people had been raised within the fort, and the militia had been mustered soon enough, tramping up the ramp that led to the surface with the clanging of armour and low muttered voices between them. As they reached the trap-lined tunnel that led out and emerged out into the sun, a cry rose as the Winged Nothing swooped in on them, having apparently anticipated them. One swooped in down onto Bax, and with one clean, graceful motion, he slashed his weapon straight through its neck, sending the head flying off into the air, dissolving into wispy tendrils as it did so, while as its body fell, Thud slammed his fist, pummeling it into the ground in a shower of that black matter that made up the beasts.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



There was only a small swarm nearby, a dozen or so, easily taken down by the bolts of the Arrows of Leading, the rest hacked, crushed, and slaughtered under the weapons of the militia as the beasts swooped in. Along the riverside the group of refugees, eight or so of them were charging forward, led by a dwarf barking orders to keep together and keep moving.

"Get them inside!" Tarran called, plunging his sword up to stab into the torso of one Winged Nothing swooping down onto him. The group seemed to understanda as the militia ushered them in most of them cowering under the flight of the beasts in the sky. As they poured into the tunnel, the militia brought up the rear, the initial swarm of Nothing beaten back but a great host pouring in across the sky from either side of the valley and it was with relief that the drawbridge slammed shut, and once again separated Nomekast from the world.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **endlessblaze** on **November 10, 2015, 01:34:48 pm**

((So how did the fight go. I can't see the image right now?))  
  
-Ember exhales-  
"Is everyone all right?"

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **SamSpeeds** on **November 12, 2015, 07:02:34 pm**

Nice.

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Dozebôm Lolumzalis** on **November 14, 2015, 12:15:05 pm**

Could I have a dwarfing?

Title: **Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing**  
Post by: **Stronghammer** on **November 14, 2015, 06:03:05 pm**

Welcome back, it has been a hard time having no Nomekast to read. As always, another fantastic read.  Stronghammer will once again campaign for an open community of Nomekast, acceptance for all, voice for all and protection for all. Other than that, it would be great if he began to crack down on rabble rising and general incitement of the populace. Indeed he may from time to time be...."influenced". I would do more of a journal entry but am buried under a mountain of assignments and lesson plans. I will for next time though. Again great read and good to see you back.	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>Julien Brightside</b> on <b>December 14, 2015, 08:28:08 am</b>	
This particular dwarf is quite happy that Nomekast still survives.	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>Dozebôm Lolumzalis</b> on <b>December 16, 2015, 03:14:44 pm</b>	
Soo...  It's out, Aequor! Finally, the...  swarms of visitors coming and being killed by Nothing and then more coming and more coming and  Maaaaaybe you'd better wait a few weeks.	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>Imic</b> on <b>February 08, 2016, 07:21:59 am</b>	
this is dead sad.	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>Aequor</b> on <b>April 23, 2016, 06:34:30 pm</b>	
Howdy everyone, crawling back in after 6 months gone, once again!  So I'd usually put the usual excuses here, but I'm going to level in that I'm increasingly finding the motivation to work on here hard to find. This isn't due to not wanting to write or even time constraints or anything; I hugely enjoy writing stories.  Rather, it's that the game is increasingly unplayable and feels far too limited. Bearing in mind Nomekast is a fort on version 0.31.25, released now over 5 years ago, and that it started on 0.31.01, being updated incrementally with each update Toady brought out. There are several bugs (ghosts with no ability to memorialise for one), as well as simply a lack of new nifty features the new versions have, key being the UI updates that make finding and tracking people MUCH less painful, especially considering that in Nomekast's version, each dead Nothing is added to the overall unit list, which means that over time the unit list (since there was no split between living or dead, fort or hostile) is now huge and awful.  And of course, the new wonderful features. Dem libraries, taverns, and temples are looking swag, and the visitors especially for the new version, but also the ones of 0.34 such as secret vampires and the justice system.  Add to which, I started Nomekast in 2010, when I was only 16 if you'll believe. I hadn't crystallised a proper plot yet beyond "survive the Nothing", and so said story has become a convulated mess with lots of dead ends and forgotten plot points (anyone remember Rakust and her minions? Don't worry, I forget 90% of the time too), since after all, the main reason I made Nomekast was for story and seeing what others could add to it, rather than just giving a log of what happened in game and nothing more.  So here's what I'm thinking: a new fort, though I've not yet decided what to do so. The new version, almost definitely, with maybe the Masterwork mod or any others if anyone can recommend a good one. Perhaps a similar idea to Nomekast and the Nothing, perhaps something different, I've not decided yet, though any opinions are certainly welcome.  So there, wanted to make sure to keep everyone up to speed. Thank you for following Nomekast, everyone who has, it's been a long, wild 6 years and I hugely appreciate everyone who joined in, either simply by adding their character, or by taking a real active role in the story. It wouldn't have been half as interesting without you all. I wish I could continue, but in the end I think it's more dignified to just come out and say the end rather than let it fade or just splutter into artificial life every 6 months as it has been for the past, what, two years.	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>TheFlame52</b> on <b>April 23, 2016, 06:47:06 pm</b>	
It's been a wild ride, my friend. This thread inspired me to make an account here, and look how far I've come.	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>Taupe</b> on <b>April 23, 2016, 07:42:28 pm</b>	
<div>Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 23, 2016, 06:47:06 pm</div> <div>It's been a wild ride, my friend. This thread inspired me to make an account here, and look how far I've come.</div> <div>Being evercast as a female smith?</div>	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>TheFlame52</b> on <b>April 24, 2016, 07:54:53 am</b>	
Also Bastiongate and killing Terry, but yeah.	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>endlessblaze</b> on <b>April 24, 2016, 06:35:37 pm</b>	
If we do masterwork I say use the slightly older one but that leaves the same issue of not having the new stuff.  I'm thinking just use the latest version of dwarf fortress, add in a secret or two (lacking the raise dead interaction so that the books just get placed in a library.) and the nothing, then just run for 50 or a hundred years and start.	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>Aequor</b> on <b>April 24, 2016, 07:38:37 pm</b>	
<div>Quote from: endlessblaze on April 24, 2016, 06:35:37 pm</div> <div>If we do masterwork I say use the slightly older one but that leaves the same issue of not having the new stuff.</div> <div>I'm thinking just use the latest version of dwarf fortress, add in a secret or two (lacking the raise dead interaction so that the books just get placed in a library.) and the nothing, then just run for 50 or a hundred years and start.</div> <div>Yeah that's what I'm thinking. I thought Masterwork had been updated to 0.42 but it's still working on moving to 0.40.</div> <div>So the latest version with some personal additions is looking most likely, it seems very few large mods work on 0.42 yet unless anyone knows of any good ones.</div>	
<div>Quote from: TheFlame52 on April 23, 2016, 06:47:06 pm</div> <div>It's been a wild ride, my friend. This thread inspired me to make an account here, and look how far I've come.</div> <div>It's certainly been a ride, thanks for being on it. I feel bad I'm not giving it a proper ending after all this time, but if I just remake it, adding an ending will seem redundant and unnecessary.</div>	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>NullForceOmega</b> on <b>April 26, 2016, 01:00:09 am</b>	
I think you've done an amazing job creating and telling the story of Nomekast, I'll be sad to see it go, as it has been one of my favorite story forts here on Bay12. I'd like to thank you for sharing this story with us, and hope that if you do decide to make another, you'll let us ride along again.	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>Stronghammer</b> on <b>April 26, 2016, 09:05:20 am</b>	
It has been a fantastic and wonderful story and enjoyable at every point. I would totally love to see a new fort on the newest version, and follow it just as closely as I have followed this one. I would say go for the newest version without the big mods. Again its been fun!	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>Aequor</b> on <b>April 28, 2016, 04:54:26 pm</b>	
<div>Quote from: NullForceOmega on April 26, 2016, 01:00:09 am</div> <div>I think you've done an amazing job creating and telling the story of Nomekast, I'll be sad to see it go, as it has been one of my favorite story forts here on Bay12. I'd like to thank you for sharing this story with us, and hope that if you do decide to make another, you'll let us ride along again.</div> <div>Thanks, I appreciate that! Will certainly be starting a new one to stick with more fully and to be free of having to spend most my time wrestling with the increasingly clogged and bugged system (soapmaking was still bugged from way back in early 0.31, infections were pretty untreatable), hopefully sometime in May once I get it ready and finish a few things.</div> <div>Quote from: Stronghammer on April 26, 2016, 09:05:20 am</div> <div>It has been a fantastic and wonderful story and enjoyable at every point. I would totally love to see a new fort on the newest version, and follow it just as closely as I have followed this one. I would say go for the newest version without the big mods. Again its been fun!</div> <div>Thanks for following and participating so much too! Stronghammer made a great addition to the fort, and really helped to push the story along, especially in the political side of things and in making the fort more a community. Consensus seems mostly to use the latest version, so I'll probably make my own little mod with some additions, hopefully some interesting little secrets and mechanics if I can work them out, and start a new fort in May hopefully, probably with a similar story though not exactly, don't just want to repeat the same things.</div>	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>TheImmortalRyukan</b> on <b>June 14, 2016, 10:33:46 am</b>	
..Wow, just read this... wow  Great job, I'm go with a sequel	
Title: <b>Re: [Community] Nomekast - At War with Nothing</b> Post by: <b>Julien Brightside</b> on <b>July 17, 2016, 03:22:38 pm</b>	
If you want to continue the story, you could just say: "The nothing found a crack in our defenses, forcing us to flee our current fort and set up a new one."	



It has been rezzed. A new thread exists. Find it. Join us.